

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1815.

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- ART. I. 1. *An Account of the Island of Ceylon, containing its History, Geography, Natural History, with the Manners and Customs of its various Inhabitants, &c.* By Captain Robert Perceval, of his Majesty's 18th or Royal Irish Regiment. 4to. London.
2. *A Description of Ceylon, containing an Account of the Country, Inhabitants, and Natural Productions; with Narratives of a Tour round the Island in 1800, the Campaign in Candy in 1803, and a Journey to Ramissoram in 1804.* By the Rev. James Cordiner, A. M. late Chaplain to the Garrison of Columbo. 2 vols. 4to. London.
3. *A Narrative of Events which have recently occurred in the Island of Ceylon.* Written by a Gentleman on the spot. 8vo. London. 1815.

THE first two of these performances were published before the commencement of our journal; and both, we believe, have long ere this been consigned to the common grave of departed works, a bookseller's garret; nor should we now have disturbed their ashes, had not recent events added a considerable degree of interest as well as importance to the island of which they treat, by its transfer to the sole and undivided sovereignty of the British crown. The third article, 'by a Gentleman on the spot,' is a paltry compilation from the London Gazette and the daily papers.

Of the intrinsic merit of either of the larger works we have little to offer in the way of praise. They contain, it is true, the substance of what preceding writers have said on Ceylon; and they are the latest which have been professedly written on the subject; these are our only reasons as well as our only apology for placing their titles at the head of this article. Considered as literary productions, they hold but an inferior rank among works of the same class; in their comparative merits, however, there is a considerable difference. Captain Perceval's volume is a mere compilation, and rather a clumsy one, from those 'abstract chronicles of the times'—collections of voyages and travels, encyclopedias, geographical grammars and gazetteers—without the aid of which, and Dr. Thunberg's account of the Natural History, with Robert Knox's description

scription of the Candian dominions, there would scarcely be matter in it for what would have been a sixpenny pamphlet thirty years ago. Indeed, the last mentioned honest and intelligent writer, whose excellent book is now one hundred and thirty-five years old, has supplied all the information we are yet in possession of, as far as regards the interior parts of this interesting island. Of those parts, Captain Perceval knows nothing from personal observation; and his descriptions of what he did see are so overcharged as to become caricatures—always confused, generally inaccurate, and often absurd.

Mr. Cordiner had better opportunities, and appears to be somewhat better qualified than Captain Perceval for giving a just account of a portion of Ceylon. He made the tour of the whole sea-coast of the island, a journey of nearly 800 miles, in company with the governor; of course he saw much, and more of what he did see is put down than was necessary. We could have spared, for instance, the details of the dinners, dances and levees of Mr. North; the *lascareens*, the *tom toms*, and that eternal *bungalow* which figures in *italics* through almost every page. Mr. Cordiner states, however, many valuable facts; he had, besides, the great advantage of deriving authentic information from the seat of government; so that his two volumes, though somewhat heavy, tedious, and ill arranged, contain, on the whole, a great deal of curious matter. Of this we shall select such parts only as may serve to convey a very general and concise outline of this new jewel added to the British crown, from which some estimate may be formed as to its real value and importance to the mother-country, as well as of the benefits that are likely to result to its numerous inhabitants.

Any partition of an island not quite equal in extent to Ireland, between two sovereign powers, would necessarily produce a clashing of interests; but the way in which we found Ceylon divided between their High Mightinesses the States-General and the King of Candy, could not fail to be the source of perpetual hostility. The former possessed a belt of sea-coast round the whole island, broad in some parts and narrow in others, within which the latter was cooped up, as within an enchanted circle, which he could not pass. The King of Candy had areca nuts and ivory and honey, and a few other articles which were saleable among the various merchants and traders who lived under the protection of the Dutch, but none of the first necessity; while the latter had under their complete controul two articles that were almost indispensable to the subjects of the King of Candy—fish and salt. The Candians were therefore naturally desirous of obtaining an establishment on the sea-coast. The policy of the British, as well as of the Dutch government, was to exclude them from all approach to the
salt

salt waters: The seeds of war thus sown were easily brought into a state of activity, and this disposition towards hostility was not a little quickened by the unsettled state of the Candian government; it was such, in fact, as to make the campaign of 1803 inevitable. This war, it will be recollected, was reprobated at home as unjust, impolitic, and wholly unnecessary on our part—it was called, in derision, the areca-nut war; and its unfortunate issue was not calculated to remove the unmerited stigma. The more recent expedition, we rather think, had also been disapproved at home before the happy result of it was known. We are persuaded, however, that both the one and the other were not only unavoidable, but that it was highly expedient for the happiness of the whole population of the island, as well as the interests of Great Britain, that the Candian dominion should be dissolved.

We are aware that there are others who will profess to think differently; in fact, there is no monster in human shape, however atrocious, that will not find his advocates; and we doubt not that the Ex-emperor of Candy will have his defenders, as well as the Ex-emperor of Elba. It may not therefore be uninteresting, at this moment, to take a brief retrospect of the cause and conduct of the war of 1803, of which, in fact, the war of 1814 was but a continuation and conclusion.

On the death of the legitimate King of Candy, in the year 1798, Pelemé Talavé, the chief adigar or prime minister, contrived to raise to the throne, in prejudice of the nearest relatives of the deceased king, a young Malabar of inferior extraction and of no talents. The queen and all the relations of the former king were thrown into prison; but the queen's brother, Mootoo Sawmy, escaped from Candy, and sought the protection of the British government. The second adigar, who was a man of integrity, was beheaded; and as the upstart king had been raised to the throne as a mere puppet to dazzle the eyes of the vulgar, Pelemé Talavé ruled with absolute sway. Six months had scarcely elapsed of the new reign, when this consummate villain made certain mysterious overtures to Mr. North, the whole scope of which he did not, at that time, clearly comprehend; but on a second interview, he had the audacity to submit a direct proposal for assistance to take away the life of the king, whom he had recently created, and to place himself on the throne: as the price of these infamous conditions, he offered to make the English masters of the country. It is unnecessary to add, that Mr. North received with horror and spurned with honest indignation a proposal so atrocious.

This man was not, however, deterred from renewing his infamous offer, the following year, to Mr. Boyd, the public secretary, making at the same time a declaration, that his sole motive in rais-

ing an ignorant and obscure youth to the throne had been that of rendering him detestable in the eyes of his people, and to bring about a revolution which should end in the extermination of this foreign family, and allow the Candians to be governed by the legitimate chiefs of the island.

The real intention, however, of this miscreant appeared to be that of drawing the British into a war with the Candians; of enticing their troops into the interior of the country; where, from the impassable defiles, mountain-torrents, thick forests, the total want of roads for carriages or even beasts of burthen, but, above all, from the extreme unhealthiness of the climate, added to the hostility of the natives, they would be doomed to an almost certain destruction.

His infamous overtures not succeeding, the next step was to shew that the Candians were making preparations for immediate war against the British; they assembled in force on the frontiers; they detained thirty or forty British subjects, who had repaired, as usual, to Candy, in the way of trade, and treated them in the most barbarous manner; they robbed some Moormen, also subjects of the British government, who had for time immemorial carried on a commerce with the Candians, of their cattle and areca nuts; an explanation was asked; but the first adigar refused to give any, and rejected every conciliatory proposition for the accommodation of subsisting differences. It was evident, indeed, that he courted war, as best suited to his own nefarious purposes. He calculated upon obtaining credit, if the English were vanquished and expelled from the island; or that, in the struggle, he might find an opportunity of dispatching his puppet-king, and then secure his own power by offering advantageous terms to the English.

In this state of treacherous plotting and open preparation for war, the governor felt it his duty to put the British troops in motion. The adigar made no secret of his opinion that the English would succeed in taking Candy; he seemed indeed to wish it; but he made himself sure that he could contrive either to starve or drown them afterwards. In fact, our troops, almost without firing a shot, found themselves in the middle of the capital of the Candian dominions; where, however, not a living creature was to be seen, excepting a few pariah dogs. One division of the army, from Columbo, had performed the march of one hundred and three miles, and the other division, from the opposite point of Trincomalée, a march of one hundred and forty-two miles, through one of the most difficult countries in the world; and both arrived nearly at the same time at the central city—but they found it a desert; it had been evacuated, and set fire to in many places; and the treasure and all the most valuable articles had been removed.

The king had fled to Hangeramketty, a royal palace, in a strong position,

position, two days march from Candy; and hitner the first adigar, still playing the villain, endeavoured to draw the British army, under a promise that he himself would assist in delivering his master into their hands. They were credulous enough to trust him, and marched a detachment of eight hundred men towards that quarter; many of whom were cut off by the enemy, posted every where in ambush. Parties of banditti hovered continually round the British out-posts; and whenever any stragglers fell into their hands, they were invariably put to death in the most barbarous and shocking manner.

The chief adigar now addressed letters to the Maha-Modeliar, the head Singalese servant of the British government, expressing his surprize that the governor should put himself to so much trouble and expense, instead of coming to some arrangement as to the deposition of the king and the establishment of his own (the adigar's) power. These letters were meant to be shewn at head-quarters; and an answer was given, that if the safety of the king's person were secured, by putting him into the hands of the English, the province of the *Wanny* yielded to Mootoo Sawmy, and the Seven Corles, with the road across the country to the British, peace should be restored.

Perhaps it might have been more proper to take no notice of these letters; but the garrison of Candy was already reduced to a very critical situation; the rains had commenced, and were soon expected to fall in torrents from the mountains; so that it became evident no further hostilities could be carried on until the ensuing dry season; and sickness had spread among the troops to a most alarming degree. On the arrival of the second adigar, in Candy, carrying a firelock and match wrapped up in white muslin, as an emblem of peace, it was agreed in the conference with General Macdowall and in the spirit of the chief adigar's letters,—‘that the fugitive king should be delivered over to the care of the British government; that Pelemé Talavé should be invested with supreme authority in Candy, under the title of *Ootoon Komaroyen*, the great prince; that he should pay annually the amount of thirty thousand rupees to Mootoo Sawmy, who would hold his court at Jaffnapatnam; that the road to Trincomalée and the province of the Seven Corles should be ceded to his Britannic Majesty; and that a cessation of arms should immediately take place between the contracting powers.’

On the faith of this treaty, which untoward circumstances alone could justify, a garrison was left in Candy, consisting of seven hundred Malays and three hundred Europeans of the 19th regiment and Bengal and Madras artillery, besides a considerable number of sick who could not then be safely removed.

The Candians now began to draw nearer to the capital. They attempted, by every means, to seduce the Malay soldiers from their allegiance. Their chief native officer, Captain Nouradeen, received a letter from his brother, a Malay prince in the Candian service, soliciting him to induce his countrymen to revolt, and assassinate the British soldiers, for which the king would reward them handsomely with lands and money. Nouradeen immediately made known this infamous proposal to Major Davie, who had been left in command, and used every exertion in his power to prevent desertion in his corps; but, in spite of his endeavours, a few of his men went over to the enemy, and the Europeans were dying at the rate of six men a day. The Candians were evidently making preparations; but Major Davie was ignorant whether they were intended as an infraction of the treaty, or to forward its execution. Mootoo Sawmy trembled at his situation, and would gladly have renounced all pretensions to the sceptre of Candy to be within the dominions of the British.

At length the Candians made their long threatened attack on the garrison, which, in its enfeebled state, was incapable of much resistance. The English hoisted the white flag, and the firing ceased. A parley was held with the first adigar, in which it was stipulated that Candy should be delivered up immediately; that all the British troops should march out of Candy with their arms, on the road leading to Trincomalée; that Mootoo Sawmy should be permitted to accompany them; and that the adigar should take charge of the sick and wounded, until such time as they could be removed to Trincomalée or Columbo. These articles were written on *olas*, signed and exchanged between Major Davie and the adigar, and passports given in the name of the king. The troops accordingly marched out of the town, except the sick, consisting of 14 European officers, 20 British soldiers, 250 Malays, 140 gun lascars, with prince Mootoo Sawmy and his attendants. At the distance of a mile and a half they were obliged to halt on the banks of the *Mahavilla-ganga* river, it not being fordable. Several armed Candians advanced, and among them were four headmen, who informed Major Davie that the king had been greatly enraged at the adigar for allowing the garrison to leave Candy; but that on delivering up Mootoo Sawmy, they should be supplied with boats to cross the river, and such assistance as might be necessary to enable them to reach Trincomalée. Major Davie referred them to the articles of the treaty, by which he said he meant to abide. Two hours after this, another party waited on the major, spoke to him in a mild and friendly manner, declared that the king was desirous to see and embrace Mootoo Sawmy, and that he wished to receive and protect him as a relation—but the Major, after consulting his brother officers,

cers, replied, that he could not part with Mootoo Sawmy without orders from Columbo. They then went away, but presently returning, declared that if Mootoo Sawmy was not given up, the king would send his whole force to seize him, and prevent the British troops from crossing the river. On this, Major Davie, addressing himself to the unfortunate prince, told him he had not sufficient force to detain him longer, but that the king had pledged himself to receive him kindly. Mootoo Sawmy then exclaimed, 'My God! is it possible that the triumphant arms of England can be so humbled as to fear the menaces of such cowards as the Candians!' The English officers felt for the unfortunate prince, but felt also that resistance would be in vain, and only tend to involve them in destruction—he was delivered up to the chiefs, and with his relations and servants conducted to Candy. The king, after upbraiding him for his attempt to deprive him of the crown, delivered him and two of his relations to the executioner, who struck off their heads. Eight of his servants were deprived of their noses and ears, in which mutilated condition they arrived six weeks afterwards at Trincomalée.

Presently about one hundred Candian Malays, nearly as many Caffrees, with a crowd of undisciplined Candians, posted themselves within a hundred paces of the British troops. A dessavé, or headman, then approached Major Davie, and told him it was the king's order they should all return to Candy unarmed; and in case of refusal, they would immediately be surrounded, and put to death. The officers, after a short consultation, abandoned themselves to the mercy of the Candians, by delivering up their arms, and the troops were ordered to ground theirs. They were then marched towards the town. Such of the Malays as could be prevailed upon to enter into the service of the king were separated from the rest, the others were handed over to the Candian troops.

'The English officers were then separated from the private soldiers, and all led out, two by two, at a distance from one another, when the Caffrees, by order of the chief adigar, perpetrated one of the most barbarous massacres which history records. The only Englishmen selected for preservation were Major Davie and Captain Rumley of the Malay regiment, who were carried to Candy after the massacre was completed. Previous to this massacre, all the sick in Candy, to the number of one hundred and twenty men, of the 19th regiment of foot, had been murdered in cold blood, as they lay incapable of any resistance in the hospital.'—(*Cordiner*, vol. ii. p. 214.)

The infamous adigar closed this day of blood by collecting together the effects of the murdered officers and soldiers, and by firing a royal salute in celebration of his diabolical triumph.

During the confusion occasioned by the perpetration of this atrocious

cious act, Captain Humphreys, laying hold of the arm of an assistant surgeon of the Malay regiment, rolled down with him from a height to a hollow into which the dead bodies were thrown. They contrived to conceal themselves for several days; the latter finally escaped to Columbo; the former was taken, and died, or was murdered, in Candy. George Barisley, a corporal of the 19th regiment, left for dead in the general slaughter, found means to make his escape, and was the first to communicate the horrible story at Fort Macdowall.

A trait of heroic devotion and fidelity was displayed on this melancholy occasion which well deserves to be mentioned. Captain Nouradeen and his brother, native Malay officers, were ordered to prostrate themselves before the king, which they refused to do, as an act of humiliation derogatory to the royal blood from which they sprung, their grandfather having been an independent sovereign. He then asked them to enter his service, and command his Malay troops. Nouradeen replied, that in accepting such a proposal he should disgrace himself; that he had sworn allegiance to the king of England, and that he would live and die in his service. They were then thrown into prison, and after six weeks brought again before the king, when he asked them whether they preferred death or his service. They both answered they were ready to die in the service of the illustrious king of England. The king, turning from them in a rage, ordered them to be immediately put to death; a servant, who had attended Nouradeen, shared the same fate; their bodies were dragged into the woods, and left to be devoured by the beasts of prey.

Such was the melancholy result of the capture of Candy by the British arms in 1803. From that period the mind of the usurper seemed to feel an impression of superiority; he insolently rejected all advances on our part towards a friendly understanding, which he was pleased to consider as indications of weakness; refused to listen to any terms on which the unfortunate officers, so treacherously detained, might be released, and took every occasion of evincing the most rooted and implacable animosity against the subjects of the British government. Among the numerous objects of brutal insolence may be mentioned the ten innocent traders of the province of Columbo whom he caused to be seized and carried to the capital, where, without the imputation of crime, or the form of trial, they were all mutilated in the most barbarous manner; seven died on the spot, and the remaining three were sent to Columbo, by way of defiance, with their amputated limbs, arms, noses, and ears, suspended round their necks.

About this time the savage character of this foreign usurper was displayed in another instance which, as General Brownrigg observes, includes

' includes every thing which is barbarous and unprincipled in public rule, and portrays the last stage of individual depravity and wickedness, the obliteration of every trace of conscience, and the complete extinction of human feelings.' It was this : in the month of March, 1814, Eheylapola, the first adigar, or prime minister, chief of the province of Saffragan, was summoned to Candy to answer for some supposed offence ; he knew too well the fate that awaited him, where suspicion was a crime, and prepared to resist any attempt to force him ; the whole population flocked to his standard ; he offered to surrender his province to the British government, but the British governor rejected his proposal ; he deemed it prudent, however, to send a small detachment to the limits, in order to protect the integrity of our own territory, and the natives of his own government, from having their fields and villages made the scene of warfare between the two parties. The family of the adigar, who, conformably with the customs of many of the eastern courts, had been detained as hostages, were instantly singled out by the savage usurper to be exhibited as the victims of his fury and revenge. The mother and her four children, the youngest an infant at the breast, were dragged into the market-place ; the infant was first torn from the arms of its mother, its head severed from the body, cast into a mortar, in which the mother, with her own hands, was compelled to pound it ; the rest were murdered in succession in her presence ; and this wanton and savage butchery of innocent children was crowned by an act of unintentional mercy—the murder of the distracted mother—she, with three other females, was cast into a lake, and drowned.

With such a monster of depravity, who could select for his victims helpless females, uncharged with any offence, and infants incapable of crimes, it was quite impossible to establish, as General Brownrigg observes, any civilized relations, either of peace or war ; humanity, as well as sound policy, called on him to accede to the wishes of the chiefs and people of the Candian provinces, that the dominion of them should be vested in the sovereign of the British empire. This wish manifested itself in all ranks of people from the moment that the British troops entered the king's territories. The desertion of his nearest friends gave rise to additional acts of tyranny and barbarity. One messenger brought him intelligence of the British troops having crossed the frontiers—he ordered his head to be instantly struck off ; another acquainted him of the defection of his army—he directed that he should be impaled alive. The defection of his prime minister concluded the general revolt. The king quitted Candy, and our troops marched to the capital without firing a shot.

The first and most striking objects that presented themselves confirmed

confirmed all that had been heard and known of the savage character of the fugitive king—they were the mutilated remains of fourteen wretches, stuck upon stakes before the town.

Scarcely had our advanced troops occupied the city when a living object presented itself before the commanding officer, with a face meagre and sallow, a beard long and matted, clothing ragged, scanty, and of the same kind as that worn by the Singhalese. He spoke the English language: his name, he said, was Thoen; he had been a private in the Bengal artillery; had accompanied the expedition to Candy in 1803, and had survived the massacre of Major Davie's corps, having been one of the sick in the hospital, felled by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and thrown out among the dead. Being discovered the following morning crawling towards an excavation in the ground, he was seized, hung by the neck on the branch of a tree, and once more left to his fate; the rope broke, and he fell; he was again observed to be alive, a second time hung up, and a second time the rope gave way. After some time, recovering a little strength, he began to set a higher value upon life. By great efforts he reached a deserted hut, where he remained for ten days, without any other sustenance than the grass which grew around it, and the rain that fell through the roof. An old Candian, looking by accident into the hut, and seeing this wretched tenant, fled with apparent terror, but shortly returning, slipped in a plate of rice, and instantly disappeared.

That monster who had never felt the 'quality of mercy,' on being told the tale of Thoen, yielded to the terrors of superstition, and spared his life; but regarded him as an object of suspicion, and made his existence as miserable as possible. Thoen once attempted to send a message to Major Davie, by a woman, who, being discovered in this act of humanity, was instantly put to death. The poor man at length got safe to Columbo, where he has been encouraged to draw up a narrative of his sufferings. It is a singular coincidence that, like his countryman, Robert Knox, he obtained possession of a fragment of an English Bible, from which he derived the greatest consolation in his long confinement, and no small relief to his affliction.*

* There is no incident in Robinson Crusoe told in language more natural and affecting than Knox's discovery of a Bible in the midst of the Candian dominions. His previous despondency from the death of his father, his only friend and companion, whose grave he had but just dug with his own hands, being now, as he says, 'left desolate, sick, and in captivity,' his agitation, joy, and terror, on meeting with a book he had for such a length of time not seen, nor hoped to see—his anxiety lest he should fail to procure it—and the comfort it afforded him in his affliction—are told in such a strain of true piety and genuine simplicity, as cannot fail to interest and affect every reader of sensibility.—(Knox, pp 123—128.) We are rather surprized that this excellent, and now very scarce, book has not been reprinted in a cheap octavo form.

The capture of the fugitive monarch was accomplished by the friends of Eheylapola, whose wife and children had been so inhumanly butchered; and from these, in the most abject manner, he implored mercy for himself and his wives; his life was spared; but he shared the indignation and contempt of his subjects, who bound and dragged him like a felon to the next village, where with difficulty he was rescued from the vengeance of those over whom he had so recently tyrannized. Of the accomplished villain Pelemé Talavé we hear not a word; *his* head, too, has most likely been pounded in a mortar long since. Two such wretches as himself and his master could not long move in the same sphere; and we sincerely hope that good care will be taken that the latter be prevented from committing further atrocities. He was marched, with his two wives, down to Columbo, where his conduct corresponded with his character; and here we shall leave him, to take a glance at those possessions from which he has been so justly driven.

The ancient names of Ceylon, as they occur in their own books and those of the Hindoos, are Lanka, Laka-diva, Singhala, and Tambraparni; from the last of which Ptolemy, Pliny, and other writers of Greece and Rome, took, most probably, the name of Taprobana. That of Ceylon is doubtless of more modern origin, and is evidently derived from the Serendib, Selendib, Seilan-dev, or Seilan-island of the Arabs, and other writers of the middle age. Its common appellation by the natives is Singhala, which means *the blood of the lion*. According to tradition, Vijeja Rajah, the son of Sinbaha, *the lion-begotten*, first peopled the island from the peninsula of Hindostan with seven hundred giants: and having slain his *lion-father*, and driven out all the devils, (the original inhabitants,) or drowned them in a lake, (for the story is not very clear,) except one which the King of Candy kept in the woods for his own use, and which was still very noisy in the time of Knox, established his posterity in quiet possession of the country.

The votaries of Brahm and of Budh have long been at issue as to the priority of the establishment of their respective creeds in Ceylon. While one party maintains that the antiquities of the island furnish irrefragable proof that the religion of the Brahmins prevailed till supplanted by Buddhists, others affirm, that Budh was the prevailing religion over all the eastern nations, and the northern parts of Europe, long before the existence of the Vedas. In our opinion, the matter is not worth a contest. It is of the smallest possible importance by which of these artful institutions the infatuated multitude have been made the victims of a vile and pernicious system, which degrades and brutalizes the human species a thousand different ways, and in none more than fixing irrevocably the destiny of generations yet unborn, for all ages to come. The

Budhists,

Budhists, however, of the two, are less tenacious of cast; and the Singhalese are all Budhists. No one can doubt of their Hindoo-tanee origin, unless it be Captain Perceval, who says something of Ceylon being peopled from the Maldivé islands; which is just as if a Ceylonese should tell his countrymen, that the people of Great Britain resemble those of the Scilly islands, and that the former must therefore have derived their origin from the latter.

The Dutch writers, in their homely and 'flesh-pot' way, have imagined the form of this island, when drawn on the chart, to resemble that of a plover's egg, a leg of mutton, or a Westphalia ham; and they have named a projecting point not far from Jaffnapatnam, from some fancied resemblance, the *ham's knuckle*: by this knuckle and a rocky chain it would seem to be appended to the peninsula of India, 'like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.' Nothing can be more delightful than the appearance of Ceylon from the sea, especially the eastern, southern, and western shores.

'From Trincomalée to Negumbo,' (says the editor of Hugh Boyd's works,) 'the face of the country exhibits to the eye of taste a variety of landscapes, at once beautiful and grand. With a good telescope you distinctly perceive the land, in some parts rising gradually, in others abruptly, from the shore; every where clothed in verdure, interspersed with villages, shaded by stately trees, divided into corn-fields, in many places inclosed by quickset hedges. Farther back in the country, you behold plantations of coffee, and whole woods of cinnamon, and various other aromatics, frequently overtopped by the lofty tamarind and the palm; occasionally giving way to the majestic banyan, and intermixed throughout with trees bearing their blossoms and fruit together. The eye at length loses sight of these woods on the acclivities of the stupendous mountains, whose broken precipices, tufted with old trees, overlook the plains, and whose shaggy tops tower above the clouds. It is scarce possible for the imagination to picture scenery more magnificent and delightful.'—(*Cordiner*, vol. ii. p. 26.)

Nor is the traveller on shore at all disappointed or deceived by mere distant appearances, as, from the perpetual verdure of the tropical region, is too often the case. We shall extract that part of Mr. Cordiner's journal which describes his route from Negumbo towards the English capital of the island.

'The road commences through a deeply-shaded avenue, equal in beauty and elegance to any combination which the vegetable kingdom is capable of exhibiting, and the whole country displays the most magnificent and most luxuriant garden which a fertile imagination can picture. The jack, the bread-fruit, the jamboo, and the cashew-tree weave their spreading branches in an agreeable shade, amidst the stems of the areka and cocoa-nut. The black pepper and betel plants creep up the sides of the lofty trunks; coffee, cinnamon, and an immense variety of flowering shrubs, fill the intermediate spaces; and the mass

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of charming foliage is blended together, with a degree of richness, that beggars the powers of description. All the beautiful productions of the island are here concentrated in one exuberant spot; and as Ceylon has been termed the garden of India, this province (Negumbo) may be styled the herbarium of Ceylon.—(vol. i. p. 345.)

'The road' (he continues) 'from Jaelle to Columbo presents the same luxuriant aspect as the former stage; cocoas, intermixed with other trees, appear flourishing in great perfection and abundance all the way. The country becomes populous: neat houses, with white walls and tiled tops, are frequently seen on each side, surrounded by numerous groups of children. The jack-fruit, a principal article of the food of the inhabitants, is said to possess an extremely nourishing and prolific quality. While nature seems here to have exerted all her powers to satisfy abundantly the wants of a savage life, she has at the same time poured forth a richness of scenery, capable of affording exquisite delight to the most cultivated mind.'—(p. 346.)

We must bear in mind, however, that most of what the European voyagers by sea, and travellers by land, have seen and described, are those parts only, which for centuries have been under the protection and controul of European governments. Let them once pass the boundary line of the enchanted circle, the face of the country, though still beautiful and increasing in grandeur, will have no charms for the European resident, or even the traveller. Taking for the guide of his judgment the criterion of the amiable and enlightened author of *Voyage d'un Philosophe*, he will soon be convinced of the truth of this writer's conclusion, that, 'when a nation is to be sought out in the midst of forests and thickets and stagnant pools which cover the land—when one is forced to travel many leagues to discover an ill-cultivated field—when, arriving at length at a village, one finds nothing but a few execrable roots in the public market, we need not hesitate to conclude, that we are come among a wretched people, either uncivilized or oppressed, and that the population cannot be considerable.' From all that we know, and it is but little, of the condition of the Singhalese, under the Candian government, this description is but too applicable to the central part of Ceylon. When Mr. Boyd proceeded on an embassy from Lord Macartney to the king of that country, he saw but half a dozen small villages in the whole of his route from Trincomalée to Candy, and few of these exceeded ten or a dozen miserable huts; the inhabitants, unaccustomed to strangers, fled into the woods. A very small portion of the ground was under cultivation, the greater part of the surface being covered with impenetrable forests, or large tracts of jungle, or swampy ground, overgrown with thickets of brushwood.

That such a country, in such a climate, should be unhealthy every one must be prepared to expect. Of this fatal truth, among
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the disasters that befel the expedition of 1803, we had a melancholy proof. In the month of April of that year, after the evacuation of the Candian territories, the strength of the European troops, in Ceylon, was 1633; of these, 774 had been in the hospital, of whom 218 were cured; 146 died; 42 were transferred to regimental surgeons; and 368 remained sick in the hospital at the end of the month. Of the native or Indian troops, in the same month, the superintendent of hospitals makes the following report:

‘The strength of the native troops in the island, during April, appears to have been about 3414. Out of which number 1521 have been sick: of these, 726 have been cured; 21 are dead; and 773 remained in the hospital at the end of the month. It would, therefore, appear that, in the course of the month of April, nearly one half of the troops, serving in the island, had been in hospital. The proportion of sick remaining, at the end of the month, is as 1 to 4½ in health; and that of deaths, as 1 to 14 cases in hospital, or 1 to 30 effective men. The diseases, occasioning this very remarkable mortality, were almost all contracted in the Candian territory, or on the frontiers.’

The surgeon of the 51st regiment, which, in the same month, lost by deaths 87 men, fully explains, in his report, the cause and the nature of the disease. The town of Candy, he says, is situate on a small plain, surrounded on every side by high mountains, almost entirely covered with trees, brushwood, and jungle; the climate he describes as humid, and the temperature very variable; the thermometer varying frequently, in the course of 24 hours, from 69° to 95°; so that hot, sultry days were often succeeded by cold, chilly nights, and heavy morning fogs; the variation was still more remarkable on the banks of the two great rivers, Kaymellé and Maha-villa-ganga; and exposure of a few hours to the noxious atmosphere produced a disease of deep malignancy. The symptoms of the disease are thus described.

‘The fever, from which the troops from Candy have suffered so dreadfully, as it has equalled in its ravages the yellow fever of the West Indies, has also, in its symptoms, closely resembled that exterminating malady, as it has been described by different authors. We have here had the same excessive depression of spirits and strength, restlessness, anxiety, oppression, delirium, coma, distressing bilious and even black vomiting; and above all, the same extreme yellowness of the skin and eyes, which has given the name to the disease in the West Indies.’

Every point of the sea-coast of Ceylon that is cleared of wood, drained, and cultivated, is perfectly healthy. Colombo, and its neighbourhood, being the best cultivated, are particularly so. It is now indeed well known, that healthiness of climate does not depend on the situation of places, as to their parallels of latitude; and that a healthy state of the human constitution is not incompatible with

with the most intense heat of the sun ; on the contrary, that it is more adapted to an equatorial than a polar climate, provided the atmosphere be not overcharged with humidity. Batavia has afforded a remarkable case in point. This equinoctial Amsterdam, the grave of nine-tenths of those who were doomed to reside in it, and the terror of all who but casually visited it, has been perfectly healthy since the destruction of its evergreen avenues, its canals, and its sluices ; and since the inhabitants and garrisons have shifted their abode from the level swamps, on which it was erected, to the dry, open, and elevated plain, which rises immediately above it.

Ceylon has besides the advantage of a more powerful monsoon than Java, and the regular land and sea-breezes cool the heat of the day to a pleasing temperature without chilling the air. There are few places along the coast where the medium temperature exceeds 80° of Fahrenheit, and where it exceeds at any time 86°. The only stormy weather happens about the setting in of the two monsoons, the north-east commencing in November, and continuing to April ; the south-west blowing for the remainder of the year :—in general it enjoys a serene atmosphere and an unclouded sky. The effect of the monsoons on the interior mountainous ridge that divides the island from north to south is well described by Knox. In the N. E. monsoon, the rains prevail on the eastern side of the island, and dry weather and harvest prevail on the west side ; in the S. W. monsoon, the western side has its rainy season, and the eastern parts their harvest. ‘ These rains and this dry weather do part themselves about the middle of the land, as oftentimes I have seen, being, on the one side of a mountain called *Cauragashing*, rainy and wet weather, and as soon as I came on the other, dry, and so exceeding hot, that I could scarcely walk on the ground, being, as the manner there is, barefoot.’ The rains are more frequent and heavy in the high and central parts of the island than on the lowlands round the coast ; and the extreme unhealthiness of these parts is consequently owing to the waters being suffered to stagnate on the plains and vallies that every where abound. Yet a little industry, properly applied, would easily drain the present extensive marshes. In the centre of the broadest part of the island, and at the distance of about one-third of its length from the southern extremity, is a high peaked hill, which Knox says the Singhalese call *Hamaell*,* ‘ sharp like a sugar loaf, and on the top a flat stone with the print of a foot, like a man’s, on it, but far bigger, being about two foot long.’ This print was left by Boudh when he ascended into heaven, but the Mahomedans converted it into that of Adam, and the peak is still called by Europeans *Adam’s peak* ; it is described as so high

* Probably Hemaleh, ‘ the abode of snow.’

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that, Mr. Cordiner says, it may be seen from the sea at the distance of fifty leagues, which would make its height more than 15,000 feet; but we doubt the fact: it has never been measured—we were about to say it has never been visited—by any European, when we learned, from the Ceylon Gazette of May last, that a Lieutenant Malcolm, with a serjeant and four Malay soldiers, had scrambled to the top of it. Having ascended three distinct mountains, they arrived at the foot of the Peak, the face of which appeared to be quite perpendicular; yet they observed a number of pilgrims climbing up the precipice by means of iron chains fixed into the rock for that purpose. By great exertions they also succeeded in reaching the summit, though the head priest had exhausted all his eloquence to dissuade them from the attempt, assuring the lieutenant that no white man ever had, or ever could, ascend the peak. The summit formed an area of 72 feet by 54, surrounded by a parapet wall 5 feet high. The sacred footstep, which requires some stretch of imagination to trace out the resemblance, is impressed on the surface of a large rock of *iron stone*, (quere?) in the middle of the area, covered over with a small wooden building, 12 feet long, 9 wide, and 4½ high; it is enclosed with a frame of copper, fitted to its shape, and ornamented with four rows of precious stones—or, more probably, coloured glass beads, which are just as good for the purpose of levying a tax on credulity. The priest warned them of approaching rain, and they accordingly scrambled down again; without obtaining any further information than what we have stated. They saw in the course of their journey about 200 pilgrims on their way to and from the sacred mountain.

From the neighbourhood of this mountain, rivers flow in every direction down to the coast; the principal of which is the Maha-vil-la-ganga; which runs close to the city of Candy, and continuing its course to the N. E. falls into the magnificent bay of Trincomalée. Some of these rivers are navigable from twenty or thirty miles from the sea; but their beds are generally too rocky, and their streams too rapid, to admit of a more extended navigation. The principal harbours or ports for shipping are Columbo, Point de Galle, and Trincomalée; the two former are but indifferent, and safe only in the N. E. monsoon; the latter is one of the finest and most extensive harbours in the world, and perfectly secure at all seasons of the year. The surrounding scenery is so grand and beautiful, that Mrs. Graham compares this magnificent basin to Loch Catrine on a gigantic scale.

The cities and towns of the interior recently under the dominion of the King of Candy are not worth mentioning; the largest, according to Knox, not exceeding forty or fifty houses; on the coast, those of Columbo, Negumbo, Chilou, Jaffnapatnam, Trincomalée,

lée, Batticoloe, Point de Galle, Caltura, and Matura, are the principal, of which Columbo is the first in rank. According to Cordiner, we may set down its population at 50,000 inhabitants. The part inhabited by the principal Europeans is surrounded with a regular fortification, one side resting on the sea, the other on an inland lake; the streets are at right angles, shaded by rows of trees, chiefly the shewy and elegant portia, or tulip-tree, the *Hibiscus tiliaceus* of Thunberg; the houses are low, but neat, fronted with verandas and Venetian blinds before the windows. Without the fort is the Pettah, or black town, and the bazar, or market. Here people of all nations, languages, manners, and religions are blended together,—Dutch, Portuguese, and English; Singhalese, Malabars, and Moors of every class; Hindoos, Gentoos, Persees, Arabs, Malays, Chinese, Javanese, Baganese, Caffres, half-casts, and mongrel breeds of every shade and tint of colour, from the sickly white of the European to the jet black of the African.

Every body is delighted with Columbo: the variety of hill and dale, of wood and water; the orchards and gardens and groves of cocoa and Palmyra trees, the pleasant villas scattered along the margin of an extensive lake, the beautiful rides, the cinnamon gardens, and above all, the temperate and healthy climate, unite in imparting a charm to this town which is not felt in any other part of the eastern world. The mercury in Farenheit's thermometer is said seldom to range more than 5° in the day, and only 13° throughout the year; 86° being the highest and 75° the lowest points in the scale at which it has in any season been observed. The markets are uncommonly well supplied with fowl, fish, grain, fruit, and vegetables; in short, with every luxury as well as necessary of life.

The total population of the island is stated by Cordiner, on what authority we know not, at 1,500,000 souls; of which the Singhalese, the Candians, (who are also Singhalese,) and the Malabars each constitute 500,000: 'the first,' he says, 'occupy the coasts of the southern half of the island, from Dondrahead to the confines of Batticoloe on the east, and to the river of Chelau on the west; the second are shut up in the heart of the country; and the Malabars occupy the northern parts of the coast.' This is but a vague and, on the face of it, an incorrect statement. The Singhalese inhabit every part of the island, the Malabars are found in numbers on most parts; Malays are scattered over the whole face of the country; a half-cast race, of Portuguese origin and mixture, abound along the coast; the Dutch, and their half-cast descendants, with their slaves from various parts of the world, the Hindoos, Arabs, Armenians, Persees, and Chinese amount to no inconsiderable proportion of the population.

We have the testimony of all writers on Ceylon, that the Singha-
lese are a mild, timid, harmless, and indolent race of men; exceed-
ingly civil to strangers, studious to oblige, and delighting in acts
of hospitality; their stature is described as rather below the mid-
dle size; their limbs slender, but well shaped, and in good pro-
portion; their features more resembling those of Europeans than
any other people of Asia; their colour as various as the tints of
bronze, but less deep on the whole than that of the Hindoos. Their
eyes dark, their hair long, smooth, and jet black, which they turn
up and fix with a tortoise-shell comb on the top of the head. A
piece of calico or muslin wrapped round the waist is the only
clothing worn by nine-tenths of the population. The addition of
short jackets, waistcoats, ruffles, ear-rings, caps, swords, &c. is re-
gulated by that oppressive system of casts which, with the ex-
ception of China and Japan, appears to have pervaded all those
countries where the doctrines of Boudh and Brahm have found
or forced their way.

Modern writers talk of the Singha-
lese and Candians as if they
were two distinct races of people. Placed under different circum-
stances, their character may have assumed different shapes; and yet
it has not materially altered. Knox, who knew them well, thus
describes them.

‘In courage and behaviour they are very grave and stately, like unto
the Portugals; in understanding quick and apprehensive, in design
subtle and crafty, in discourse courteous, but full of flatteries; natu-
rally inclined to temperance both in meat and drink, but not to chas-
tity, neat and provident in their families, commending good husbandry.
In their dispositions not passionate, neither hard to be reconciled again
when angry. In their promises very unfaithful, approving lying in
themselves, but disliking it in others; delighting in sloth; deferring la-
bour till urgent necessity constrain them; neat in apparel, nice in eat-
ing, and not given to much sleep.

‘The natures of the inhabitants of the mountains and lowlands are
very different. They of the lowlands are kind, pitiful, helpful, honest,
and plain, compassionating strangers, which we found by our own ex-
perience among them. They of the uplands are ill-natured, false, un-
kind, though outwardly fair, and seemingly courteous, and of more
complaisant carriage, speech, and better behaviour than the low-
landers.’—(pp. 64, 65.)

They are all extremely poor, and appear to be content with very
little; their dwellings are mud huts; their furniture scanty; fruit and
rice are the principal articles of their food, and water is almost their
only beverage, which, like the Spaniards of Valencia, they pour from
a spout at a considerable distance from their mouths, that the vessel
may not be defiled by touching the lips. Their chief luxury,
which is in universal use, from the sovereign to the poorest pea-
sant,

sant, is the betel leaf, areca nut, and chunam. To present betel is throughout the east the symbol of friendship—it is the calumet of peace.

The men labour but little; the women rather more, but not much. Rice, millet and pulse are the principal articles that cost them any pains in the raising, and of these they do not cultivate much; for the rest they depend on the natural productions of the soil. 'The possessor of a garden,' says Cordiner, 'which contains twelve cocoa-nut trees, and two jack trees, finds no call for any exertion. He reclines all day in the open air, literally doing nothing; feels no wish for active employment, and never complains of the languor of existence.'

Thousands of Candians are stated to live in the crevices of the rocks, and sometimes to perch themselves in trees, to avoid the attacks of wild beasts, or poisonous reptiles, and to secure themselves from sudden inundations: a talipot leaf is frequently the only tent or cover which even those in the service of the king possess, to screen themselves from the intense heat of the sun, or the drenching rains; —'a marvellous mercy,' says Knox, 'which Almighty God hath bestowed upon this poor and naked people in this rainy country.'

The mild and passive character of the natives is singularly at variance with the unlimited and savage despotism of the government. The same kind of monster, in human shape, ruled over this poor people during Knox's captivity, as he whom we have been describing; and there is every reason to believe that the tyranny arises out of the character of the government, and is not solely dependent on that of the individual monarch. From the scenes which occurred in 1803, and from more recent events, we have very little doubt that the following description is applicable to all the Malabar race of kings.

'He (the Rajah Singa) seems to be naturally disposed to cruelty; for he sheds a great deal of blood and gives no reason for it. His cruelty appears both in the tortures and painful death he inflicts, and in the extent of his punishments, namely, upon whole families, for the miscarriage of one of them. For when the king is displeased with any, he does not always command to kill them outright, but first to torment them, which is done by cutting and pulling away their flesh by pincers, burning them with hot irons clapped to them to make them confess of their confederates; and this they do to rid themselves of their torments, confessing far more than ever they saw or knew. After their confession sometimes he commands to hang their two hands about their necks, and to make them eat their own flesh, and their own mothers to eat their own children; and so to lead them through the city, in public view, to terrify all, unto the place of execution, the dogs following to eat them; for they are so accustomed to it, that they, seeing a prisoner led away, follow after. At the place of execution there are

always some sticking upon poles, others hanging up in quarters upon trees; besides what lyes killed by elephants on the ground, or by other ways. This place is always in the greatest highway, that all may see and stand in awe.'—(*Knox*, p. 39.)

We may easily conceive how little respect is paid to the lives and properties of the mass of the people, when the adigars and dessaves, the governors of provinces, and the generals of the army, approach this monster in the most degrading and abject postures, and with the most humiliating expressions of their own baseness. We have a taste of this in Mr. Boyd's Journal of his Embassy to one of these monarchs.

'The removal of the curtain,' he says, 'was the signal for our obeisances. Mine, by stipulation, was to be only kneeling—my companions immediately began the performance of theirs, which were in the most perfect degree of eastern humiliation. They almost literally licked the dust, prostrating themselves with their faces close to the stone floor, and throwing out their legs and arms, as in the attitude of swimming; then rising to their knees by a sudden spring from the breast, like what is called the salmon-leap by tumblers, they repeated, in a very loud voice, 'That the head of the king of kings might reach beyond the sun!—that he might live a hundred thousand years,' &c. But this was nothing to the scene which followed. Something happened that made it necessary for the minister to come to the lower end of the hall. I did not observe him set out; but turning my head by accident, I cannot express my surprize when I saw him, a venerable grey-headed old man, come trotting down one of the aisles like a dog—on all-fours! He returned in the same manner to the foot of the throne.'—(vol. ii. p. 214, 215.)

The tradition which Baldæus relates to exist among the Singhalese, and which Knox also says he heard from a Portuguese, that a Chinese vessel being wrecked on the eastern coast, the people elected her commander for their king, strikes us as not altogether improbable; since a resemblance may be traced in almost all the manners and customs of the court, and the moral character of the two nations—in the gravity and ceremoniousness of their deportment—in their religious ceremonies and superstitions—in their duplicity—in their marriage-contracts, forms, and presents—in their feasts and festivals, and solitary amusements—in their veneration for, and attachment to, astrology—in their nocturnal reception of ambassadors—in their frivolous negotiation for settling the ceremony—in their anxiety to ascertain the nature and extent of the presents for the sovereign—in the custom of entertaining all ambassadors at free cost—and in their attempts to starve them into complaisance with their degrading demands—in all which the Singhalese are so completely Chinese, that the journals of Hugh Boyd and General Macdowall on their respective missions to Candy, might,

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by a simple change of names, serve for an embassy to China. When Lord Macartney presented the elegant carriages made by Hatchett, at the palace of Yuen-ning-yuen, the mandarins inquired where the emperor was to sit, and on being told in the inside, and that the coach-box, with its hammercloth ornamented with festoons of roses, was the seat of the coachman, they sneeringly asked if the English supposed their *Ta-whang-tie*, their mighty emperor, would suffer any man to sit higher than himself, or to turn his back upon him? It appears also that height is sublimity, without a metaphor, with the Singhalese. An ambassador, accompanied by two nobles, came from Candy to Columbo; their public entry was made in three old Dutch carriages borrowed for the occasion. It was with no little difficulty they were prevailed on to get into them: both doors were taken away that they might not appear like prisoners in a cage; but they could never be entirely convinced that by placing the driver above them, and with his back towards them, it was not meant to degrade them.

The fact, at any rate, is pretty certain, that both nations have taken the main features of their government and religion from the same source—the doctrine of Boudh, who united the office of sovereign and high priest in his own person; two characters, if we may judge from the practice of his successors, that are quite incompatible:—for while, in the latter capacity, benevolence is preached, and the leading precept is ‘to kill no living creature’—in the former, nothing is to be found but tyranny, inhumanity, and oppression, accompanied by a wanton delight in the shedding of human blood.

There is, however, among the original Singhalese, a race known by the name of Baddas or Vaddas, who have never acknowledged the sovereign of Candy, but live in a free and independent state, chiefly in the inaccessible mountains and forests of Bintane, behind Batticoloe. They are still but little known to Europeans, though mentioned by Knox, who describes them as a set of beings in the rudest stage of social life. They seek their food in the deep forests abounding with elephants, buffaloes, leopards, wild hogs, elks, and antelopes. They cautiously abstain from all connection with the rest of the islanders, except in bartering with the borderers of their forests, ivory, deer-skins, dried flesh, honey, &c. for salt, arrows, cloth, and a few other articles, and this but to a very limited extent. They are represented as a robust and hardy race, courageous and resolute, but very treacherous. Their language is a dialect of the Singhalese, and the faint notions which they have of religion approach nearer to Brahmanism than to Boudhism. Their only places of worship are under the shade of the Banyan tree. The chieftain of each family is generally the strongest and most

active, and the most expert huntsman is the greatest favourite with the women.

‘Secured in their independence by their situation and their poverty, and supplied from their woods with all the necessities of life that the climate requires, they look down from their rugged precipices on the cultivated vales of their neighbours with the most frigid indifference. The clothing and rich trappings, the comfortable dwellings and fruitful fields, the seats and luxuries of the Singalese, excite no feelings of surprise, no sentiments of admiration, no desire of imitation, not even any emotions of envy in the sluggish bosoms of the naked and harmless Vaddahs—in whose stubborn minds no love of industry takes root, no emulation quickens, nothing but the grossest passions grow.’—(*Boyd*, vol. ii. p. 51.)

The next class of inhabitants, which Mr. Cordiner reckoned to form one half of the population of the British possessions before the addition of the Candian dominions, are the Malabars—the same active, enterprising, crafty people, in their character of merchants, pedlars, jewellers, workers in metals, tailors, fishermei, jugglers, as we find them on the continent from which they came. They are easily distinguished by their long flowing calico or muslin gowns, their turbans, and their enormous ear-rings. The opulence and consequence of a Malabar being estimated by the size and weight of this useless appendage, the flap of the ear is sometimes drawn down to the shoulder, and the aperture made through it large enough to admit a man’s hand. The women throw their muslin dress in the most becoming and graceful manner over the left shoulder, across the breast, and down to the ankle, leaving the other shoulder and the opposite leg bare. The neck, the ears, the legs, the arms, the toes, and fingers are loaded with necklaces, rings, chains, and bracelets; and even the nose has sometimes its pendant jewel or drop of gold. About one half of these people are indifferent Mahomedans, the other half are worse Hindoos; they inhabit chiefly the district and city of Jaffnapatnam.

The Malays, who are found on almost every island in the Indian seas, are here pretty numerous; they are soldiers, sailors, fishermen, and artificers, many of whom were introduced by the Dutch in a state of slavery. The bad part of the character of this singular people, so unlike in all respects to the native islanders, and resembling more the people of Upper Tartary than of Hindostan, has, we think, been greatly exaggerated. With the exception of Mr. Marsden, in his excellent History of Sumatra, it has been drawn, mostly by passing visitors, from a slight acquaintance with those whom vice had driven to piracy and plunder, or misfortune thrown into a state of slavery.

‘The Malays,’ says M. de Poivre, ‘are a restless people, loving navigation

vigation, war, pillage, emigrations, colonies, rash enterprizes, adventures, feats of gallantry. They talk continually of honour, of courage, and, in fact, are accounted by those who frequent them the most treacherous and most ferocious people who exist upon earth; and what appears most singular is their speaking a language the most soft of any in all Asia. More attached to their stupid laws of pretended honour than to those of justice and humanity, one sees constantly among them the strong attacking the weak. Their treaties of peace and of friendship never continue beyond the interest which led to them. They are always armed and always at war among themselves, or occupied in pillaging their neighbours.

We have only to observe on this, that among the various nations who inhabit Ceylon, the Malays are the only people out of which we have been able to make good soldiers; and a more faithful, obedient, and orderly corps does not exist. Severely as they were put to the test in the unfortunate Candian campaign of 1803, very few, though then young troops, could be prevailed upon to quit their standard, and the greatest part of those who did, took the first opportunity of rejoining it. We have seen with what determined resolution the brave Nouradeen devoted himself to death; and Cordiner says that on this occasion 'the Malay princes settled at Columbo waited on the governor; assured him of their regret and indignation to hear that any of their countrymen had deserted, and professed their invariable attachment to the British government.' Their great failing is an excessive fondness for opium, which hurries them into extravagant acts. When this fails them, they have recourse to *bang*, which is equally powerful in its intoxicating qualities;—this *bang*, Captain Perceval is kind enough to inform us, 'is a small shrub with a leaf resembling tobacco,' &c. Very much!—if the common hemp resemble tobacco, for it is neither more nor less than an extract from that plant.

The Dutch inhabitants are caricatured by Mr. Perceval. There is, in fact, little difference between the Dutch of Ceylon and the Dutch of Batavia, or of any other of their eastern settlements: all rising early to drink a cup of coffee and smoke a pipe; all wearing velvet clothing, eating freely, and sleeping after dinner; and all so averse from walking, that it was a common saying that 'no Europeans but Englishmen and dogs ever *walked* in Batavia.' M. Keuneman, the old commandant of Chilau's, habits of life, as described by Mr. Cordiner, may be considered, generally, as those of the Dutch gentry of Ceylon.

'There a party of Dutch gentlemen were seated, enjoying the fumes of tobacco; and an inhabited mansion once more afforded us a seasonable refreshment. The commandant was a respectable old man, a native of Holland, who had resided forty-seven years in Ceylon; and twice visited the court of Candy in an official character. His style of

living

living was to rise at four o'clock in the morning, smoke a pipe, and drink a cup of coffee, by candle-light; breakfast at seven, dine at noon, sup at seven in the evening, and retire to rest between eight and nine.—(vol. i. p. 339.)

The number of Dutch inhabitants on the island does not exceed nine hundred: far from indulging in that luxuriant, extravagant, and absurd mode of living described by Captain Perceval, Mr. Cordiner assures us, and, indeed, we know it to be a fact, that, excepting a very few families, they are reduced to circumstances of great indigence; that they practise the most rigid and meritorious economy; and that by this and their industrious habits, and by letting their houses, their only property, to the more wealthy English inhabitants, they are just able to maintain an appearance in the eyes of the world, if not affluent and gay, at least decent and respectable. They are, in truth, of all the numerous inhabitants, the only sufferers by our capture of the island.

Of the Portuguese who first opened the way to India, and played so conspicuous and splendid a part in the European history of that quarter of the world, little now remains but the ruins of their former grandeur. Their name, their language, their religion, and their numerous religious establishments, still, however, exist; but the Portuguese themselves have disappeared. The sun of Portugal may, in fact, be considered to have set in the east, and all that remains of its pristine splendour is a faint and gloomy twilight.

'There is still,' says Mr. Cordiner, 'a large body of inhabitants at Columbo and the other settlements in Ceylon, known by the name of Portuguese. They probably amount to the number of five thousand; they are, however, completely degenerated, and exhibit complexions of a blacker hue than any of the original natives. Yet they retain a considerable portion of the pride of their ancestors; wear the European dress; profess the religion of the Church of Rome; and think themselves far superior to the lower classes of the Cingalese.' They are, in fact, a spurious race of all mixtures. 'Any black fellow,' says Captain Perceval, 'who can procure a hat and shoes, with a vest and breeches, and who has acquired some little smattering of the Catholic religion, can aspire to the title of a Portuguese.'—(vol. i. p. 88.)

These are the principal constituent parts of the population of Ceylon; but there are others of all denominations, from various parts of the coast of Hindostan, and the Eastern islands. The contiguous island of Ramisseram is peopled with Brahmins, who feed upon the industry, and thrive by the folly and superstition of their ignorant countrymen. The natives of the two small islands called the *Two Brothers* are of a very different description. Mr. Cordiner says,

'They are the handsomest, finest-limbed, and most athletic of any
Indians

Indians whom we have seen. The particulars in their persons worthy of notice are, very thick and neat ears, not fat, narrow haunches, open chests, broad shoulders, the distance from haunches to shoulders longer than common, legs rather slender but well proportioned, feet and hands beautifully made, bones remarkably strong, muscles large and distinctly seen, skin extremely black, all of one colour, perfectly smooth, teeth of the purest white, and most elegant formation, uncontaminated by the juice of betel. An artist who pointed out these distinguishing marks, never saw men in any other country who afforded so complete a model for academic painting. Their countenances presented an aspect of undisguised nature and rural innocence rarely to be seen. In their national character they are quiet, peaceable, harmless, contented, and strongly marked by habitual taciturnity. They are all nominally christians, professing the religion of the church of Rome; and possess no other form of worship.'—(vol. i. p. 305.)

A mere catalogue of the valuable and useful productions of Ceylon would require more room than we have to spare. With some few exceptions, all that India and the Indian islands can boast are here to be met with; besides many others peculiar to itself. The Ceylonese are perhaps the only people in the east to whom rice is not the staff of life. Of this most useful grain they grow not nearly enough for their own consumption; not because they undervalue it, but because they have so many substitutes without any exertion of human labour. The tribe of palms, the most common, and at the same time the most magnificent and beautiful of eastern vegetation, may also be considered as the most generally useful to the Ceylonese. Among these the cocoa-nut tree holds unquestionably the first rank. It supplies the inhabitants with bread, and milk, and oil; it affords them a strong spirit, vinegar and yeast: its top is an excellent substitute for cabbage; it furnishes timber to build their huts, and thatch to cover them; the shell of its nut is no mean article in the scanty catalogue of their household utensils; and it supplies them with cloth and cordage. 'I am assured,' says Captain Perceval, 'that the King of the Maldivé islands sent his ambassador to the Dutch governor of Columbo in a small ship, which was entirely built and rigged from the cocoa tree, while those employed in fitting it out were fed upon the nuts.' We can assure him that the same story, but better told, was current some hundred years before a Dutch governor was ever heard of at Columbo. 'There are,' says Abu Zeid al Hasan, who visited China in the ninth century—'there are people at Oman who cross over to the cocoa nut islands, and having felled the tree, with the bark spin a yarn, with which they sew the planks together, and so build a ship; of the same wood they cut and round away a mast; of the leaves they weave the sails, and the bark they convert into cordage; having thus completed their vessel, they load her with

cocoa

cocoa nuts, which they carry back to sell at Oman.'—(*Travels of two Mahomedans, &c.*)

The next of the palms in point of utility is the Palmyra, the *Borassus flabelliformis* of botanists. It is applicable to most of the uses of the cocoa tree; and both the nuts and the pulp in which they are buried, and also the young shoots from the nuts, supply the inhabitants of the northern part of the island with no inconsiderable part of their food: these shoots are the *kellingo* mentioned by Thunberg, and the nut itself, with its covering, is the *panningai* of that writer. The milk of the nut, or *toddy*, yields better sugar, than the milk of the cocoa-nut, and arrack of a superior quality.

The palm next in importance, though not perhaps in real utility, is the areca catechu. All ranks, sexes and ages, from Cape Comorin to Thibet—from the Indus to the Bocca Tigris, and throughout the Indian Archipelago, indulge in the luxury of the areca-nut, the *betel*-leaf, (a species of pepper,) and *chunam* (the lime of burnt shells.) By a strange confusion of ideas, Captain Perceval talks of the areca-nut growing on the *betel*-tree. This nut is an article of export from Ceylon to the coast of India, and of internal traffic between the Candians and the lowlanders. One tree generally produces from 500 to 1000 nuts; and Knox says that they were so plentiful in his time, that 20,000 were sold for a dollar. The areca tree is tall, straight and elegant, its stem gradually tapering to the summit like the shaft of the Corinthian column.

The Sego palm, the *caryota urens*, ranks the next perhaps in utility. It is a beautiful tree, of a singular appearance, the top resembling the cocoa, with the addition of five blossoms and clusters of fruit hanging in long perpendicular tassels all around the stem from the interior side of the leaves. The Sego is the pith dried and granulated; and the fruit produces sugar in such quantities that the natives call it the *jaggree*, or sugar tree.

But the most singular tree of the palm tribe is the talipot—the *licuala spinosa* of Thunberg, of which Captain Perceval has given as singular a description. 'The leaf,' says this precious compiler, 'is completely circular—the breadth of the diameter from three to four feet, and the length and thickness in proportion.'—Euclid certainly knew nothing of such a circle,—'it bears a large yellow flower, which when ripe bursts with a large noise.' Why will authors not content themselves with their own nonsense, instead of seeking to make nonsense of what others have written before them! Thunberg says, that 'the sheath which envelops the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon; after which it shoots forth branches on every side to the surprising height of thirty-six or forty feet.' Mr. Cordiner measured the trunk of a talipot tree, six feet and a half in circumference, and a hundred

a hundred feet high, growing perfectly perpendicular, 'firm in its position as the mainmast of a man of war.' Knox had said that the tree is 'as big and tall as a ship's mast;' and that 'a single leaf is so broad and large, that it will cover fifteen or twenty men, and keep them dry when it rains;' that 'the whole leaf spread out is round almost like a circle; but that it folds close like a lady's fan, and then it is no bigger than a man's arm, and extremely light;' and he adds, 'its yellow blossoms are most lovely to behold, but of a very strong smell.' Of the leaves are made fans and umbrellas and slips to write upon, superior to those of the palmyra; and the pith of its stem serves as a substitute for bread. The fruit is twice the size of a cocoa-nut, and the seeds that are buried in the pulpy substance are also used for food.

The bread-fruit tree, on the transplanting of which from the South Sea islands to the West Indies, such pains and expense were bestowed, is very common in Ceylon, and very little regarded; another species, the *artocarpus integrifolia*, usually called the jack-tree, is more esteemed, the fruit being a very common article of food in Ceylon. It grows immediately out of the branches and the stem, is as large as a man's body, covered with a scaly coat divided hexagonally like the pine-apple; full of seeds within, each inclosed in a fleshy substance of a yellow colour, of a disgusting smell, but a rich and delicious flavour; each seed is as large as the largest chestnut, and of the same farinaceous quality and taste. Thunberg had reckoned up fifteen different kinds of dishes that might be prepared from the jack fruit; but Captain Perceval, in copying him, mistakes the species, and treats his readers with the Swedish professor's fifteen dishes from the wrong plant.

Fruits of all kinds are plentiful and excellent. Pine-apples are every where common; as are shaddocks, oranges, lemons, limes, mangos, plantains, rose-apples, Ceylon almonds, (*terminalia catappa*,) tamarinds, cashew-nuts, guavas, papai, (*carica papaya*,) pomegranates, custard-apples, caramboles, (*averrhoa bilimbing*,) with many others which it would be tedious to enumerate.

Numerous other articles of commercial and domestic use are produced in Ceylon, as coffee, cotton, black pepper, tobacco, turmeric, ginger, cardamum, coriander; but that which the Dutch most esteemed, and of which they engrossed the monopoly, is the cinnamon. For some time this plant was suffered to remain in its native woods, where, we are told by Knox, 'it is much as plenty as hazel in England; in some places a great deal, in some little, and in some none at all,' till the Dutch governor Falck raised a plantation of young trees at Pass, near Columbo. Thunberg says that at first the plants all died, in consequence, as it was afterwards discovered, of a Singhalese having poured hot water on them,

in order that their cultivation might not deprive his countrymen of the profits arising from the barking of cinnamon in the woods—a story not very probable. The different sorts of cinnamon, the process of barking, tasting, stripping, &c. are all described by Thunberg, and repeated by Perceval and Cordiner, but we should recommend the curious reader to the original. We shall only observe that the office of taster is not so delightful as some might imagine, 'because,' says Thunberg, 'the cinnamon deprives the tongue and lips of all the mucus with which they are covered, and causes afterwards an intolerable pain, which prevents one from going on any farther with the examination; so that one must perform this business with great caution, and at the same time eat a piece of bread and butter between whiles, which in some measure mitigates the pain. It is but seldom that one is able to hold out two or three days successively.'

The teak-tree, the terminalia, several species of diospyrus, or ebony, of which that called the calamander is most esteemed for its variegated and wavy streaks, are all fine and valuable trees; and the plains and forests abound with an endless variety of flowers and shrubs yet unknown to the botanists of Europe. To the knowledge of these Mr. Cordiner and Mr. Perceval have contributed nothing.

Ceylon is less rich in the animal than in the vegetable part of creation, if we except the birds, which are of infinite variety and beauty; but it boasts of the largest and finest elephants in the world. Mr. Cordiner, who with Mr. North was present at a regular *catch* of wild elephants, has given a very minute and elaborate description of this grand and singular scene, which agrees exactly with that of Baldaeus and Valentyn and Thunberg. The proceeding is briefly this—When the government has fixed on the time of hunting elephants, the snare (which consists of an extensive piece of ground) is marked out with large stakes of wood in a triangular shape, having an open base towards the forests, and, at the apex, a narrow funnel like the cod of a fish net; the people of the district are then ordered to drive the herds towards the snare, employing for this purpose guns and drums and trumpets, torches and fire-works, or, in the words of a Dutch author, which are in themselves enough to frighten the stoutest elephant—'*schietgeweer, flam-bawen en vuurstuckeryen, pypers en hoorenblaazers, trommels en tambolin-heros.*' On the present occasion, this tremendous assemblage commenced its operations at the distance of thirty miles from the trap, advancing slowly in a chain of three thousand men, who were employed in this service two months. As the circle narrows, the fires and the noises approach each other; and when the elephants get within the gaping jaws of the trap, 'the grand business of the campaign

campaign is considered as brought to a termination.' The governor and other spectators then resort to the scene of action; and the 'guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbuss and thunder,' once more rend the air, as their incessant din is judged necessary to terrify the animals, and prevent them from making a retrograde movement. The first compartment of the inclosure is about 1800 feet in circumference; the fold, with which it communicates by a single gate, is not more than 100 feet long and 40 broad; and this space is narrowed by a rivulet or canal five feet deep; beyond this the funnel gradually contracts into a straight passage five feet broad and one hundred feet long.

The governor and his party mounted the elevated *bungalow* at the close of day; it soon grew dark, and strict silence was necessary.

'The shouting of the hunters was incessant; muskets and rockets joined in the chorus, and the wild roaring of the elephants was heard at intervals, more distinctly warning us of their approach. At length the forest crashed, and the enormous herd pushed forward with fury, levelling instantaneously every tree which opposed their passage. The following up of the people with the lights and fireworks was truly grand.'

The next process was to drive the entrapped elephants into the *water-fold*.

'The people resumed their tumultuous noise, mingled with the din of trumpets, drums and arms. The affrighted herd, again annoyed with impending horrors, renewed their tremendous flight; and rushing like an agitated torrent, into the water-snare, experienced still greater sorrows.'

When about seventy of these huge creatures were admitted, the door was closed, and the greater part were so closely wedged together that many of them were motionless; more than a hundred still remained in the outer and larger portion of the snare.

'The huntsmen toiled all night. Their shouting and hallooing became more incessant. Now and then the hollow thunder of the elephants was heard. Sometimes a dead silence ensued, indicating that the business of the hunt was going on well, and that the persons employed were removing the elephants from the inclosure without loss of time.'—(vol. i. p. 213, &c.)

From the water-snare they are next driven into the long and narrow tube of the funnel just wide enough to admit one elephant at a time; and as they singly arrive at the farthest extremity, a huge beam is let down behind each, when, thus hemmed in, the hunters contrive to secure him by binding his legs with ropes. Two tame elephants are then brought to the gate, and the captive is passed between them; they feel his tusks, if he has any, and his proboscis; sometimes, seemingly, to sooth his anger and to reconcile him to his

new

new condition; and sometimes, if refractory, they batter him with their heads till they have reduced him to perfect submission. Thus is he marched to the 'garden of stalls,' where he is very soon completely trained. 'The marching off of this venerable trio,' says M. Cordiner, 'is a sight truly magnificent; and exhibits a noble specimen of the skill of man united with the sagacity of the elephant.'

The sagacity of this animal and its notions of modesty and delicacy are now known to have been greatly exaggerated; it must be allowed, however, to be capable of great docility; and though in its capture it betrays stupidity, yet it occasionally evinces no small degree of natural sagacity. The deliberate manner in which it will try, first by its proboscis, and then by the whole weight of its body, to throw down the largest cocoa-nut trees, in order to get at the leaves of the top, the scream of disappointment it usually sends forth on meeting with a tree, which is not often the case, too stubborn to yield to its efforts, would seem to indicate a consciousness of the limitation as well as extent of its powers.

'Their plaintive cries,' says Cordiner, 'have all the expressions of sorrow, rage, resentment and despair. Often, after they are bound to the trees and stakes, in the forest set apart for their reception, finding every effort ineffectual, even to disengage a single limb, their hollow eyes fill with tears, and their countenance wears an aspect of the deepest melancholy.'—(vol. i. p. 231.)

Among the woods and jungles of this luxuriant soil, the ferocious buffalo is found in abundance, differing in nothing from those of Sumatra and Java; they are tamed with difficulty: the animal most used for domestic purposes, is the diminutive Indian ox, with short horns and a hump between the shoulders. A species of elk, called by the Singhalese *gona*, is an inhabitant of the forests; it is gregarious, of a dark brown colour, branched horns and neck, clothed in long hair. A beautiful spotted stag, called *meusa*, is more common; and another, about the size of a hare, very numerous. The royal tiger is not known in Ceylon; but a spotted animal, called *cheta*, resembling the leopard, and two or three species of wild cats, are not uncommon. Jackalls and monkeys every where abound, as do several species of viverra, squirrels, rats, &c.

The forests swarm with innumerable species of the feathered tribe, many of which are very little known. The gaudy peacock is every where met with; and the untameable jungle fowls, with a great variety of the pheasant family, are plentiful in every part of the island. Birds of the most splendid and beautiful plumage enliven the woods and thickets—parrots, parroquets, pigeons, wood-peckers, fly-catchers, paddy birds, the tailor-bird, &c.

It

It need scarcely be added, that all the noxious and disgusting classes of insects and reptiles are abundantly generated amid the heat and moisture of the rich vegetable soil of Ceylon. Venomous toads, scorpions, scolopendras and centipedes, spiders, cock-roaches, bugs and musquitoes, red, black and white ants,—the most numerous, voracious and destructive of the whole insect tribe,—infest every house. Snakes too are not wanting, of the most poisonous kind. The cobra capella is an inhabitant of Ceylon; so is the boa constrictor. This is evidently the *pimberah* of Knox, 'the body whereof is as big as a man's middle, and the length proportionable;' which will swallow a roe-buck whole, horns and all.' But this is sometimes a fatal meal, the horns making their way through his belly. One of these *pimberahs*, he tells us, having seized a stag, a Singhalese fired at the latter, which gave such a jerk that he pulled the snake's head off, his tail being coiled round the tree to hold the stag the better.

The pearl fishery has been so often described, and both Captain Perceval and Mr. Cordiner have drawn so largely from the old writers, and from Mr. Le Beck's account of it, in the fifth volume of the Asiatic Researches, that we must content ourselves with referring to them. Mr. Cordiner is, on the whole, the most authentic and circumstantial.

The production of the pearl is one of those mysterious operations of nature which the ingenuity of man has not yet been able to unveil. The Arabs, with whom the pearl was an article of great traffic, entertained a notion, which they had from the Brahmins, that when it rained, the animal rose to the surface to catch the drops which turned into pearls. By some of the natives they are considered to be formed of certain mineral substances carried to the banks by the river which is opposite to them; by others, they are supposed to be formed from dew-drops in connection with sun-beams, which was pretty nearly the opinion entertained by Pliny and other ancient naturalists of Europe. Some have thought them to be an accretion within the body of the animal of the superabundant matter which coats over the inside of the shell, called mother-of-pearl, and to which it is very common to find little knobs adhering, precisely like pearls, but not of a clear water. Others again, among whom is Reaumur, consider them as the effect of disease or injury, like bezoars and other stones found in various animals, pearls being generally composed of lamellæ or coats, formed round a foreign nucleus. In the early ages of the Christian era, it would appear that the people, who lived on the borders of the Red Sea, were acquainted with the method of forcing certain shell-fish to produce pearls, as the Chinese, at present, do the *Mytilus Cygneus*, the swan muscle, by throwing into the shell, when it opens, five or six minute mother-

mother-of-pearl beads, strung on a thread. In the course of a year these are found covered with a pearly crust, which perfectly resembles the real pearl. It is supposed that if sharp pointed wires be thrust through the shells of certain species of muscles and oysters, the animal protects itself from being injured and galled, by throwing off a substance which coats them over with little round knobs, resembling pearls. Beckmann * tells us that 'Linnaeus once shewed him among his collection of shells, a small box filled with pearls, and said—"*Hos uniones confeci artificio meo; sunt tantum quinque annorum, et tamen tam magni.*" They were deposited, the Professor adds, 'near the *Maja Margaritifera*, from which most of the Swedish pearls are procured; the son, who was not, however, acquainted with his father's secret, said the experiments were made only on this kind of muscle, though Linnaeus himself assured me that they would succeed on all kinds.' Dr. Stover, in his *Life of Linnaeus*, informs us, that the manuscript containing this valuable secret is in the possession of Dr. J. E. Smith, president of the Linnean society of London. We do not believe that this gentleman has yet enriched himself by a forced breed of pearls. The formation of the real pearl is still, we suspect, a profound mystery, and the wisest of us must be content, after all, to say, with Hussan, the Mahomedan traveller, 'that God alone knoweth how this matter is.'

From an island so fertile in all the productions of nature, it might be supposed that a revenue might easily be drawn, sufficient, at least, to defray the expenditure—no such thing. There is regularly an annual vote of parliament in aid of the expenses incurred by the government. This ought not to be; but put, as it were, under a state of perpetual quarantine, by the vexatious impediments of the East India Company, it can neither import nor export without alarming their jealousy. Still it might, one would think, raise a revenue equal to all the charges of maintenance. Mr. Cordiner, however, states, from authentic documents, that while the annual receipts do not exceed 226,600*l.* the expenditure amounts to 330,000*l.* occasioning thus a yearly charge on his majesty's treasury of 103,400*l.* In this statement, every source of revenue is included; the average sum derived from the pearl fishery being set down at 40,000*l.* and that paid by the East India Company for cinnamon at 60,000*l.* The custom-house receipts were about 20,000*l.*, of which 12,000*l.* were levied on the exportation of areca nuts: the rest was made up from taxes on markets and fisheries, on Moors and Chitties, arrack-shops, gambling, cock-fighting, and wearing of jewels. The land-tax, which ought to be

* In his '*History of Inventions*,' (an excellent book, which we hope soon to notice.)

the most productive; and which is in fact the most legitimate source of taxation, amounts to little or nothing. This was precisely the case at the island of Java, when it came into our possession. It was found that the Dutch had not established any system of internal management. Regardless of the interests of the people whom they had subdued, they sacrificed every consideration to the despicable system of commercial monopoly;—it was nothing in their estimation whether millions were reduced to beggary by stopping the fisheries, eradicating spice trees, and destroying the valuable products of the soil, so that pearls and nutmegs bore a high price in Amsterdam. But by a commutation of the indefinite exactions on the people, of forced services without pay, and the forced delivery of produce without an equivalent, for a moderate land rent equitably arranged, the revenues of Java, which in 1808 had been brought down by General Daendels to 818,128 rupees, were raised by Governor Raffles in 1814, to 5,368,085 rupees, or more than six times their former amount; and this land revenue was acceded to with universal satisfaction, and paid with the utmost alacrity. If so much has been done for the people and the government in Java, which we are about to abandon to its former masters, it is to be hoped that we shall not continue the vicious system of the Dutch in Ceylon, which we are to keep. It is but fair that the mother country should be relieved from the expense of maintaining a colony out of her own taxes, which, by a little management, might not only support itself, but afford a surplus for the treasury at home.

We would not, however, be supposed to estimate the value of Ceylon from its pearls, its elephants, its cinnamon, nor even its territorial revenue: it possesses a higher importance. The king of Portugal, says Naverette, was so careful of preserving the island of Ceylon, that he caused in all his instructions a clause to be inserted, 'Let all India be lost, so that Ceylon be saved';—and if his admirals and generals had acted as wisely as he had judged rightly, the island of Ceylon might still have remained a bright jewel in the crown of the king of Portugal; but their bigotry, their intrigues, and their bad faith, facilitated the conquest of their possessions by the Dutch, more even than the avarice and rapacity of the latter tended to throw the same possessions into the hands of the English, who, it is to be hoped, will avoid those shoals on which the two former were fatally wrecked.

To England, the importance of Ceylon must be estimated, in the first place, from its commanding military position; and, secondly, from its magnificent harbour of Trincomallée; the value of both which is considerably enhanced by the fertility of its soil in all the products necessary for the sustenance of man.

Ceylon commands, by its position, the two coasts of Malabar

and Coromandel so effectually, and is so well placed for obtaining early intelligence from them, that the attempt of any European power to obtain possession of either would be next to a hopeless enterprize. Should any disturbances arise on the Peninsula, troops can be thrown upon any point, and in either monsoon, at the shortest notice. It is in fact the master-key to Hindostan; and while it affords a safe retreat in the event of disastrous circumstances, it will be found the most convenient stepping-stone to recover a footing there. Without anticipating any such event, we may at least admit it to be within the scope of possibility. To hold a country containing a population of sixty millions by military possession, is holding it by a single thread, which may be, and indeed has been more than once stretched to its utmost bearing; it is a tenure which depends solely on opinion; and whenever that shall be lost, India is no longer ours: the task was not an easy one to conquer this country, but far more easy than it will be found to retain it. If then it should so happen, that we are compelled to abandon our possessions on the continent, and sink from our lofty state of sovereignty to that out of which we arose, there is no spot in the whole Indian ocean so well adapted for a general *dépôt* of eastern commerce as Ceylon, from which there is no danger of our being forced.

There are those who are of opinion that the nation would be a gainer by the loss of India. It is at least certain that, since its conquest, the commerce of India has never been an advantageous commerce. When mercantile men are obliged to erect forts for their protection, and engage in hostilities, the profits on trade are speedily absorbed by the expenses of war. Commerce, to be valuable and permanent, requires not the bayonet so much as good faith and good conduct on the part of those engaged in it. In China we have not an inch of territory, nor a single soldier—scarcely an European domestic; and yet the privation of the China trade would prove a more severe calamity to Great Britain than the loss of all India and its seventeen millions of revenue. We know not yet what effect the late war with Nepaul may have on the Chinese, with whose empire it is conterminous; but if we are rightly informed, the Gorkhala Rajah, previously to the signing of the treaty, threw himself under the protection of the Emperor of China, and voluntarily offered himself as a tributary of the empire.—If this be so, the Nepaul war may yet remain to be settled at Pekin. Suppose, however, the worst to happen, that we should be expelled from Canton, the China trade might still be drawn to Ceylon, were it once established as the general entrepot of Indian commerce.

Leaving, however, out of the present question, the loss of India and the China trade, or considering them as remote contingencies, the

the harbour of Trincomallée must alone stamp a value on the possession of Ceylon, and give to it a great political preponderance over all the islands of the east. It is the first and most important naval station in the Indian seas, and one of the finest harbours in the world, containing, within its winding shores, coves and minor harbours in which the whole navy of England might find accommodation. It is so situated that, in either monsoon, ships can arrive at or depart from it, and make their passage good from or to any part of the eastern world; and whole fleets may remain within it, at every season of the year, in perfect security. Its importance in this respect is greatly enhanced by the total want of harbours along the two extensive coasts of Coromandel and Malabar. Had Trincomallée been in our possession, when the dreadful famine ravaged Madras during Lord Macartney's government, and the fleet of Sir Edward Hughes was obliged to flee for shelter to Bombay, while the French frigates insulted the coast of Coromandel and obstructed the provision ships intended for its relief, Madras might have escaped the horrible evils to which its unhappy inhabitants were subjected. Measures, we understand, have been already taken for removing the naval station from Madras to Trincomallée; and Chinese husbandmen have been encouraged to settle in the neighbourhood, to clear away the jungle and bring the ground under cultivation. This is a wise proceeding; wherever this industrious people have met with proper encouragement, success has never failed to attend their efforts; but they must be allowed to go to work after their own way, and for their own emolument; as hired servants, or day labourers, they will do little or nothing; but give them a waste to cultivate for their own advantage, and they will very soon convert it into a garden. Their labour and skill have afforded ample proof of this in the vicinity of Columbo and Point de Galle.

Much, however, is required to be done before Ceylon can become an independent naval and military station. The first step will obviously be that of opening good roads of communication—from Columbo through Candy to Trincomallée—from Point de Galle through Candy to Jafnapatnam—and from place to place in every part of the island—to establish military posts in healthy situations along all these roads of communication—to clear away the jungles and thickets, and to drain the marshes, the great sources of the disease and mortality which now prevail—to take an accurate survey of the island—to divide it into districts, and class the land according to its quality—to fix an equitable rent on each class, payable either in money or produce, as may best suit the occupier—to abolish all forced service, forced deliveries, and vexatious imposts—and in short to eradicate every vestige of that oppressive and impolitic

system of feudality and extortion pursued by the Dutch in all their settlements in the east.

Nor should we stop here: as the benefit we contemplate to the mother country from the colony of Ceylon rests not on the sordid basis of commercial profit, the moral improvement of the natives will necessarily become one of the principal objects of a liberal government. The establishment of national schools is the first step towards this state of improvement, from whence none of the numerous peoples, sects, or religions should be excluded. The universal adoption of the English language in the courts of judicature, in all legal instruments and official documents, and in all the transactions between the departments of government and individuals; the appointment of all classes, and all religions, without distinction, to the inferior situations in the public service, would induce the natives the more readily (and there is no reluctance even now) to send their children to the schools; the reading of English books would give them new ideas and gradually wean them from those besotted and senseless prejudices which disgrace the doctrines of Búdh and Brahma, and open their eyes to the more rational doctrines of Christianity. The state of religion is here widely different from that on the peninsula of India; it has no national establishment; it has no funds for the support of a priesthood; its ancient forms, from long neglect, are nearly forgotten and worn out; and the people, having wandered so long in total darkness, are glad, as Mr. Cordiner expresses himself, 'to follow the least glimmering of light.' In fact the Portuguese and Dutch made both Singhalese and Malabars a sort of half Christians; the Dutch in particular had the merit of establishing and providing funds for the maintenance of public schools in every parish; and they caused the New Testament and a great part of the Old to be translated and printed in the Singhalese and Malabar languages. In the several school-houses divine service was performed on Sundays, and always well attended. To every ten schools was a superintending master who made his monthly visitations. Nine established clergymen presided over as many districts and made their annual visitations of the schools.

These religious and scholastic establishments were neglected and fell into decay on the capture of the island by us in 1796. The clergymen, the catechists, and the schoolmasters, lost their pittance of salary; the duties of the one were feebly discharged, and the laborious employment of the other entirely ceased. Mr. North on his arrival re-established the schools and settled what he thought to be reasonable salaries on the clergy, the schoolmasters, and the catechists. 'Christianity,' says Mr. Cordiner, 'once more began to wear a flourishing aspect. The inhabitants were fully sensible of the

the attention which the governor paid both to their spiritual and temporal interests, and every countenance denoted happiness and contentment.' He further tells us that in 1801 the number of parish schools amounted to one hundred and twenty; that the number of Protestant Christians exceeded 342,000; and that those of the Church of Rome were supposed to be still more numerous. We should have doubted this statement if we did not consider it to be derived from official documents. It proves to us most clearly how very trifling would be the expense and exertion to bring the whole island within the pale of Christianity. That the temporal condition of those who have already embraced the truths of the gospel is much ameliorated, we have the testimony, among many others, of Mrs. Graham, whom we consider as no mean authority. When once initiated by baptism, and eligible to certain offices under the government, they become, she tells us, ambitious and industrious, build better houses, eat better food, and wear better clothes than their ancestors did, or those of the present race do who remain uneducated.

Unfortunately, however, the plans pursued by the colonial government did not seem to meet the views of the king's ministers at home. The system of economy which followed the peace of Amiens extended itself to the schools of Ceylon, the expense of which was to be limited to fifteen hundred pounds: the saving to the nation was about the price of a good elephant; and the schools once more fell into decay. We believe, however, that this mistake has been corrected, and that religion and education are again in a flourishing state. Missionaries too have, since that period, been sent to the island, from whom a people so tractable as the Singhalese may derive great benefit; but what we most strongly recommend is the extension, as far as possible, of schools, and schools in which the English language shall be principally taught. We are the more anxious on this head, not only for the advantages which the rising generation would derive from an attention to religious principles and moral education, but also from the possibility of its becoming at some period or other, perhaps less remote than we may be aware, the central point of the British power in the east. In such an event the advantages are incalculable of having a population of probably a million and a half speaking the English language, governed by English laws, and professing in its purity the Christian religion.

But what, after all, must the natives think of their English masters' regard for religion, when they observe such indifference to its concerns as to have no suitable temple dedicated to the service of the Divine Author of that which they profess? The Roman Catholics have a handsome church built by the Portuguese and kept in

good repair—the Dutch have a church ; but the English church in the fort is without a roof and little more than a heap of ruins. The great hall in the government house is used for the performance of divine service, and certainly it will not increase the veneration of the natives for christianity on seeing the same room appropriated for its most solemn and serious duties, and for the most gay and festive amusements—for prayers, levees, dinners, and dancing—all on the same day. There is scarcely a town on the coast that has not a Dutch church, and every village almost is ornamented with the remains of a Portuguese church or chapel ; no fewer than thirty-two of which are still visible in Jaffnapatnam.

Some may think that it would be better to instruct the natives in the useful arts, and train them to habits of industry ; because, being naturally of an idle turn and glad to find an excuse for indulging it by frequenting churches and schools, the latter would encourage that disposition. We do not know that knowledge leads to idleness, but rather the contrary ; nor are we by any means convinced that the Singhalese are naturally of an indolent disposition. It is true Knox has said, and his account has been copied by later writers, that ‘ they are naturally a people given to sloth and laziness ; that they abhor work ; and that they would not work at all if it was not to get food and raiment.’ But Knox was too sensible and observant a man not to perceive that their indolence was not without a cause, ‘ yet in this,’ says he, ‘ I must a little vindicate them ; for what indeed should they do with more than food and raiment, seeing as their estates increase, so do their taxes also ? and although the people be generally covetous, spending but little, scraping together what they can, yet such is the government they are under, that they are afraid to be known to have any thing, lest it be taken away from them. Neither have they any encouragement to industry, having no vend by traffic and commerce for what they have got.’ Our conduct ought to be, and we dare say will be, just the reverse ; we shall endeavour to fix the stability of our conquest on the affections of the natives, by instilling into the minds of the rising generation the true principles of morality and religion ; and to give to the natives at large that encouragement which has succeeded so well with the Javanese, and which, in the words of Governor Raffles, we would earnestly recommend to the government of Ceylon—‘ to promote extensive industry and consequent improvement, by giving the people an interest in the soil, and by instituting amongst them an acknowledged claim to the possession of the lands, that they may be thus induced to labour for their own profit and advantage.’

ART. II. *A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of London, at the primary Visitation of that Diocese, in the Year 1814.* By William, Lord Bishop of London. London. Payne. Rivington.

2. *Letters addressed to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, in Vindication of the Unitarians, from the Allegations of his Lordship in the Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of London, at his Lordship's primary Visitation.* By Thomas Belsham, Minister of the Chapel in Essex-street. London. 1815. Hunter: St. Paul's Church-yard.

A VISITATION charge, being for the most part conversant about matters of detail as to the duties and discipline of the Church, does not, under ordinary circumstances, come within critical notice: in the present instance, however, we feel ourselves induced, on many accounts, to claim for it a share of public attention. The character of the author, for erudition and judgment, as well as for many valuable qualities in private life, had some time ago placed him in the divinity chair of the University of Oxford; and has recently, by an advance in the Church, unprecedented in any late period, raised him to the Bishopric of London, a station distinguished no less by its rank, than by the high responsibility which attaches to it. The Charge before us, delivered at his primary visitation, whether we consider the merit of the composition, or the judicious manner in which the topics are selected and discussed, has not been often excelled by productions of this description: and we have an additional reason for noticing it in the necessity of bestowing some animadversions on the letters which Mr. Belsham, a well known Unitarian minister, has thought proper to address to the bishop 'in vindication,' as he states, 'of the Unitarians from the allegations of his lordship.'

The charge opens with a handsome tribute to the merits and character of his lordship's predecessor in the offices both of Regius Professor, and of Bishop of London, the late Dr. John Randolph; to his acquirements as a theologian and a scholar, and his practical habits of business. Respecting his own competence to the duties which his new station imposes upon him, Dr. Howley speaks in a way, which shews that his opinion of himself is widely different from that of the world.

'On a subject of greater delicacy I had almost determined to take refuge in silence from the danger of incurring, on one hand, the charge of presumption, and on the other, of affected humility. Thus far, however, I may venture, in speaking of myself to say, that profoundly conscious of my own unworthiness, I look up with humble reliance to

the source of all power and wisdom, whose spirit is strength to the feeble, and light to the blind, for support and direction in the administration of the arduous charge to which I have been called by Providence. Of the awful responsibility attached to the station I am well aware. But the anxiety which naturally presses on my mind when I compare the difficulties of the situation with my humble ability, has been materially relieved by increasing acquaintance with the character of a clergy, respected and respectable as a body, for piety, for learning, and conscientious attention to their pastoral care, and abounding with members distinguished, in an eminent degree, by all the qualifications which bestow lustre or dignity on intrinsic worth.'—*Charge*, p. 8.

Having discussed some topics relating to the more particular concerns of the clergy, he proceeds to considerations bearing on the general interests of Christianity and the welfare of our established Church. The renewal of our connections with the continent by the restoration of peace, he considers as pregnant with considerable danger to the interests of virtue and religion amongst us. And certainly the view which more recent events have afforded us of the total want of moral principle in a large portion of the French nation, cannot tend to diminish our alarm. The charge was delivered soon after the conclusion of the peace; and in reference to it the bishop expresses himself as follows.

'At so momentous a crisis, which I would willingly consider as the commencement of a happier age, in which righteousness and truth shall flourish, it will not be amiss to reflect on the mischiefs which lurk in the bosom of peace, and which may eventually poison the sources of our national prosperity and grandeur. Of these, the most obvious, though perhaps the least formidable in reality, is the infection of vice and infidelity from the renewal of intercourse with the continent. On this head I conceive we have little to apprehend for the sound, or even the reclaimable part of our population. There is indeed but too much reason to fear, that the state of religion and morals in a neighbouring country is by no means satisfactory to the friends of piety and virtue. The French Revolution was not an accidental explosion, a burst of momentary passion or phrenzy, but a deliberate and premeditated rebellion against authority human and divine. It was the struggle of desperate wickedness to shake off the salutary restraints imposed by religion and law on the worst passions of human nature. The conception, and still more, the successful accomplishment, of a project thus singular in atrocity, bespeaks an unexampled inveteracy of corruption diffused through the vitals of the community; and it is not unnatural to infer, that the evil has derived an accession of extent and malignity from the systematic encouragement of licentiousness by a despotic government; from the destruction of churches; the neglect of public worship; and above all, from the abolition of the Sabbath, and the blasting influence of an unchristian education on the minds of youth.'—p. 17—19.

In proceeding to consider the dangers which threaten the true
interests

interests of Christianity, the bishop remarks, that there are two opposite extremes, of defect, or excess, of religious belief and feeling, prevailing among us to an alarming extent; and that the partizans of these errors, disjoined in all other respects, are disposed to unite in offensive alliance against the object of their common aversion, the Established Church. To the former class belong the whole tribe of unbelievers and sceptics, carried through all the different degrees from atheism to unitarianism; and under the latter are contained the various descriptions of enthusiastic sectaries whose efforts are employed in every way to seduce members from attachment to the national church.

In considering the different descriptions of infidels, he observes that deism has been long ago so completely unmasked, so irrefragably demonstrated to be no less intolerable to the feelings of men, than at variance with their reason, and repugnant to the true interests of society, that the very name has become a name of reproach. Accordingly, he expresses the opinion that, in later times, the deists have taken shelter under the title of unitarians, and that 'a considerable portion of those who are styled unitarians at the present day, have no other title to the name than their rejection of the principal doctrines which distinguish the revelation of the gospel from natural religion.'

'In this statement,' he adds, 'it is not my intention to wound the feelings of the conscientious unitarian, who, while he rejects its peculiar dogmas, admits the general truth of Christianity. The charge of infidelity, indeed, attaches in a certain degree to all who refuse their assent to any material doctrine deducible by the established laws of interpretation from Scripture; and great must be the force of that prejudice, which can overlook the inconsistency of arbitrarily imposing a meaning unwarranted by the usages of language, on a book to which all parties appeal as the standard and rule of faith. But I do not hesitate to aver my conviction, that the profession of unitarian tenets affords a convenient shelter to many, who would be more properly termed deists, and who by the boldness of their interpolations, omissions, and perversions, by the indecency of their insinuations against the veracity of the inspired writers, by their familiar levity on the awful mysteries of religion, and their disrespectful reflections on the person and actions of their Saviour, are distinguished from real unitarians, and betray the true secret of the flimsy disguise which they have assumed as a cover from the odium of avowed infidelity. Their position, it must be confessed, has been not unskillfully chosen: little ground has been lost in their retreat: the line of separation between the contiguous systems is often indiscernible, or, at the most, faintly marked: and, in return for the sacrifice of a name, they have obtained a facility of diffusing their pernicious principles with less suspicion. The unitarian system, it is true, having little to captivate the affections, and disgusting the reason of unprejudiced believers by its obvious contradiction to Scripture, has been
hitherto

hitherto regarded with cool indifference by the mass of the community. Its influence has generally been confined to men of some education, whose thoughts have been little employed on the subject of religion; or who, loving rather to question than learn, have approached the oracles of divine truth, without that humble docility, that prostration of the understanding and will, which are indispensable to proficiency in Christian instruction. On this account the general advancement in knowledge, which ordinarily checks the growth of error, may be considered as favourable to the progress of this sect, which, inspirited and encouraged by opportunity, has long been straining every nerve to increase the number of its proselytes.—pp. 22, 23.

He proceeds to remark on the danger to be apprehended from an opposite quarter; from the intemperate effervescence of undisciplined zeal, and 'from that promiscuous multitude of confederated sectaries, who, in the prosecution of hostility against the established faith, forget their individual attachments to their own particular creeds.' He adds,

'The views of this dangerous faction are unintentionally seconded by a far more respectable description of men, who rightly conceiving that sound faith and sincere piety are the essentials of pure religion, entertain an indifference to ordinances and forms; overlooking the necessity of permanent fences for the protection of the flock, of regular channels for the distribution of the living waters; and forgetting that a well constituted establishment, though it necessarily partakes of human imperfection, affords the best security, which can be devised by the wisdom of man, against the vicissitudes of events, the alternations of zeal, and the fluctuations of opinion.'—pp. 25, 26.

The bishop concludes with some excellent admonitions to the clergy, recommending to them activity, discretion, piety and charity in the discharge of their professional duties. He particularly impresses upon them the necessity of attending to the religious and moral instruction of the poorer classes. We insert his observations on this subject, because we wish to give them as wide a circulation as we can, and because we are convinced that the extension of the Madras system of education, on the principles of the National Society, must furnish the most powerful means of improving the civil, moral, and religious condition of the lower classes of society, and of preserving them from the taint of evil principles of every description.

'The zeal, the ability, the discretion of the clergy, will be exhausted in vain endeavours to direct the current of popular opinion and practice, without due care to provide for the religious education of the infant poor, to emancipate their understandings from the yoke of ignorance, and to secure their morals from the taint of vice. The minds of all orders of men have been deeply impressed with conviction of this truth: and the public sense of its importance to the general weal has been

been nobly expressed, in the establishment almost simultaneous, of national schools, from the center to the extremities of the empire. In promoting this measure of enlarged and enlightened beneficence, the liberality of the metropolis has born a proportion to her preponderance in wealth and population; and under the sanction of your late prelate, the call of the National Society has been generally, if not universally, answered by corresponding exertions through the whole extent of the diocese. This great work is still in progress: and I cherish the hope that the splendid examples of zeal and munificence already exhibited, will kindle extensively the flame of emulation, will stimulate the indolent to activity, and animate the movements of the dilatory and slow. But let those who hesitate, remember, that irreparable mischief may result from procrastination; that the season of action passes rapidly away, and that opportunity once slighted may possibly never be retrieved. The facilities of communicating instruction supplied by the admirable invention, on which we build our hopes, are common to all parties. This engine, so powerful in operation as the ally of religion and virtue, may become an irresistible instrument of delusion in the hands of infidelity or fanaticism. Our security from danger will, in a great measure, depend on the promptness of our exertions. In the mean while every populous village, unprovided with a national school, must be regarded as a strong hold abandoned to the occupation of the enemy.'

'It would, however, be a fatal mistake to imagine that even complete success in the establishment of schools would supersede all further necessity of vigilance and labour. The conduct of these institutions, so intimately connected with national welfare and the stability of our establishments, political, civil, and religious, requires the unremitting inspection of the wisdom which presided at their original formation.

'In abandoning the direction of a system, which, if neglected, will cease to be useful, if perverted, will be injurious to the community, but maintained in vigorous action on its true principles, is pregnant with incalculable blessings, we should incur the just imputation of treachery to that sacred cause, which the clergy, beyond any other description of men, by all the obligations of duty, by all the inducements of charity, are engaged to promote and cherish.'—pp. 29—31.

We now arrive at Mr. Belsham, who either has felt himself called upon to defend the unitarians from the allegations of the Bishop of London, or who wished to raise himself into some little notice, by appearing before the public as the opponent of a person of his high character and station. Mr. Belsham seems to be as deeply infected as any man, with the itch for writing. Seldom a year passes without his sending forth two or three treatises. What degree of circulation these may obtain among his partizans, we have no means of knowing; but certainly, as to the public at large, they fall nearly still-born from the press. The Bishop of London had not only abstained from any harsh animadversions on the unitarians, but has spoken of those among them who are conscientious

in the belief of their tenets, in peculiarly mild terms. In fact, the whole allusion to them occupies not more than two pages, and seldom does there appear a publication by a person adverse to their opinions, in which they do not experience severer animadversions. Still, in reply to his *allegations*, Mr. Belsham, instead of confining himself to the topics before him, has taken a wide range through all that concerns the question between the unitarians and their opponents: he has stated at length all that unitarians believe, and all that they do not believe; in short, he has most fully shewn that the allegations of the Bishop of London formed a very small part of the motives which induced him to write his pamphlet.

Mr. Belsham begins by saying, 'It has grown of late into a fashion among the clergy, I know not why, both in their discourses and publications, to declaim against the unitarians.' Grown of late into a fashion! What Mr. Belsham's ideas may be of the *lateness* of any fashion, we are unable to say; but to this particular one of which he speaks, we are certain that a tolerably ancient origin may be assigned; unquestionably we should date it from about the first century of the Christian æra; and we conceive St. John the Evangelist was the person with whom it originated. Mr. Belsham says he knows not why it has prevailed among the clergy; we venture to inform him that the reason *may be*, because the clergy feel it to be peculiarly their duty to oppose all corruptions and perversions of Christian truth.

Mr. Belsham proceeds to state, that the unitarians are a very unoffending set of people, who content themselves with plainly exhibiting their principles, and calmly stating their arguments. Perhaps the public may not consent to consider his testimony to the character and conduct of that body, as quite impartial. For our selves, we by no means consider them as deserving the character which he gives them; on the contrary, we have often lamented to perceive a very unfair course adopted by them in maintaining their opinions, and to find them directing much indecent ribaldry, and many offensive epithets against the doctrine which they oppose, and those who believe in it. We would ask whether their proceeding as to the 'improved version of the New Testament' was merely a fair statement of their arguments; and whether it was consistent with even common honesty to send forth such a version, associating in its title-page the name of a distinguished prelate of our church with a work in which the opinions maintained by that prelate and the church to which he belongs are directly opposed? We believe, and hope, that the practice of so scandalous a deception is of rare occurrence in religious controversy. Mr. Belsham asserts further, we observe, that the late repeal of the penalties subsisting in the statute books against the unitarians, is a proof that the government

vernment of the country are satisfied with their conduct. We purpose, at the close of this article, to make a few observations on that repeal; in the mean time, we can confidently assure Mr. Belsham, that of all the motives which he could have thought of, none had so little influence in producing it, as an approbation of the principles or conduct of the unitarians.

Mr. Belsham's first topic of complaint is the passage already extracted, where the bishop affirms, that the opposite extremes of defect or excess in religious belief and feeling are often made to unite, for the purpose of carrying on a common hostility against the established church. By this he rightly understands it to be meant, that the unitarians and the methodists, the coldest and the hottest Christians, are always ready to go hand in hand, whenever a common advantage is to be pursued against the church; and he argues at some length, that it is impossible the unitarians can be hostile to the church; that they have no reason to wish for its downfall, &c. We should be the more disposed to allow some weight to this reasoning, if we did not see it quite contradicted by facts. It is notorious that, whenever a question has arisen between the dissenting interests and those of the church, dissenters of all descriptions, (certainly without any exception of the unitarians,) though more widely separated in doctrine from each other than from the church, have suspended at once their own differences, and come to a cordial agreement, in order to further their common purpose. If a particular instance should be desired, we would refer to the circumstances which took place in regard to Lord Sidmouth's bill for placing dissenting teachers under certain regulations. No sooner was this bill construed to have an unfavourable bearing on the dissenters as a body, than an amalgamation of the most discordant materials took place with astonishing rapidity; all, from the unitarian to the methodist, moved together as one man, and shook hands as if they had never differed in opinion, for the sole purpose of carrying what they deemed a point of advantage against the church.

Another allegation in the bishop's Charge, which Mr. Belsham professes to feel a necessity of repelling, is, that under the name of unitarians are at present included many deists and infidels, who have taken shelter under this denomination, as less invidious and unpopular than the real title which they should bear. Now whether this be the case or not, must be matter of inference and conjecture: it can admit of no proof, because if the deist assumes the name of unitarian for the purpose of disguise, he will, of course, never avow what he really is. Mr. Belsham denies the fact, but supports his denial by a very insufficient mode of reasoning. To what purpose, he asks, should the deist rank himself with the unitarians who have neither honours nor emoluments to bestow? The au-

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swer is very plain. The deist who believes *nothing* of Christianity will, if he be disposed to range himself under any sect, naturally unite himself to that which believes *very little* of Christianity: and, unquestionably, the unitarian sect is that which in this sense approaches nearest to the deist. Mr. Belsham further asserts that many able defenders of Christianity have appeared among the unitarians. But this is only to assert that *some* unitarians have been conscientious believers in the divinity of Christ's mission, a fact which was never disputed.

But, whether it be true or not that many self-called unitarians are really deists, it is, we think, undeniable that the unitarians are the best allies which the deists have; for the reasonings which they adopt, and the principles on which they proceed, are precisely those which, with a very little variation in the mode of applying them, will destroy the grounds of all Christianity. The unitarian and the deist both fall into their errors from a certain pride of understanding which makes them unwilling to submit their reason to revelation. In the one, this leads to the rejection of the essential doctrines of Christianity; in the other, to the total disbelief of that religion, as a religion sent from God. The unitarian cuts off, without scruple, from the book of revelation any part which happens to oppose his views of what a revelation ought to contain; as appears in the late notable instance of his arbitrary rejection of the narratives of the miraculous conception in the gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke; and as has formerly appeared in the attempt to reject as spurious the exordium of St. John's Gospel. The deist must relish beyond measure such a proceeding, for he cannot fail to observe that there are just as good grounds for rejecting the *whole* of the New Testament, as these particular parts of it. When Dr. Priestley was once pressed by the clear sense of a scriptural text which was too stubborn to bend to his schemes, he declared, that sooner than admit the received sense, he would suppose the whole verse to be an interpolation, or the amanuensis of the Apostle to have committed an error in taking down his words!—a very useful hint for the deist who has only to extend the same principle, and his purpose is accomplished. The unitarian considers the language of Scripture, on every occasion when its literal sense opposes his opinions, to be figurative. Thus, on consulting a recent work by Mr. Belsham, entitled, 'A calm Inquiry into the Person of Christ,' we find that our Saviour is said in Scripture to have created all things, *by a figure*! he is now exalted to the government of the world *by a figure*; he made atonement for the sins of mankind *by a figure*: according to his ideas, Satan is a personification of the evil principle; and angels, good and bad, are merely symbolical persons, added to preserve *the costume of the picture.*

picture.—p. 196. If it be possible that he or any unitarians can be in earnest when they reason in this manner; they must allow that, precisely on the same principle, any one may contend that Jesus is only a symbolical character, perhaps a personification of the good principle; that his twelve apostles are only added to preserve the costume of the picture; that he is related to have risen from the dead by a figure, and so on. In fact, we have no hesitation in affirming that, although the unitarian professes to receive as a divine revelation those scriptures which the deist rejects, yet the principles on which he proceeds are precisely those which must lead to deism; and, as far as can be judged from appearances, many of those who are called unitarians have at least advanced half way towards the rejection and disbelief of all Christianity.

Such, then, are the two principal allegations of the Bishop of London, in refutation of which Mr. Belsham thought it expedient to write a pamphlet. He has shewn, as is customary with him, some adroitness in misunderstanding and perverting expressions. The reader may take the following as a specimen. The Bishop of London had said of the unitarians that, 'loving to question rather than to learn, they approached the oracles of divine truth without that humble docility, that prostration of the understanding and will, which are indispensable to proficiency in Christian instruction.' Mr. Belsham affects to understand the words 'prostration of the understanding' as if the bishop meant that all exercise of the understanding ought to be precluded in matters of religion; and accordingly he bursts forth into the following rhapsody—p. 75.

'Prostration of the understanding! God forbid! No, my lord; if any one had charged us with admitting as a revealed truth, as an oracle of God, as a doctrine of Jesus, a proposition which, previously to its reception, required a prostration of the understanding, we should have regarded it as a calumny more absurd and injurious than any which the ingenuity and malignity of our bitterest adversaries have ever yet invented.'

We suppose there are persons with whom such rhapsodies have their effect; otherwise Mr. Belsham would not employ them. Still it appears impossible he should not be aware that the Bishop meant by the expression a humble disposition to submit the understanding to revealed truth, to form no preconceived opinions of what a revelation ought to contain, but seriously to inquire into, and readily to embrace, those truths which are contained in the revelation we possess. If Mr. Belsham would, in this sense of the word, endeavour to acquire 'prostration of understanding;' we suspect that he would soon shake off those opinions which we believe to be so very erroneous.

We think it right to enter our protest against one species of bold assertion, which is not unfrequent with Mr. Belsham; we mean that of claiming, without due authority, the names of respectable persons, as maintainers of unitarian tenets. Among others, Mr. Belsham says that 'the opinions of Shipley, late Bishop of St. Asaph, and Law, late Bishop of Carlisle, on this subject were well known;'—evidently insinuating that they were unitarians in doctrine. We *believe* his insinuation in regard to both of these prelates to be false; we *are confident* that he had no sufficient authority which could warrant him in thus publicly advancing it. It is quite new to us that Bishop Shipley was ever suspected of unitarian principles. Of Bishop Law we have heard the assertion made before; but we could never learn that there was any other authority for it than the natural desire of the unitarians to connect the name of so eminent a prelate with their cause, and the fact of his having maintained, in one of his publications, a very singular opinion respecting the sleep of the soul. This opinion is possibly the same which unitarians hold on that subject, for they have a constant partiality for every thing new and singular in theology: but it has not the most remote connection with any doctrine respecting the person of Christ, and may as well be held by a trinitarian as by an unitarian. On the subject of the Trinity we have the recorded opinion of this prelate in his subscription to the Articles, solemnly declaring that he believed the doctrine; we have no record whatever of his having disbelieved it; and therefore it is palpably unjust to make such assertions respecting him after his decease.

We have expressed the intention of making a few observations respecting the late repeal of the penalties against the unitarians. We are the more disposed to take advantage of the present opportunity for doing this, because we have reason to believe that, in many quarters, the motives from which consent was given to that repeal, have not been distinctly understood; and because we know that, in *some* quarters, those motives have been industriously misrepresented. In saying that they have been industriously misrepresented, we allude to the language which the unitarian party have held on the subject, in boldly and unblushingly insinuating, what we hold it to be morally impossible they should not know to be false, that the repeal of these laws carried with it a decision of the legislature in favour of their opinions, and that an inference is to be drawn from the consent to the repeal, that our government and church are now less firm, than heretofore, in maintaining the doctrine of the Trinity, as an essential doctrine of Christianity. Mr. Belsham, we observe, has been amongst the foremost to hail the period of this repeal as a most brilliant era. He says, in a sermon published on the occasion, that he considers the event as 'an important

portant move in the progress of civilization; 'as an important triumph of religious freedom;' 'as an auspicious prelude to that happy day, when an invidious and limited toleration shall give way to universal religious liberty.' Now we have no hesitation in saying that, if we considered the repeal in question to imply any favourable disposition towards the unitarians, or any want of firmness in resisting their opinions; or, if we considered it to have the remotest tendency to bring on Mr. Belsham's *happy day*—a day, when the essential truths of the Gospel are to be surrendered, and heresy and deism to ride triumphant over the ruins of genuine Christianity—we should consider the measure as the most pernicious in its principle, and alarming in its tendency, that ever passed the British legislature. But, in truth, we view it in a very different light, and anticipate from it no such baneful results: we consider it to be nothing more than an extension to the unitarians, as a sect of professing Christians, of that legal toleration, which is an acknowledged principle of our constitution, which is freely granted to all other professing Christians, and the refusal of which, to this particular sect, was inconsistent with the general spirit of our laws. The only evil which we conceive to be connected with it, is the opportunity which it affords to the unitarian party of falsely assuming a triumphant tone, and of endeavouring to delude the unwary by vaunting the ascendancy of their cause, and misrepresenting the motives which led to the repeal.

The facts stood thus. Our practice, in regard to those dissenters who deny the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, was directly opposed by the enactments of our statute-book. In *practice*, those who deny the Trinity have experienced precisely the same toleration as all other dissenters: they have had their places of public worship licensed by the magistrate; they have been allowed, their licensed teachers and preachers; and have been suffered, without molestation, to assert their doctrines both by writing and by discourse. On the other hand, in our *statutes*, very severe penalties were denounced against all persons, who, either in writing or in preaching, denied the doctrine of the Trinity. Such persons were, by a special clause, excluded from the benefits of the toleration act; and, by an act passed in the 9th and 10th of William and Mary, it was declared, that those who deny any one of the persons of the Holy Trinity to be God, shall, for the first offence, be rendered incapable of holding any office, civil, military, or ecclesiastical; and that, on the second conviction, they shall be disabled from suing or prosecuting in any court of law, from holding the office of guardian of a child, or administrator of a will, held 'not capable of any legacy or deed of gift,' and imprisoned for three years without bail.

Here, then, was a real disagreement between our practice and our laws. It is true, the disagreement was not very generally known, because, although all persons are well acquainted with the toleration actually allowed to unitarian dissenters, very few were aware of the existence of statutes prohibiting that toleration under such severe penalties. In fact, the statutes on the subject of the unitarians were a mere dead letter. So far as we are informed, no person professing unitarian tenets was ever convicted, or even proceeded against, on these statutes; and the penalties which they inflicted were of such extreme severity that we hold it to be probable that no court of justice would ever have put them in force.

In this state of things, we certainly think that the unitarians had no very serious ground of complaint, and might well have remained content. They enjoyed, in point of fact, the same liberty of publicly professing their tenets, which all other dissenters enjoy; and, though they were nominally subject to penalties, they knew, by long experience, that they were not in the smallest actual danger of suffering them. In truth, this body of people had sufficiently tried the patience of the public by their many bold and scurrilous attacks on the received doctrines of Christianity, to be perfectly convinced that the law was never likely to be employed against them; and after having escaped with impunity in their 'improved' edition of the New Testament, a work which not only conveyed as daring an attack on Scriptural truth as ever was made, but which also carried falsehood and fraud on the face of it, they were tolerably certain that no measures of hostility to which they could afterwards resort were likely to draw down upon them the vengeance of the law. They thought proper, however, not to be satisfied. They complained of the stigma which the penalties in the statute-book cast upon their party; they pretended to be under an apprehension that these penalties might be put in force against them!—in fact they were determined to exert themselves in endeavouring to procure a repeal of the statutes in question, for the purpose of gaining a point which might furnish them with a subject of public triumph and exultation.

When the subject was once pressed upon the attention of the legislature, it was obvious that something ought to be done towards removing the inconsistency which subsisted between our statutes and our practice. Either our practice, in tolerating that body of dissenters, was right, or it was wrong. If it was right, the statutes ought to be repealed: if it was wrong, the penalties against these persons ought to be put in execution. It appears that the feeling of the members of the legislature was very decided on the subject; for the measure passed without any opposition or discussion, or apparent difference of opinion. They determined that our practice in giving
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a free toleration to the unitarians, as a body of professing Christians, was right; and that, therefore, the statutes which enact severe penalties against them for publicly professing their opinions, ought at once to be repealed.

We shall not be suspected of any undue partiality in favour of the unitarian sect, when we give our decided opinion that the legislature took, on this occasion, the only step which they could take, without departing from those great principles of toleration acknowledged by our constitution, and interwoven with its very frame. On some accounts we could have wished that the subject had not been pressed upon them; but, when this was once done, we see not how their determination could have been different from what it was.

The grounds of this opinion we will briefly state. We conceive that the legislature is bound, on principles of equity, to act in an uniform manner towards all dissenting Christians, that is, towards all Christians who receive, in common with us, the Holy Scriptures as of divine authority, and admit them as a rule of faith, but differ from us as to their mode of interpreting those Scriptures, and the doctrines which they deduce from them. On this ground, we hold that the same toleration, the same liberty of asserting their opinions and of exercising their peculiar modes of worship, which is granted to one class of Christian dissenters, ought to be extended to all without exception. Thus, on the very same principle on which we tolerate the quaker who disallows the appointment of the Christian sacraments, and the ordination of Christian ministers; the antinomian who denies the necessity of good works to salvation; the calvinist who maintains the doctrines of partial redemption and irreversible decrees; the papist who admits, in addition to the Holy Scriptures, the traditions of the church as a rule of faith; and the Swedenborgian who believes in other revelations as divine:—on the same principle, we think we are bound to tolerate the arian who maintains that our Saviour was inferior to God, and the socinian or unitarian who maintains that he was merely man. It has been sometimes asserted that a distinction ought to be made with reference to the importance of the doctrines affirmed or denied by particular sects, and that persons who deny the *essential* doctrines of Christianity ought to be excluded from that toleration which is granted to others, dissenting on points of lesser importance. We cannot, however, discern much advantage in a distinction of this nature, or much equity in attempting to act upon it, since it would be impossible to come to any thing like an agreement respecting what is *essential* to Christianity, and what is not. For our parts, we hold that many of those Christians, who have been always tolerated by the law, have dissented on points which are of essential importance

tance to Christianity. We maintain that it is essential to Christianity to believe in the validity of ordination and the sacraments; also to believe that our Saviour died upon the cross for all men; and that a good life is absolutely necessary for salvation; and again, that the Scriptures which we derive from men inspired by God, form the sole rule of Christian faith. All who differ from us on these points, differ, as we must ever maintain, on points essential to Christianity; and if arians and unitarians were excluded from the benefits of a legal toleration on the ground of their dissenting on matters of essential importance, we should maintain that all who dissent on the points we have just mentioned, ought to be excluded from them on a similar principle.

But we may carry this reasoning still farther. It is well known that we allow freedom of opinion and of worship even to jews, who not only deny, with the unitarians, the doctrine of the Trinity, and the divinity of our Saviour, but who even deny the truth of the Christian scriptures and the divine mission of Jesus. Times have been, it is true, before the principles of toleration were sufficiently understood, or at least, were rightly acted upon, when jews, in this and other Christian countries, were subject to penalties of the greatest severity, for the mere profession of their opinions. We believe that all the laws which affect them have been for some time repealed in this country. We are certain that the temper of the times is decidedly adverse to putting any such laws in execution, and we are convinced that, if any severe restraining law upon the jews were found lurking in our statute-book, and the repeal of it were moved in parliament, it would pass at once without hesitation or discussion. It was precisely thus that the repeal of the laws against the unitarians was carried. The spirit and the practice of the times had repealed them long before, and the formal act of the legislature was a matter which, as soon as attention was called to it, followed of course. But we must again most earnestly protest against the inference which the unitarians wish to make the public draw from it, than which nothing can be more wide from the truth; the inference, we mean, that the repeal was in any degree connected with an approbation, on the part of the legislature, of the principles or the practices of this body of dissenters. We speak from actual knowledge derived from those whose opinions had the greatest weight on the occasion, when we affirm that the repeal was consented to, and suffered to pass without discussion, solely and entirely on the ground that the enactments were inconsistent with the acknowledged principles of toleration, and that all professing Christians ought to be placed on the same footing, and to have the same favour extended to them by the legislature.

The fact is, that the public opinion respecting the unitarians is

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now much the same as it has been in all periods of the church. They have existed in small numbers, under various names, from the earliest times to the present. They are, for the most part, a cool philosophizing set of people, pretending to be more clear-sighted in matters of religion, and more free from vulgar prejudices, than other Christians; gaining some few proselytes by appealing to their pride of reason, and disgusting many more by the cold repulsiveness of their tenets and modes of thinking, and by the manifest violence which they offer to all the received rules of interpretation in supporting their opinions. Not willing to proceed to quite the same length with the deist, in throwing off all belief in revelation, they choose rather to make their stand half way; to pare down revelation till it accords with their ideas, and thus to believe just as much of it as they please. The unitarians of the present day are extremely fond of circulating their opinions by writing, under the hope, of course, that, by so doing, they may stand the chance of advancing their cause. We much doubt whether they are likely to succeed in this purpose, even in the slightest degree. In proportion as they produce and reproduce, under new forms, their old confuted arguments, a corresponding activity will naturally be displayed in detecting their misrepresentations and exposing the unsoundness of their reasonings. And as the consequence of discussion, fairly conducted, must ever be the more complete development of truth, we have no fears for the result of any controversies which the unitarians may provoke.

There is one case, and one only, in which we should wish to see legal penalties put in force against the unitarians; and this is, when they depart from the course of regular reasoning, and have recourse to light and indecent ribaldry in assailing the received doctrines of Christianity. Instances have occurred of late, in which some writers of that party have offended in this respect: we trust they are not likely to recur. At all events, we are convinced that, notwithstanding the late repeal, the legislature will never be found backward in framing suitable enactments, which may effectually protect from ridicule and insult those sacred truths which are and have been received with reverence and awe by the great body of Christians, in all ages and countries.

ART. III.—1. *Narrative of Napoleon Buonaparte's Journey from Fontainebleau to Frejus, in April, 1814.* By Count Truchsess-Waldbourg. Second Edition. pp. 68.

2. *Histoire de l'Ambassade dans le Grand Duché de Varsovie en 1812.* Par M. de Pradt, Archevêque de Malines, alors Ambassadeur à Varsovie. Paris. 1815. pp. 239.

3. *Histoire du Cabinet des Tuileries depuis le 20 Mars, 1815, et de la Conspiration qui a ramené Buonaparte en France.* Paris. 1815. pp. 93.
4. *Histoire des Quinze Semaines, ou le dernier Règne de Buonaparte.* Paris. 1815. pp. 68.
5. *Conspiration de Buonaparte contre Louis XVIII. Roi de France.* Par M. La Martillière. Paris. pp. 95.
6. *Le Portefeuille de Buonaparte.* 1^e, 2^e, et 3^e livraisons. La Haye. 1815.
7. *Extract of a Journal kept on-board H. M. S. Bellerophon, from July 15 to August 7, the Period during which Napoleon Buonaparte was on-board that Ship.* By Lieut. J. Bowerbank, R. N. London. 1815. pp. 76.
8. *A Narrative of the Events which have taken place in France from the Landing of Buonaparte to the Restoration of Louis XVIII. &c.* By Helen Maria Williams. Second edition, 8vo. London. 1815. pp. 390.

WE have collected these publications into one article, because, dissimilar as they are in some respects, they all tend to elucidate the character and proceedings of Buonaparte, and will enable us to continue, down to his political death, the history of this extraordinary person.

Our readers will recollect, that in Article XI. of Number XXIII., we conducted our hero from Mosco to Elba; and that we expressed strong apprehensions that an evasion from this ill-chosen place of exile would again endanger the peace of Europe.

We did not, however, foresee that he would have been able, as if by magic, and without striking a blow, to march from Cannes to Paris, and re-seat himself without opposition on the imperial throne. We saw in Buonaparte the same restlessness, audacity, and bad faith, which had distinguished him during his whole career;—we saw, in the acknowledgment of Murat's sovereignty, a plague-spot that could not fail to spread and infect Italy;—and we were convinced that Elba was the place, of all others, in which Napoleon could the most conveniently intrigue, and from which he could most effectually put his intrigues into practice—but we did not think, we confess, that France would have been the first object of his movements. We had not indeed much confidence in the moral or political virtues of the *revolutionized part* of that country; still we were not prepared for the horrible scenes of perjury and treason in which so great a number of its marshals, peers, deputies, judges, generals, officers, and soldiers, hastened (with the emulation of scoundrels jealous of one another's baseness) to act their infamous parts. Buonaparte knew those people better, and trusted—less their affection for him than—their hatred of the principles

ciples of peace, religion, morals, and honour, which the king had endeavoured to plant in an ungrateful soil.

But before we enter into an examination of the account which the works before us give of this last enterprize, we must notice the publications of Count Waldbourg and M. de Pradt, which relate to the former period of his life.

To our readers Count Waldbourg's narrative offers little novelty—we anticipated, in our former article on this subject, almost every thing which the count has to tell: he frequently, from misinformation, no doubt, misstates some of the events; but he also states some slight facts which had escaped us: and on the whole, his little work is not only interesting as an amusing pamphlet, but as giving a very near, and we may say interior view of Buonaparte's conduct and feelings during the extraordinary crisis of his journey to Frejus. The personal cowardice, the proneness to falsehood, the vulgarity of manner and language of Napoleon the Great are here proved by the most indisputable evidence—his own. We shall select a few instances, which may serve as a supplement to our former account of this journey.

Some of the resources of disguise to which his fears drove him were very ridiculous:—the following picture is in a high style of farce.—

'Whenever we appeared, we still found people who saluted their former ruler with "*Vive le Roi!*" and some terms of abuse against himself; but nothing like violence was attempted. Still however he was constantly in alarm. He not only remained in General Koller's calèche, but even begged he would allow the servant to smoke who sat before, and asked the general himself if he could *sing*! in order that he might dissipate, through such familiar conduct, any suspicion in the places where we stopped, that the emperor sat with him in the carriage. As the general could not *sing*, Napoleon begged him to *whistle*; and with this singular music we made our entry into every place; whilst the emperor, fumigated with the incense of the tobacco-pipe, squeezed himself into the corner of the calèche and pretended to be fast asleep.'—p. 38.

The following account of his conduct in the latter part of his journey, when the indignation of the people began to be pronounced against him, is fuller than that in our former Number.

'Close to Avignon, where the relays of horses awaited us, the emperor found a crowd assembled, who with tumultuous cries saluted him with "*Vive le Roi! Vivent les Alliés! A bas Nicolas! A bas le Tyran, le Coquin, le mauvais Gueux!*" and still coarser abuse. In compliance with our instructions, we did every thing in our power to lighten the evil, but could only partially effect it; and Napoleon endured with the greatest patience every term of abuse uttered against him.' 'In Orgon, the next place where we changed horses, the conduct of the populace was

most outrageous. Exactly on the spot where the horses were taken out, a gallows was erected, on which a figure in French uniform sprinkled with blood was suspended. On its breast it bore a paper with this inscription :

" Tel sera tôt ou tard le sort du tyran ! "

The rabble pressed round his carriage, and elevated themselves on both sides in order to look and cast in their abuse. The emperor pressed into a corner, looked pale and disfigured, and at length, through our assistance, he was happily brought off and had proceeded a quarter of a league from Orgon ; he changed his dress in his carriage, put on a plain blue great coat and a round hat with a *white cockade*, mounted a post horse, and rode on before as a courier.

‘ Having overtaken the emperor’s carriage about half a league on the other side of Orgon, it shortly afterwards entered a miserable public-house, lying on the road-side, called La Calade. We followed it, and here first learnt Buonaparte’s disguise, who in this attire had arrived here, accompanied by one courier only. His suite, from the generals to the scullions, were decorated with white cockades, which he appeared previously to have provided himself with. His valet-de-chambre, who came to meet us, begged we would conduct ourselves towards the emperor as if he were Colonel Campbell, for whom on his arrival he had given himself out. We entered, and found in a kind of chamber this former ruler of the world, buried in thought, sitting with his head supported by his hand. I did not immediately recognize him, and walked towards him. He started up as he heard somebody approaching, and pointed to his countenance bedewed with *tears*.—‘ Here we dined ; but as the dinner had not been prepared by his own cooks, he had not courage to partake of it, for fear of being poisoned. He felt ashamed, however, at seeing us all eat both with good appetites and good consciences, and therefore helped himself from every dish, but without swallowing the least morsel ; he spat every thing out upon his plate or behind his chair. A little bread, and a bottle of wine taken from his carriage, and which he divided with us, constituted his whole repast. In other respects he was conversible and extremely friendly towards us. Whenever the landlady, who waited upon us at table, left the room, and he perceived we were alone, he repeated to us his apprehensions for his life, and assured us the French government had indisputably determined to destroy or arrest him here. A thousand plans ran through his brain how he might escape, and what arrangements ought to be made to deceive the people of Aix, who he had learnt awaited him by thousands at the post-house ; and now again with all his apprehensions and indecision he renewed his solicitations of counsel. He even begged us to look around and see if we could not any where discover a private door through which he might slip out, or if the window whose shutters upon entering he had half closed at the bottom, was too high for him to jump out at in case of need. On examination, I found the window on the outside was provided with an iron trellis-work, and threw him into evident consternation as I communicated to him the discovery. At the least noise he started up in terror and
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changed colour. After dinner we left him alone, and as we went in and out found him frequently weeping.'—'For greater precaution another disguise was now assumed. General Schuwaloff's adjutant was obliged to put on the blue great coat and round hat in which the emperor had reached the inn, that in case of necessity he might be regarded, insulted, or even murdered for him.

'Napoleon, who now pretended to be an Austrian Colonel, dressed himself in the uniform of General Koller, with the order of Theresa, wore my camp cap, and threw over his shoulders General Schuwaloff's mantle. After the allies had thus equipped him, the carriages drove up, and we were obliged to march to them through the other rooms of the inn in a certain order, which had been previously rehearsed in our own chamber.'—pp. 28—37.

Such was the state to which he, at whose frown emperors and kings had trembled, was reduced; and there is, perhaps, no scene of his eventful life more interesting, and, we may say, instructive, than that which Count Waldbourg exhibits to us of Napoleon the Great *weeping* for very fear, and endeavouring to conceal his terror and his tears from the landlady of a country pot-house.

But we must hasten to M. de Pradt, an author who is the very reverse of the Count. The Prussian soldier is unaffected, modest, and impartial. The Archbishop of Malines, ostentatious, bold, and prejudiced. He is a man of considerable talents, but of no taste; and we confess that his rambling, sparkling, and anti-theoretical style accords exceedingly well with the character of the chief hero of his history—we mean *Buonaparte*; and we think it necessary to say so, as this diplomatic prelate evidently thinks that he is himself the greatest man, not only in his own book, but in the world. Hear how he begins—

'The Emperor, in one of his gloomy reveries, was overheard muttering these memorable words: *One man less, and I should have been master of the world!* Who then was this *one man*, who, endued with almost divine authority, said to this torrent, "*Non amplius ibis!*" thou shalt go no farther? What were the arms, the treasures, the means by which he arrested the course of this haughty desolator of mankind? Who was this prodigy?—p. 1.

To this inquiry, we should naturally have answered, The Duke of Wellington; our readers will partake the surprise which we felt at reading in the next sentence, '*cet homme, c'est moi,*'—*I am that man*. The explanation of this riddle is, that the archbishop mismanaged his embassy to Poland, and Buonaparte attributed to the want of Polish co-operation the failure of the attack upon Russia.

M. de Pradt, however, is not a mere pretender—he was in fact a considerable person. He had been one of Buonaparte's attendants

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at Bayonne, in 1808; one of his deputation to the Pope at Savona, in 1811; and was afterwards attached to the imperial household in the office of Grand Almoner of France. He appears to be a person of quick, epigrammatic conversation—of a speculative and sanguine disposition, and of talents not incapable of those *coups de théâtre* which, under Napoleon's regime, were considered as *coups d'état*:—this qualification probably recommended him to Buonaparte, who did not perceive, till he came to employ him without coadjutors, that

‘ Tel brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier’—

and that he whose chief talent seems to be a power of describing with liveliness and force the transactions of others, may not be equal to the conduct of great transactions himself.

The first account which M. de Pradt gives us of his conversations with Buonaparte, is highly characteristic of the mingled magnificence and madness of the ex-emperor's conceptions, and the littleness of his personal vanity.

‘ Some days after my return from Savona, in 1811, the Emperor detained me after his levee, an honour which for a year past he had frequently done me. At the conclusion of a long conversation, in which he entered with great self-complacency into all the details of his tour in Holland, he exclaimed, in a transport of intoxication at the immensity of his power, “ In five years I shall be master of the world; Russia only remains; but I shall crush her.” He accompanied this menace with a corresponding gesture, which he several times renewed.—“ Paris shall come to St. Cloud—I shall build fifteen sail of the line every year—not one shall put to sea till a hundred and fifty are ready—I shall be master at sea as on land, and then all commerce must needs pass through my hands—I will not import a pound more than I export: I will exchange million for million.” This was his only commercial canon; he had laid it down in conversation with me in the first journey to Spain. He several times returned to the idea of being master of the world in five years, and stretching out Paris to St. Cloud. Another characteristic expression dropped from him, which, though not connected with my present subject, I cannot help mentioning.

‘ He had just returned from Holland. He was delighted: but what pleased him most of all was a notion that the Dutch had formed an high opinion of his economy. “ The rogues have found out,” (said he, with great glee, ten times over, and I have since heard him frequently repeat it,) “ that I did not furnish my palace at Fontainebleau all at once.”’—p. 23, &c.

M. de Pradt attended the emperor to Dresden as his almoner, and was there selected for the important office of ambassador to Poland; and in this character he had opportunities of observing his master, both in the high flow of his vanity in the outset of the invasion of Russia, and in the lowest ebb of his fortunes at its close:

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these opportunities, with a previous intercourse of ten years, have enabled him to paint, in a scattered and diffuse, but in a very striking and forcible style, the character of Buonaparte; and this portrait in fact constitutes the chief value of the work.

It is pleasant to observe the pretension to honour and courage which this abbé-archbishop sets up, because he composed this work in the month of March, 1814, when Buonaparte was still in power. 'It is good,' he says, 'to hear the convenient insults and safe bravadoes* which are now a-days directed against the power at which these prudent assailants trembled, while the lion was still roaring round the capital.' Yes, it is very good, and the best of it is, that this same M. de Pradt is precisely one of those persons whom he so lively describes. But we must proceed from the historian to the history.

It is clear that Buonaparte, as the first step of his march over the eastern European world, wished to obtain a solid and permanent footing in Poland. It appeared to him the fulcrum by which he could overthrow Russia, Austria, and Prussia successively, and a garrison from which he could keep in awe all the neighbouring countries whose subjection he had planned.

Here, however, a preliminary difficulty occurred—which, though it formed the basis of M. de Pradt's mission, he never seems to have discovered, till he was recalled to Paris—namely, that Poland could not be erected into a 'place d'armes,' (if we may use the expression,) except by her (nominal) re-establishment; but this could not be effected without offence and danger to Prussia, Austria, and Saxony; whose assistance was necessary to Buonaparte's plans against Russia, and he did not feel himself yet in a position to act openly. His object therefore, most clearly, was that while the Prussian, Austrian, and Saxon auxiliaries were employed against Russia, Poland should by a general, and *apparently spontaneous* insurrection, throw off the yoke of the dividing powers, and erect itself into one sovereign state under the protection, if not the sceptre of Napoleon. To bring this about, without an open breach with Austria and Prussia, was the real object of this embassy: and poor M. de Pradt (who now confesses that he did not understand all the *finesse* and *imbroglio* in which the emperor delighted,—the 'cunning lined† with violence'—which he employed) is astonished that when he, the ambassador, wrote a fine speech for one of the Polish ministers, to pronounce in the diet, in which (agreeably, says he, to my instructions) the words *Poland, kingdom, re-establishment*, were distinctly pronounced, Buonaparte, instead of thanking him for his eloquence, was displeased at his meddling in the affair, and

* Commodes insultes, paisibles jactances.

† Ruse doublée de force.

directed

directed the minister for foreign affairs to write to him that his speech was not worth a pin; and that 'an address, written at Posen, by an old *Pole*, in a bad style, but a style *evidently Polish*, would have been better.' 'I write to you,' says the minister, 'the very words of his majesty.' (p. 125.)

It was not till all was over, that De Pradt found out that his master was endeavouring to deceive Austria, Prussia, and Saxony; and that it was only at the denouement of the piece that these powers were to discover to what uses their services had been applied! (p. 127.) It must be confessed that Buonaparte appears to have had good reason to direct, after this experience of his diplomatic talents, that De Pradt should not meddle with politics, but confine himself to the commissariat duties of buying horses and collecting forage for the army—a determination, however, at which the ambassador-archbishop expresses great and magnanimous indignation. (p. 124.)

Buonaparte left Paris for this great expedition on the 9th May, 1812; on the 13th he arrived at Metz, where he told the Prefect, (who was, it seems, to repeat it to the future ambassador,) 'I am going to set Poland on horseback. Yes, *Poland*, ALL Poland—sixteen millions of Poles.' This hint was however thrown away on De Pradt.

At Dresden Buonaparte held his state, and summoned his tributary, dependent, and conquered sovereigns around him. We shall condense M. de Pradt's diffuse description of these singular scenes, never so striking as at the present moment.

'Come, you, who would form a correct idea of the domination exercised by Napoleon over Europe; who desire to fathom the depth of terror into which the sovereigns of the continent were plunged; come, transport yourselves with me to Dresden, and there contemplate that mighty chief at the proudest period of his glory—so near to that of his humiliation!

'The Emperor occupied the principal apartments of the palace. He brought with him almost the whole of his household, and formed a regular establishment. The king of Saxony was nothing: it was constantly at Napoleon's apartments that the sovereigns and their families were assembled, by cards of invitation from the grand marshal of his palace. Private individuals were sometimes admitted. I had myself that honour on the day of my appointment to Poland.

'The emperor held his levees as usual at nine. Then you should have seen in what numbers, with what submissive timidity, a crowd of potentates,—mixed and confounded among the courtiers, and often entirely overlooked by them,—awaited in fearful expectation the moment of appearing before the new arbiter of their destinies! You should have heard the frivolous questions which the emperor put to them, and the humble answers which they ventured to hazard! What Phædra

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said of Hippolytus may be justly applied to Napoleon's residence at Dresden :—

Even at the altars where I seem'd to pray,
This was the real god of all my vows.

' Napoleon was, in fact, the God of Dresden, the only king among all the kings assembled there—the king of kings!—On *him* all eyes were turned ; in *his* apartments and around *his* person, were collected the august guests who filled the palace of the King of Saxony. The throng of foreigners, of officers, of courtiers—the arrival and departure of couriers crossing one another in every direction ; the mass of people hurrying to the gates of the palace at the least movement of the Emperor, crowding upon his steps, gazing at him with an air of mingled admiration and astonishment—the expectation of the future strongly painted on every face, the confidence on one side, the anxiety on the other—all these together, presented the vastest and most interesting picture, the most brilliant and dazzling monument ever yet raised to the power of Napoleon ! He had now certainly attained the zenith of his glory. He might hold his elevated station ; but to surpass it seemed impossible.'

Amid this gay and melancholy confusion—this mingled crowd of victims and oppressors—two personages attracted universal attention, and we may almost say compassion ; and the interest which M. de Pradt, in common with others, seems to have taken in those illustrious followers of the Corsican's triumph is creditable to his and their feelings.

' The King of Prussia arrived rather late. His interview with the emperor excited the liveliest curiosity. It was whispered in the palace that it had terminated to his satisfaction, and I must do justice to the pleasure which every one appeared to take in the report. I except none, Germans or French.

' What was looked for, however, with the most eager impatience, was the appearance of the Empress of Austria. Never shall I forget the impression made by this princess, when, at the farther end of the long apartments of the palace, she broke on our view, preceded by the Emperor Francis. O how we all rushed forward to meet her ! how every eye turned instinctively to this novel sight ! I see her still advancing with the most graceful majesty, apparelled in the Hungarian *costume*, which, while it lent new charms to her features, concealed, in some measure, that want of *embonpoint* which might otherwise have been felt. I still seem to hear the murmur of respectful applause which propagated itself along the line as she advanced, and the account which every one gave in succession of the effect produced on him by the sight of this truly imperial personage !

' But the delight was yet augmented at the audience which she gave to all the foreigners assembled at Dresden. The propriety of her questions, the neatness of her expressions, the graces of her manner, and the benevolent tone of her whole conversation, enchanted all that heard or saw her ; and could she have looked into the hearts of those
who

who surrounded her, she would have found them all her own. The spectators were consoled in some degree, for the long and sad eclipse which royalty had suffered, by the mild, yet pure lustre which accompanied this excellent princess.—pp. 63, &c.

The Count de Narbonne, who had been previously sent to administer narcotics to the Court of Berlin, and afterwards on a similar mission to Russia, now returned from Wilna, where he had failed in his attempt to cajole the Emperor of Russia, who, as he stated, waited the advance of the French, in the best attitude, without either presumption or despondency;—‘he knew’ (reported the ambassador) ‘the power of the French and the talents of their emperor, and would never have begun the quarrel; but that now Napoleon had only to take the map of Russia, and he would see that there was room enough; it should be in the depths of Siberia only that he would sign a peace ignominious to his people.’ (p. 68.) Buonaparte, with his characteristic violence and injustice, insulted the Count de Narbonne for the ill success of a mission which undoubtedly was not attributable to him.

Our readers will be amused with a specimen of Buonaparte’s method of doing *business*, and of communicating his instructions to his ministers; they will also see, in the following extract, a lively picture of the undisguised ambition, talkative arrogance, and brutality of this Jacobin idol.

‘On Sunday (May 25th) he sent for me after mass—and began to open his designs. Still, however, he spoke only by starts, and it was not till I afterwards called on the Duke of Bassano, that I was apprized of the true nature of my mission. The emperor merely spoke of sending me to Poland. “Go, bustle—I will try what you can do—you have sense enough to know that it was not to say mass I brought you here. You must have a prodigious establishment: Be attentive to the ladies—this is essential: You ought to know Poland; you have read Rhulieres: In a fortnight cooks may be procured. As to myself, I am going to beat the Russians: The candle is wasting: All must be finished by September—I have lost some time already.—Here have I been for a week past, playing the gallant—the little Narbonne—with the Empress of Austria.”—He had taken some unaccountable dislike to this princess, and he broke out into the most abusive language at the mention of her name. To some questions which I put respecting the conduct to be observed in Poland towards the partitioning powers who were now allied with him, he made a vague reply—but sufficient to shew me that after he had finished with Russia, he meant to take Austria in hand, and either compel her to accept of Illyria in exchange for Galicia, or nothing. He had not decided, he said, to whom he should give Poland.—As to Prussia, her doom was fixed—he would strip her of every thing. Napoleon always spoke of Prussia with the most sovereign contempt.

‘He informed me of the arrival of the Pope at Fontainebleau. The appearance

appearance of a few English vessels in the road of Savona served as a pretext for seizing him. He added, "I am going to Mosco; one or two battles will settle the business. Alexander will be brought on his knees: I will burn Thoula; there's Russia disarmed! They expect me. Mosco is the heart of the empire: besides, I shall carry on the war with Polish blood. I will leave 50,000 French in Poland; I will make Dantzic a second Gibraltar; I will subsidize Poland with fifty millions a-year; she has no specie; I am rich enough for that. The continental system is all folly without Russia. I should have been master of Europe but for this Spanish war. My son would then only have to keep what I have acquired; a matter of no great difficulty. Go to Maret, he will inform you of the particulars of your mission."—p. 57.

The minister for foreign affairs, M. Maret, Duke of Bassano, was not much more explicit than Napoleon, and seems to have affected, in little, the hurry and jumping activity of his master.

'The Duke of Bassano seemed to me to have no ideas of abbreviating business—his audiences were eternal—his anti-room was filled with a tribe of miserable expectants, who, like me, longed for their deliverance, and who watched impatiently for the opening of the door, through which they were to get back to life. I was buried in these anti-chambers for four days; and it was only after this species of diplomatic noviciate, (which surely did not seem to introduce me to my new profession by a path of flowers,) that I obtained the honour of seeing this busy and important personage. I found him lost in an infinite confusion of boxes and portefeuilles, without any appearance of order or classification.—He betrayed a lively desire to get rid of me, in order to admit some retailer of chit-chat.'—pp. 60–62.

'But, it will be asked, is this then that same Duke of Bassano whom, for the sins of France, we have seen in all the stages of the revolution, from the reporter's gallery in the first Assembly—his political birth-place—up to the highest dignities of the imperial ministry; and who, to this hour, puzzles mankind with the problem of what may be the intrinsic value of a newspaper-editor turned minister of state?

'An ambitious mediocrity—a marvellous and minute self-complacency—the flower of effeminate vanity—a Philander with an iron heart—a miser ostentatious of sensibility—the sublime genius of a lady's toilette—affecting every kind of talent, and every species of knowledge—the fantastic airs of a master—the interested cunning of a slave—the morals and eloquence of the *Moniteur* personified—such, in short, appeared to me this Duke of Bassano, one of the scourges of our age.'—pp. 100–101.

Our readers, who may have heard that the house of this Monsieur Maret was the favourite rendezvous of a certain party of English men and women at Paris, will perhaps find in this character, drawn by the faithful pen of a brother minister, a motive for this wonderful association. For ourselves, we must confess that, of all the men who have instigated or obeyed Buonaparte's extravagant

vagant wickedness, M. Maret is perhaps the very last, (except Savary,) before whom we should have expected to see an Englishman debasing himself. Ney was a distinguished soldier—Caulaincourt an adroit diplomatist—Fouché an expert minister; but Maret—we leave him in the hands of M. de Pradt!

- ★ At last, however, Buonaparte set out on his campaign, and the archbishop, with instructions which he did not understand, on his mission. If we had space we should hardly have courage to extract the archbishop's account of the almost incredible horrors committed by a French army in a *friendly* country; but we recommend this part of his work to those tender-hearted politicians in England, who affect to be shocked at the conduct of the allies in France. One anecdote, however, not of so grave a character as the rest, will entertain our readers. At Poteska, in M. de Pradt's way to Warsaw, he happened to fall in with a certain Lord Bishop of Cujavia, whom he found extremely indignant at an insult which he had just received from General Vandamme: the general, it seems, had demanded from the bishop's secretary, a canon of his cathedral, a batch of Tokay; the canon refused to comply with this demand, alleging a reason which *ought* to have been sufficient, namely, *that he had none*, his Majesty King Jerome having that morning robbed him of the whole contents of his cellar. The refusal, however, so exasperated Vandamme, that, though the Canon was decorated with the ribbon and cross of his order, he pummelled the poor man about the head till he had broken his jaw. (p. 73.) We shall now present our readers with the concluding scene of that wild expedition, certainly the most striking passage in the archbishop's work, and probably one of the most singular scenes that ever occurred.

'The 10th of December at length arrived.

'I had just received a dispatch from the Duke of Bassano, announcing the speedy arrival of the *Corps Diplomatique*, which had passed the summer at Wilna. I was employed in writing my answer, and in pointing out the inconvenience of its residence in an open town, with the enemy in front, when the doors of my apartments were suddenly thrown open, and a tall man entered, supporting himself on one of my Secretaries of Embassy—"Come with me," said this phantom. His head was enveloped in black taffety, his face was lost in the mass of fur within which it was sunk; and he walked with difficulty in a huge pair of boots, stuffed out with a double lining of fur. I rose, accosted him, and catching some traits of his profile, I recognised him, and said—"What! is it *you*, Caulaincourt? where is the Emperor?"—"At the hotel d'Angleterre." "Why did he not alight at the Palace?"—"He wishes not to be known."—"Are you in want of any thing?"—"Yes, of Burgundy and Malaga."—"The cellar, the house, all are at your service; but whither are you going in this plight?"—

"To

"To Paris."—"And where is the army?"—"It is gone," said he, raising his eyes to heaven. "But the victory of the Beresina, and the 6000 prisoners of the Duke of Bassano?"—"All gone.—We had something else to do than to look after them."—I then took him by the arm, and said—"Monsieur le Duc, it is time that all the faithful servants of the Emperor should unite in telling him the truth."—"What a catastrophe!" said he; "what an unexpected blow!—But, come, the Emperor is waiting for us."

I hurried out, and arrived at the Hotel d'Angleterre about half-past one. A Polish gendarme guarded the gate; the master of the hotel examined me, hesitated a moment, and then allowed me to pass. I saw in the yard, the body of a small carriage placed on a sledge made of four pieces of fir; it had stood some crashes, and was much damaged. There were two other open sledges which had served for General Lefebvre Desnouettes, another officer, the Mameluke Rustan, and a valet. This was all that remained of so much grandeur and magnificence!—I fancied that I beheld the winding-sheet carried before the funeral procession of the great Saladin.

The door of a room on the ground floor was mysteriously opened. A short parley took place. Rustan recognised and admitted me. Preparations were making for dinner; the Duke of Vicenza introduced me to the Emperor, and left me with him. He was in a small room, chill and damp, with the window-shutters half closed, the better to preserve his incognito. An awkward Polish wench kept puffing at a fire of green wood, which in spite of her best efforts, crackled and sputtered, and gave out far more moisture than heat. The spectacle of the degradation of human greatness never possessed any charms for me. I passed, at once, from the scenes at Dresden to this exhibition in a wretched pot-house. I had not seen the Emperor since that period, and I cannot describe the crowd of new and painful sensations which at once took possession of me.

The Emperor was, according to his custom, walking about his apartment. He had come on foot from the bridge of Praga to the hotel. I found him wrapped up in a superb pelisse, lined with green, with magnificent gold frogs. His head was covered with a kind of hood, and his boots were wrapped round with fur.—"Ah! Monsieur the Ambassador!" said he laughing.

I approached quickly; and with that accent which the feeling I experienced could only have excited or excused in a subject towards his sovereign, I exclaimed:—"You look well. You have made me very uneasy; but at length here you are; how happy I am to see you!" This was spoken with a rapidity and a tone which ought to have shewn him what was passing within me. The unhappy man saw nothing of it.—A moment after I helped him off with his pelisse. "How are you in this country?" said he. It was then that, returning to my own character, and placing myself at the distance from which my emotions had withdrawn me, I proceeded to trace, with the precautions necessary to be observed with all sovereigns, and particularly with such a temper as I had to deal with, the actual state of the duchy. It was

not brilliant ; I had that very morning received the report of an affair which had occurred on the Bug near Krislow, in which two newly raised battalions had thrown away their arms on the second discharge. I had also been informed that out of 1200 horses belonging to these troops, 800 had been lost, and that a corps of 5000 Russians was marching on Zamosk.

"I then recurred to the distress of the duchy and the Poles. This last idea he opposed, and asked with some quickness, "Who then has ruined them?" "What they have been called to do these six years, together with the scarcity of last year, and the Continental System which has deprived them of all commerce." At these words his eyes shot fire. "Where are the Russians?" I told him. He was ignorant of it. "The Austrians?" I told him. "I have not heard of them for a fortnight."—I informed him of all the duchy had done for the subsistence of the army. He knew nothing of it. I spoke of the Polish army. "I have seen none of them," said he, "during the campaign." I explained the reason of that, and why the separation of the Polish forces had rendered invisible an army of 80,000 men. "What do the Poles want?" "To be Prussians, if they cannot be Poles." "*And why not Russians?*" replied he with an air of irritation. I explained to him the causes of the preference of the Poles for the Prussian system of government. He had no idea of it ; but I was the better informed on the subject in consequence of some Ministers of the Duchy, who the day before had suggested to me that the best thing they could do would be to cling to the Prussian government as a plank to save them in their shipwreck.

"We must raise 10,000 Cossacks.—A lance and a horse will be sufficient.—With this force the Russians may be stopped." I discussed the idea, which appeared to me to deserve every sort of reprobation. He insisted. I supported my opinion, and concluded by saying—"For my part I see no use in armies except those that are well organized, well paid, and well kept up. All the rest is good for very little."

"He then dismissed me, bidding me to return after dinner with Count Stanislas Potocki and the minister of finance, whom I had pointed out as the two most efficient members in the council. Our interview had lasted about a quarter of an hour, and during that time the emperor had never ceased to walk about with much agitation, as I had always seen him do. Sometimes he would seem to fall into a profound reverie.—"

"We met again at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, at three o'clock : he had just risen from table—"How long have I been in Warsaw?" "A week!" "Pho! not two hours," said he, laughing; and then added, without any preparation or preamble, "*From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.* How do you do, M. Stanislas, and you, M. Minister of Finance?" On these gentlemen repeatedly expressing the satisfaction they felt at seeing him safe after so many dangers, he replied—"Dangers! not the least, I live in storms: the more trouble I have the better I am. None but your sluggish kings fatten in their palaces. Horse-
back

back and camps for me! *From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.*" It was plain that he considered himself as an object of derision to all Europe; and this idea was to him the greatest of all torments. "I find you are very much alarmed here."—"It is because we know only what public rumour informs us."—"Bah! the army is superb, I have 120,000 men, I have always beat the Russians; they dare not stand before me. They are no longer the soldiers of Friedland and Eylau. I am going to raise three hundred thousand men.—Success will render the Russians rash.—Two or three battles on the Oder, and in six months I shall be again on the Niemen. I have more weight on the throne than at the head of my army. Assuredly, I leave it with regret, but Austria and Prussia must be watched; and on my throne I have more weight than at the head of my army. All that has happened is nothing; it is a misfortune—it is the effect of climate—the enemy is good for nothing—I beat him every where.—They wished to cut me off at the Boresina. I laughed at that dolt of an admiral—(he never could articulate his name.) I had good troops and cannon; his position was however superb—fifteen hundred toises of morass, and a river." This was twice repeated. He added a good deal about *strong and feeble minds*—pretty nearly what was afterwards inserted in the twenty-ninth bulletin. He then proceeded.

"I have seen such things before. At Marengo I had the worst until six in the evening; the next day I was master of Italy. At Esling I was master of Austria. That Archduke thought to stop me. He published I know not what.—My army had already advanced a league and a half before I did him the honour to make any dispositions, and it is well known what the state of things is when I act so—I could not prevent the Danube from rising sixteen feet in one night. Ah! had it not been for that, the Austrian monarchy was ended;—but it was written in heaven that I should marry an archduchess. (This was said with an air of great gaiety). It has been the same with Russia. I could not prevent the frost.—I was told every morning that I had lost 10,000 horses during the night. Well! *bon voyage!* (This was repeated five or six times.) Our Norman horses are not so hardy as the Russian; they cannot survive nine degrees of frost—the same with the men. Go, look for the Bavarians; there is not one of them remaining. Perhaps it will be said I stopped too long at Moscow. It may be so, but the weather was fine; the winter came on faster than usual. I expected peace. On the 5th Oct. I sent Lauriston with an overture. I thought of marching to Petersburg—I had time;—to the southern provinces of Russia—to winter at Smolensko. We will maintain ourselves at Wilna. I have left the King of Naples there. Ah! ah! what a magnificent plan of politics! He who risks nothing gains nothing. *From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.* The Russians have shewn themselves.—The emperor is beloved.—They have clouds of Cossacks.—That nation is something. The crown-peasants love their government; the nobles have turned out on horseback. It was proposed to me to set the slaves free; that I did not wish to do; they would have made a general massacre—this would have been horrible.

rible. I made regular war on the Emperor Alexander: but who could suppose they would have burned Moscow! They now attribute that to us, but it was really they themselves. It would have done honour to Rome. Many Frenchmen followed me. Ah! they are good subjects; *they will find me again.*"

'He then got into a rambling discourse on every subject, particularly on the levying the corps of Polish Cossacks, with which he talked of stopping that Russian army, before whom three hundred thousand Frenchmen had just melted away. In vain the ministers represented the state of their country. He would yield nothing. I did not mix in the conversation, except when an opportunity offered for commiserating the state of the duchy. He granted, by way of a loan, between two and three millions of Piedmontese billon, (adulterate coin,) which had been for three months at Warsaw, and three or four millions in bills arising from the contributions in Courland. I drew up the order for the minister of the treasury. The speedy arrival of the diplomatic corps was announced. "They are spies," said he: "I wish to have none of them at head-quarters—they have come, however.—Nothing but spies—occupied entirely in sending bulletins to their courts."

'In this manner the conversation continued for three hours. The fire had gone out, and we all felt the effects of the cold. The emperor, however, who kept himself warm by his vehement gesticulation, perceived nothing of it. To a proposal for traversing Silesia, he replied, "Ah! Prussia." At length, after again repeating three or four times—*From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step*—asking whether he was known, and saying that he cared not—renewing the assurances of his protection to the ministers, and recommending to them to take courage, he signified his wish to leave us. I once more assured him that nothing which concerned his service had been forgotten. The ministers joined me in addressing to him the most respectful and affectionate wishes for the preservation of his health and the prosperity of his journey.—"I never was better; if I had the devil, I should be all the better for it."—*Quand j'aurai le diable, je ne m'en porterai que mieux.*—*Such were his last words.* He then mounted the humble sledge which carried Cæsar and his fortune, and disappeared. A violent shock which the vehicle received in passing the gate nearly overturned it.

'Such was, word for word, this famous conversation, in which Napoleon fully disclosed his hazardous and incoherent genius, his cold insensibility, his fluctuation of ideas, among a hundred diverging projects, his past schemes, and his approaching dangers. It made too deep an impression to leave me in any doubt of not having reported it with the most scrupulous accuracy. I have called myself strictly to account, and I cannot reproach myself with any omission or inaccuracy.'—p. 207—220.

One of the leading objects of M. de Pradt's work is to paint Buonaparte, but this he does by a number of sketches so loosely scattered through his book, that we cannot collect them into one picture;

picture; we shall, however, attempt to bring the most striking traits before our readers, when, towards the conclusion of the article, we make some general observations on the character of this meteor.

We now come to the works that record the evasion from Elba, and the subsequent events. Of these, decidedly, the best is that of Miss Helen Maria Williams, which, though its style is occasionally affected, is written with accuracy, with a free and, we had almost said, an impartial spirit.

The first question that naturally occurs is, whether the return of Buonaparte was the result of premeditation and deep-laid conspiracy, or the effect of one of those sudden freaks and *boutades* for which the ex-emperor was so famous, and in which he has so often and so miraculously succeeded. If we are to believe M. de la Martillière, and the author of the *Histoire du Cabinet des Tuileries*, the fact of a conspiracy is not only indubitable, but was, to the moment of its explosion, so notorious in Paris as hardly to deserve the name of conspiracy; but it is clear that neither of these authors is entitled to much credit.

M. de la Martillière seems to be a respectable writer and a well meaning man, but he produces no proof of his statements, and indeed scarcely assumes a tone of authority—the other, however, dashes into the boldest assertion, and describes all the '*trames* and *menées*' of Mesdames A**, B**, and C**, and of Messieurs X**, Y**, and Z**, (all deep conspirators!) with that kind of ostentatious obscurity and mysterious pomp under which would-be informers so often hope to conceal their ignorance. Miss Williams, for whose evidence we have more respect, evidently inclines to this opinion; and the adoption of the violet, '*qui revient au printems*,' as the distinction of a Buonapartist, seems to set this question at rest. But, on the other hand, it has been stated that Buonaparte, alarmed in Elba concerning what the Congress might decree of his future fate, determined, with his natural audacity, to strike a great blow, and to throw himself *unexpectedly* into France, to gather the fruits of a disaffection against the king, which was well known to exist in the whole army.

We believe that the truth may lie between both these statements, and that there was a kind of conspiracy, and a forcibly pronounced discontent, of which, though not excited by his intervention, Buonaparte hastened to avail himself; and we have reason to know, that Fouché has, since the Restoration, confidentially declared, what there is no longer any reason for concealing—that there was an understanding among the jacobins, (patriots he termed them,) that *some change* in the government should be attempted, but that it never was intended to call in the desperate aid of Buonaparte; who however, aware of what was going on, landed, and by the force

of the soldiery, put himself at the head of a revolution which the jacobins would rather have made without him. This seems probable, and consistent with the course of events both during Buonaparte's attempt, and subsequent to his restoration; and we really have many reasons to give credit to it; while against it there is but the single circumstance of its being the statement of M. Fouché, whose natural desire to make his party appear so strong as to be able to act without Buonaparte, would have strengthened the natural inclination to fraud and falsehood which has always distinguished that great minister and upright patriot.

It ought, also, to be stated, that divisional and regimental order-books and papers, found on the field of Waterloo, afford a strong presumption that those who had the direction of the army expected Buonaparte, or at least a commotion—for early in February all leaves of absence and furloughs were recalled, the rigour against desertion was redoubled, the regiments were directed to fill up their vacancies even from the disbanded pensioners, and the officers and men were to hold themselves in constant readiness and *full marching order for the first week in March*, and all this on the pretence of some reviews or inspections which were announced for that period; but which surely could have required nothing like the vigour or activity of the measures above mentioned.

Of all the persons who betrayed the king, Marshal Ney has attracted the greatest share of public indignation, and justly; yet we believe, contrary to the suspicion of Miss Williams, that this man was wholly ignorant of the plan of invasion; that he left Paris without disloyal intentions, and that it was not till his army began to mutiny at Lons le Saulnier, that, urged at once by cowardice and ambition, he gave way to the natural depravity of his heart, and, between hope and fear, threw himself into the contemptuous embrace of Buonaparte.

The progress of the invader from Cannes to Paris was little else than a military triumph; though, if the Prefect of the Var had done his duty, he never could have advanced three leagues. The people of that department were unexceptionably devoted to the king; so much so, that the usurper did not at first venture to enter a house, but ate his meals in the open air; but he either bought or cajoled the Prefect, and humbling his imperial tone, asked no more than to be allowed to pass, and to be afterwards acknowledged or rejected as circumstances might justify: this step once gained, all danger was over, for the troops that were marched against him were in fact nothing else than reinforcements, and 'the eagle flew from steeple to steeple from Grenoble to Notre Dame.'

The hostile disposition of the army was so well known, that when, on the first account of Buonaparte's advance, one of our ministers

ters was asked whether the French government would not hasten to send troops against him, he replied, 'Yes, I am afraid they will.' In the king of France's council it was proposed to move all the regular troops out of the line of his march, and oppose him by the national guard and gendarmerie. This prudent advice was unhappily overruled, the usurper rapidly advanced; and the king, with his family, Marshals Marmont and Oudinot, the Duke of Feltre, a few men of letters, one or two actors,* and a small number of the household troops, took refuge in Flanders. The Dukes of Angoulême and Bourbon from the south and the west escaped, the first by capitulation, and the latter secretly to Spain. The Duchess of Angoulême, after in vain employing, at first all the graces of her sex to win the sullen and refractory garrison at Bourdeaux, and afterwards all the courage of a man in endeavouring to defend the city, reluctantly sought refuge on board a British squadron which, in prospect of this course of events, had been placed in the Gironde.

'The Duchess of Angoulême had not been spared by the Bonapartists, amidst the censures heaped upon her family. One of the heaviest charges brought against her was the habitual melancholy of her disposition; she was found guilty of having no French gaiety in her character. The Parisians remembered not that this princess, at an age when the heart is already susceptible of deep and lasting impressions, had seen her whole family perish, and had herself been led from the gloomy tower of her prison, into an exile which had lasted twenty years; that on returning to the palace of her fathers, it was natural that some melancholy reflections should darken for her the triumphal pomp, and mingle themselves with the exultation of her joy. But sadness was not the sole offence of the Duchess of Angoulême; her extreme piety was declared to be fitter for a monastery than a court; and in the caricatures of the royal family which filled the print-shops after their departure, she was always placed on her knees before a prie-dieu, as if incapable of all other occupations. But not less was the confusion of her adversaries, than the triumph of her adherents, when it was announced in Paris, that this princess, with that energy which, in a superior mind, is called forth by extraordinary situations, had risen from her knees, and invoking in her heart the aid of heaven, had mounted on horseback, rid every day through the ranks, and displayed a courage worthy of heroic times. When Buonaparte sent a considerable detachment to march against her, she ordered a general to conduct her to the Château

* We had ourselves the pleasure of seeing one of those men, Mr. Huet, (whose courage and honour would enable any profession,) on his first re-appearance on the Parisian stage—the character he played was singularly adapted to his situation—it was Blondel, the affectionate and faithful servant of the exiled Richard: we felt, and the Parisians, to do them justice, seemed to feel how much superior this poor player was to all the traitors and time-serving dukes and marshals; and we are not ashamed to confess that this coincidence produced a strong effect upon our feelings, and excited a degree of approving pleasure equal (can we say more?) to the indignation which we felt at seeing Mameau and Fouché at the king's levee.

de la Trompette. The general hesitated, assuring her that she would be in danger. 'I do not ask you, sir,' said she, 'if there would be danger, I only order you to conduct me.' She rode up to a circle of officers on the esplanade, whom she harangued, exhorting them to fidelity and the renewal of their oaths of allegiance in presence of the enemy. Observing their coldness, and hesitation, she exclaimed, "I see your fears, you are cowards; I absolve you from your oaths already taken!" and turning her horse, she left them, and immediately embarked on board an English frigate. The inhabitants of Bordeaux followed her to the sea shore, with fond enthusiasm, with lamentations, and tears. Every one wished to possess something that had belonged to her, something for "thoughts and remembrances;" something that might be guarded with the same devotion as the votive offering of a saint, or the relic of a martyr. She gave her shawl, her gloves, the feathers of her hat, which were cut into shreds, and distributed among her followers.

'If history has bestowed the tribute of applause on Elizabeth at Tilbury-Fort, and on Maria Theresa at Buda, a splendid page is also reserved for the daughter of Lewis XVI. at Bordeaux.'—*Miss Williams's Narrative*, pp. 97—100.

Buonaparte arrived in Paris! but 'quantum mutatus ab illo Hec-tore!' The *prestige* was destroyed,—his enchanter's rod, as Miss Williams calls it, was broken, and with it his power; ten months of freedom, of real rational freedom, had opened the eyes and minds of all the better orders of people; and we believe it may be said, to the credit of the good people of France, and of Paris in particular, that except the military and Buonaparte's new peers and placemen, not one person in the rank of a gentleman, not even one honest shopkeeper, was pleased at his restoration. There was, as usual, a shouting mob—but not even this without pay—and dutiful addresses from the courts, corporations, and boards,—but not these without threats—and Buonaparte is known to have expressed great dissatisfaction at the mean dress and manners of the *canaille* which assembled under the windows of the Tuileries to greet him.—(*Miss Williams's Narrative*, p. 92.)

It ought to be stated, in defence of the consistency of the Parisians, that when on the terrace of the garden, where a crowd was shouting *Vive le Roi!* a foreigner observed to a French gentleman that the *same* crowd had three weeks before shouted *Vive l'Empereur!* the Frenchman very rationally replied—'as *great* a crowd, perhaps, but not the *same*—our city is large enough to afford two parties, distinct in their habits and politics, who huzza successively their favourite sovereigns, but perhaps not the vilest of either party would join in applauding his opponent.' He added and appealed to other by-standers whether it was possible that the shabby mob that had huzzaed Buonaparte could have any thing in common with the well-dressed and respectable assemblage of people that were at the mo-

ment

ment expressing their pleasure at the sight of their king. Miss Williams, an eye-witness of all that passed, explicitly declares that throughout the whole of this second reign, the better orders of Parisian society were true to their oaths and their allegiance to Louis; and she confirms the opinion which every observer of those events had formed, 'that, with the exception of a few ladies of Buonaparte's court, which might be more properly called his camp, and a few of the lowest class, the women of France were unanimously royalists.'—(p. 65.)

Even the formidable talons of the newly arrived eagle, 'the terrors of his beak, and lightnings of his eye,' could not repress this loyal spirit. Blue, as the colour of constancy, was opposed, in the ladies' dresses, to the now ensanguined violet of the usurper; and songs, ambiguously worded, or set to royalist airs, passed from lip to lip, and from hand to hand, and, like the Freemasons' sign, were typical of a secret understanding:—the imperial-jacobin ministry knew not how to repress this musical treason; and found that what Champfort had said of the old government of France, was true of theirs, that it was 'une monarchie absolue tempérée par des chansons.'

It is proved, from the most incontestible evidence, that of Buonaparte's confidential officers, (in the correspondence found in the porte-feuille after the battle of Waterloo, though containing the letters of two or three days only,) that in the south, in the west, and in the north of France, the affection of the great majority of the people toward their legitimate sovereign was unshaken.

Colonel Planat writes from the department of the Tarn and Garonne,—

'That General Barré, who commands the district, though full of zeal and the best intentions, is intimidated by the menaces and insolence of the Royalist party, which predominates at Montauban.'—p. 8.

Again—

'The disposition of this department is of the worst kind—the words country, glory, independence, national cause, are not only without effect, but objects of derision; there is nothing to be done here but by an armed force, and no means can be obtained in this department.'—p. 9.

The prefect of police in Paris represents—

'That the public mind in the south is very bad, and that the news of the insurrection in the west makes the Royalists bolder.'—p. 35.

'At Limoges the white flag was hoisted on the 12th June, over the college—at Rennes assemblages in all the communes gave apprehension of a revolt.'

M. de Lannoy represents—

'That the public mind of the department of Ardèche is worked upon by the priests and nobles; every effort is used to rekindle civil war—the public mind of the department of Vaucluse is generally bad—royalist and

and popish—the enemies of the government are by far the most numerous, and its friends are few.—p. 42.

M. Chiappe relates—

‘That the inhabitants of Abbéville and the department of the Somme are very ill-disposed; the inhabitants of the towns may be kept in order, but in the villages they will be easily excited to revolt. At Aire the public feeling is bad. At Dunkirk the public feeling is bad. It would be a good measure to compel all the country seigneurs to inhabit their town-houses—the peasants, having no person to excite them, would be then tranquil and obedient.’—pp. 57—72.

It is unnecessary to say any thing of the reports concerning Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Thoulouse—their devotion to the royal cause is well known; and it is that very devotion which has exposed them to the calumnies of the Buonapartists in England and France—we should never have heard the charges of religious persecution and bigotry against the people of the south, if their politics had not been royal—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*. Indeed, except in some of the eastern departments, we do not find one single report of a disposition of the people favourable to Buonaparte, and we therefore must conclude that the charge of disloyalty and inconstancy so commonly made against the French nation is greatly exaggerated and much too general.

But while all that was estimable in France either openly opposed, or secretly lamented Buonaparte's success, the whole of the jacobin and revolutionary parties threw themselves into his arms, and held him in so close an embrace, that he was no longer master of his own movements. Then the *ideologues* (a name he gave to the revolutionary theorists, and which he sometimes used to others, as the most opprobrious term of abuse) became less his ministers than his masters; and the council-chamber was often disturbed by the ‘*rixes*,’ and almost personal violences which occurred between the jacobin emperor and the *ideologue* cabinet.—(Nar. 108). Then were exhibited a mixture of despotism and democracy; an alliance between Buonaparte and the populace—a junction of the Place Maubert and the Louvre: then the means that had overturned the royal throne were called in to the aid of the imperial. *les Fédérés*—without *bonnets-rouges*, but still *sans-culottes*—again poured forth from the Faubourgs to the Carrousel; where the humbled despot gave them fair words, a thousand thanks, feasts, toasts, fireworks—every thing, in short, but what they most wanted—clothes and arms.

These disorderly bands, though possessing no actual strength, had great capabilities of mischief, and the royalists hardly looked at them with more dread than did Buonaparte himself; who, with the weakness which characterized all the measures of his second reign,

reign, at once feared and encouraged them. As long as there should be any hope of maintaining his power in a regular form, he well knew that he could not venture to arm these assassins; but he saw in them a corps de réserve which, in the event of desperate remedies becoming necessary, might be employed in their old work of terror and massacre. It is however plain, that he never could have wielded them to *his* exclusive purposes—they were a kind of jacobin army, to which the jacobin ministers looked for support against the usurper and the regular troops, and were probably, in the minds of Carnot and Fouché, destined to be again the founders of the republic.

The partizans of the usurper had long arrogated to themselves the character of being the only enlightened and liberal part of the nation; the adherents of the king's government were described by the opprobrious title of Knights of the Extinguisher; yet never surely were such impudent contempt of all truth and principle, such silly puppet-shows, and such 'ombres chinoises' of mystified nonsense exhibited in the world as during the short reign of those *libéraux* and philosophers:—they began by giving out that it was the British who had sent Napoleon from Elba to recover France—next that Austria was also his accomplice—next that he had obtained a truce for twenty years with the allies—next that Maria Louisa and her son were on the road to Paris—at last their departure from Vienna was officially announced; and the 4th April was publicly fixed by a notice from the government as the day of their entry into Paris.

The object of these and a thousand similar lies was to put the royalists in a state of doubt and inaction; and though they were soon detected, the liberal and enlightened government was not ashamed to spread such falsehoods, and the people was not so well informed as entirely to disbelieve them.

Then came the pantomime of the Champ de Mai. Lucien Buonaparte had written a poem entitled Charlemagne, which we believe no man alive ever read through; even those who translated it, never, we are persuaded, looked beyond their own shares of this stupifying task. In the first volume, (for there are two,) is a *florid* and *heavy* description (*gilt-lead*, like the statues of Victory on the arch in the Carrousel) of an assembly held by Charlemagne of the estates of France in the Champ de Mars, which was *therefore* called the Champ de Mai. The dreams of the poet now supplied the contemplations of the statesman; and Lucien thought to achieve at once his own and his brother's glory by procuring the latter to act the part of Charlemagne in a melo-drame founded on his poem, which, as nobody would read, he was resolved that France should see, and above all, should pay for.

The 'august' ceremony however miserably failed; 'du sublime jusqu'au

jusqu'au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas : all the efforts of the united government—imperialists, republicans, and anarchists—could not even fill the benches. We have before us at this moment a ticket which an English traveller got for seeing this ceremony, which is signed by the minister of the interior, and certifies the bearer to be ‘a deputy from the department of the Pas de Calais to the Champ de Mai;’ and this ticket, so barefaced was the trick, was given to him in his own English name. All Paris rang with songs, epigrams, anagrams, and calembourgs against this *pièce tombée*; and even an Englishman, who looks at such wicked fooleries more seriously, may smile at recollecting that the Champ de *Mai* was held on the first of *June* in the Champ de *Mars*; and that the address to the emperor, from the assembled wisdom, virtue, and honour of the French nation, was spoken by a deputy elected to this office for no other reason than that he had the *loudest voice of any man in France*, and could make himself heard from the Ecole Militaire to the Pont de Jena! Stentor, in the Iliad, was not called to the council of princes: but this is only another proof that no two epic poets can be more dissimilar than Homer and Prince Lucien.

Meanwhile, amidst all the promises of peace, France saw the whole of Europe in motion against her. Nothing can prove the baseness of Buonaparte’s political insincerity, and the confidence which the French soldiery placed in it, more than the following consideration: no event perhaps had so much contributed to the king’s unpopularity as the cession of Belgium, (which, however, in fact, was not *ceded* by *him*, but *lost* by *Buonaparte*), and its recovery was the first hope and promise of all those who concurred in the recal of Buonaparte; yet he never ceased to profess the maintenance of that very peace by which Belgium was lost; and, having violated all the treaties which *he himself* had ever made, from Campo Formio down to Fontainebleau, he asked Europe to believe that he would keep a treaty to which he was no party, and for the purpose of overturning which, he had broken his former engagements. But if France knew how little these professions were to be trusted, so did Europe.

It was evident, that, notwithstanding the immense efforts which Buonaparte was making, the allies would be, when united, too strong for him. He therefore wisely resolved to endeavour to strike some blow before the whole force of his antagonists could be brought into one combined operation; with the same breath therefore which had spoken these hopes of peace, he ordered post-horses, and left Paris on the night of the 11th June, having taken all a despot’s jealous precautions for concealing, as long as possible, his movements; for though he expressed great joy at the prospect of meeting the Duke of Wellington—‘*Je vais me frotter,*’ said

said he, 'contre Wellington'—he took all imaginable precaution to conceal from Wellington that he was coming. In the course of that evening he employed himself in writing orders to his ministers, copies of which were taken in the portefeuille, and one or two of which we will extract.

'To Count LAVALETTE, Postmaster-General.

'Monsieur Count Lavalette, as I have said in my speech to-day, that I shall set out to-night, I desire you will take care that no post-horses are furnished on the road I shall take; and that *great circumspection* is used towards those for whom post-horses are furnished on the neighbouring roads; and that no courier or estafette is sent forward.'

'To the MINISTER of MARINE.

June 11.

'I suppose you have interrupted all communication by sea, and that no person or packet-boat is permitted to pass any more, under any pretext whatsoever.'

'To the MINISTER of WAR.

June 11.

'Send for Marshal Massena; if he wishes to repair to Metz, he shall be governor of it, and shall have the superior command of the third and fourth divisions.'

'To the SAME.

June 11.

'Let Ney be called. If he wishes to be at the first battle, he must repair on the 13th to Avesnes, where my head-quarters will be.'

Our readers will perhaps like to see a literal copy of the original of a note from Buonaparte to the minister of war; it does no great credit to the orthography and grammar of this patron of arts, sciences, and literature.

'Jepasserai lasambre demain 15. si les prussien nevacuent pas nous aurons une bataille. Suchet doit senparé demontmellian et sy fortifie. recomandez quil y ait 10000 fusits alyon pour arme lesgarde nassionale et que les pieces soyen en batterie fait mette les 300 piece delamarine aubutte Aparis. qu'ils y soyen avent le 25 dumoies enfin fait marche les compagne decanonier des (*) . . . fait les aller endiligence avincenne le jedy. Neprodiguez pas le fusits aux federe nous enavonsgrand besoin partout, etc. etc. etc.'

The events which took place between the 11th and 21st June, when Napoleon returned to Paris, are given at length in our last Number. We shall here confine ourselves to what is personal to Buonaparte.

On his return to his capital, where he had hastened for the purpose of taking measures to recruit his army, he found, to his astonishment, that he was no longer master. He sent for Fouché and

* Words illegible.

gave him audience in his bath—the conversation was short, but expressive. ‘I want 200,000 men,’ says Napoleon. ‘You cannot have them,’ rejoined the minister. That expression shewed him that the terror of his power, and consequently the power itself, had vanished. The account of the battle of Waterloo in the *Moniteur* (which had almost exaggerated the loss, in order, it is supposed, to stimulate the public to greater exertions) dissolved in an instant the allegiance of the two chambers; in that of the Peers, the minister of war endeavoured to retrieve the error of having told too much truth in his bulletin, and brought down a mitigated and consolatory report, by which it appeared the army, far from being destroyed, was rallying under Soult; that the Imperial Guard was alive and merry, and in good quarters, at Soissons; and that Grouchy, with a victorious army, and a perfect equipment, was about to act on the flank of the invaders. This called up his late Serene Highness Michael Ney, Duke of Elchingen, and Prince de la Moskowa, marshal and peer of France, who gave the lie direct to the minister of war, affirming, ‘that at that crisis of the country, *truth* was above all things necessary; and that of this so necessary article the minister’s account did not contain one word; that the troops could not be rallied; that Grouchy had no army capable of attempting any thing against the allies; and that as to the Guard, he could best tell what had become of it—he had commanded it, and had seen it perish under his own eyes. In short,’ he said, ‘there was nothing left but to implore the mercy of the conquerors.’

In the Chamber of Deputies all the old jacobins immediately took heart; and though it was little more than a week since they had *sworn* allegiance to Napoleon, they, one and all, shewed a disposition to depose this sovereign of their choice, this idol of the oaths and incense of the last week’s festival; and a deputation, with very vague instructions, was appointed to wait on the Emperor. He, meanwhile, in his solitary *Elysée*, laboured under all the horrors of undigested defeat, and was distracted between the recollection of what he had suffered and the terror of what he saw he was further to suffer. For two days and nights, meetings and committees succeeded each other in the palace, without producing any result. The Emperor’s anxiety seemed to increase. Much business appeared to be doing, and yet nothing was done. The time was, however, pressing. The Chambers had assembled, and from the violence of the discussions, it was plain that the parties were on the point of coming to blows; the necessity of an *abdication* was already spoken of with much freedom.

A carriage suddenly stopped at the palace. It was Prince Lucien’s. Napoleon turned pale on seeing him. He went down, however, and met his brother in the garden. The Prince drew the
Emperor

Emperor aside into the closest walk. M. St. Didier (the emperor's private secretary, who relates these scenes) followed at a distance, by turnings which he knew, and arrived behind a thicket of verdure, which concealed him from them. It is probable he heard only the latter part of their conversation.

'Lucien.—Where is your firmness now? Abandon this irresolution. You know the consequence of not having the courage to dare.

Napoleon.—I have dared too much.

Lucien.—Yes; too much and too little. Dare once again. You deliberate when you should act. Others are acting and not deliberating. They will pronounce your forfeiture.

Napoleon.—Forfeiture! Let us see Davoust.'

They returned into the palace, and the Prince of Eckmuhl was sent for. It is not certain what was the extent of the violence against the Chambers which the brothers proposed to him, nor what he replied; but it appeared that he would attempt nothing against the independence of the national representation; and that the only hope that remained for Napoleon, namely, the dissolution of the assemblies, which had declared themselves permanent, could not be effected.

Lucien, much agitated, soon drove off. M. St. Didier heard him say to his secretary, 'What can I do? The smoke of *Waterloo* has turned his head.'

The emperor shut himself up in a retired cabinet, and did not appear for an hour. He had asked for a jelly and coffee, and a valet-de-chambre sent it to him by a boy, who, during his service in the palace, had been particularly noticed by Napoleon, and of whom he seemed very fond. The boy looked seriously at the emperor, who was sitting motionless, with his hands over his eyes—'Eat some,' said the boy; 'it will do you good.' The emperor asked—'Are you not from *Gonesse?' 'No, sire, I come from *Pierre-Fite.' 'And your parents have a cottage and some acres there?' 'Yes, sire.' 'That is a happy life!' His head, which he had for a moment raised, then sunk again upon his hands.

Napoleon soon after returned to his great cabinet, where M. St. Didier was opening a dispatch. 'Is there any thing new there?' said the emperor. 'It contained a letter addressed to himself.' Buonaparte read what follows:—

'The chastisement of a hero consists in his fall. Your's is resolved on; and in order that history may consider it as legal as your contemporaries will believe it just, the public authority is about to pronounce it. Your accomplices will not then have it in their power to describe it as the work of the bayonets of Kalmucks. You may, however, pre-

* Two little villages in the north of Paris.

vent this. Take to yourself the honour of descending from a throne from which you may be dragged—*Abdicate!*

'Abdicate!' he exclaimed, biting his lips, and crushing the letter in his hand. 'What think you of it?' said he, to two of the ministers, the Duke of Bassano, and Regnault (of St. Jean d'Angely) who had just entered—the former was silent. 'I understand you,' said Napoleon, with affected gaiety, 'you agree with the anonymous writer.' 'Well, Count Regnault, what is *your* opinion?' Regnault replied, 'that with men and money he might still repel the attacks of his assailants; but, without them, he had nothing to do but yield?'—'I am able still to resist,' cried Buonaparte, with some degree of spirit. 'But,' returned Regnault, 'public opinion is with the Chambers, and it is the opinion of the Chambers that a sacrifice is required.'

Here General Solignac, member of the Chamber of Deputies, was announced. 'Solignac!' exclaimed the emperor, 'he has not spoken to me these five years; what can he want?'—The ministers withdrew, and Solignac was immediately admitted. No third person was present at this conversation, but the general himself repeated that he had stated to Napoleon the certainty of his approaching deposition, and exhorted him to anticipate this disgrace by a voluntary abdication, and that Buonaparte had consented.

No part of this wonderful story is more surprizing than the alteration that now appeared in Napoleon's character. No longer proud, daring, self-confident, and obstinate, he asked advice from every body, followed every advice for a few minutes, again relapsed into some schemes of his own, then subsided into a state of absolute perplexity, and was finally taken breathless and passive, like a beast of prey hunted down.

The expedients of Lucien, however, were not yet exhausted, and he proposed a very ingenious plan, which, but for the Duke of Wellington's rapid advance, might have given a great deal of trouble—we mean the *conditional* abdication in favour of the young Napoleon.

This project, the regicides and republicans of these worthy and consistent Chambers, after considerable discussion, adopted; and Napoleon II. was proclaimed Emperor of the French. Meanwhile the reins of government were seized upon by Fouché and Carnot, both republican regicides, who associated with themselves, in the sovereign power, Caulaincourt, under whose orders the Duke D'Enghien was seized, General Grenier, and Quinette, a man who had no other distinction than that of being also a regicide. This directory of five, during its short reign, imitated all former directories—honour, virtue, sentiment, liberty in their mouth,—baseness, vice, cruelty

cruelty and despotism in their actions. One of their first cares was the disposal of Napoleon the *great* and the *first*, now the prisoner of men acting in the name of Napoleon the *little* and the *second*. They placed *near* (i. e. *over*) him General Becker, a member of the Chamber of Deputies. This gentleman's duties and powers were of a very mysterious nature; he was to accompany Buonaparte every where, yet he had no public character of any kind; he was to guide his movements, yet he had no personal acquaintance with, or influence over him; and he was to guard his person without having any force assigned to him for that purpose.

There can be but little doubt that Fouché was now playing, if not the king's game, at least against Buonaparte; and General Becker's orders were to see the ex-emperor soon and safely embarked, in a small squadron, which the provisional government had assigned for his conveyance to America. However General Becker contrived it, or whatever were his secret means of persuasion, he performed his mission with great success, and after several plans and much hesitation on the part of Napoleon, drove him to the determination of surrendering to the British squadron in Aix roads.

General Becker's accounts of his mission, as he gave them in the ministerial circles of Paris, afforded no clue to discover by what *invisible thread* he had led this terrible creature so quietly to an ignominious end; but it was surmized that the *personal fears* of the ex-emperor (which we have already seen are more than becomingly strong) were operated upon. What the general told was, that he had never passed a period of more anxiety, and that there was no success more difficult than that which he had attained.

He said that Napoleon had treated him, from the first moment, not merely with civility but even with familiarity. On the day before the journey began, while walking together in the garden of Malmaison, the general made some observation concerning Maria Louisa and the conduct of the court of Austria towards him. Napoleon laughed, gave him a little playful slap on the cheek, and said—'Allez, mon ami, tu ne connais pas ces gens-là!'

Before Buonaparte's departure he sent for one of his early friends—he wished to take leave of him. Buonaparte said, 'I would not go without seeing you; we shall never meet again.' The other, unable to speak, burst into tears. Buonaparte put his hands on his friend's shoulders with an air of affection, and said—'Mon cher, ne vous attendrissez pas; dans les grandes crises comme celle-ci, c'est le courage et non pas la sensibilité qu'il nous faut.' In a long conversation which ensued, this person represents Buonaparte as calm, somewhat melancholy, but not 'abattu.' Buonaparte allowed that he had committed, in the late transactions, two great faults—the first was, that he had left the army; the other was

the getting into a discussion with the Chambers, and, above all, with a deputation of the Chambers—the large body might have been divided or dissolved; but the committee was armed with more power than the whole, was not liable to disunion, and not subject to be put off and delayed. Accordingly, said he, when I spoke to them of the wants of the country, *men, cannon, and money*, they answered me with the *rights of man* and the *social contract*, and all was lost!

On the road to Rochefort, where he was to embark, and while he remained there, Buonaparte received several deputations from the army, urging him to put himself at their head, and swearing to die in his cause. ‘You see,’ said he to Becker, ‘that the provisional government mistakes the wishes of the people with regard to me.’ On these occasions he would sometimes wake up, as it were, into life and spirit, and express a resolution to return to the army and conquer or die at its head; but these gleams of courage were very short. Indeed, those who approached him, described him as much *usé*, both in mind and body,—weak, undecided and pusillanimous, very attentive to his own little comforts, fond of the table, and though, in general, somewhat lethargic and inclined to *apoplectic seizure*, exceedingly alive to all that concerned his personal safety.

At Rochefort, where he arrived on the 1st July, finding the British squadron on the alert, he bought a small vessel of the country, with the intention of escaping to sea in her, and making the best of his way to America: on his announcing this resolution, Madame Bertrand, in all the agonies of tears, entreaties, and hysterics, to which violent-tempered ladies are subject, implored him to forego this difficult and dangerous plan; and Buonaparte acquiesced, glad, as it is said, of an excuse to abandon an enterprize by no means suited to his present taste.

At last, pressed upon by General Becker and his own fears,—he endeavoured, on the 10th and the subsequent days, to negotiate a capitulation with the senior officer of the British squadron that blockaded him: this totally failed; the officer refused to enter into any engagement whatsoever; but offered to receive him on board and reserve him for the ulterior disposal of his government. To those terms (‘if terms they may be called, which terms were none’) Napoleon acceded, and on the morning of the 15th July embarked with his suite on board His Britannic Majesty’s ship *Bellerophon*, of 74 guns; saying, on his entering the ship, to the captain, ‘Sir, I come to claim the protection of your prince and your laws.’

Here we must observe on the characteristic perseverance of this man in falsehood, and on the spirit of quibble and subterfuge, which is the only tribute he pays to truth. We have seen him *driven* from France, and attempting first an *escape* and afterwards

a capi-

a *capitulation*, and, failing in both, forced to an *unconditional* surrender; yet, with those facts present to his own mind and obvious to all about him, he was not ashamed to describe himself as a *voluntary* exile, and with a swaggering air endeavour to bully us into what he called hospitality.

The letter which he wrote to the Prince Regent on the occasion, though so generally known, deserves to be quoted, as the most singular condensation of falsehood, meanness, and bad taste, that we have ever seen.

'Altesse Royale,

Rochefort, 13 Juillet, 1815.

'En butte aux factions qui divisent mon pays, et à l'inimitié des plus grandes puissances de l'Europe, j'ai terminé ma carrière politique; et je viens, comme Thémistocle, m'asseoir sur les foyers du peuple Britannique. Je me mets sous la protection de ses lois; que je réclame de V. A. R. comme le plus puissant, le plus constant, et le plus généreux de mes ennemis.

NAPOLEON.*

Here, the *lie* is, the assumption that his proceedings were quite voluntary, and the sacrifice he made, spontaneous. The *bad taste*—the absurd and laughable introduction of 'Thémistocle sur les foyers Britanniques.' The meanness—the beggarly adulation of the Prince Regent and of England!

This trash his Royal Highness, of course, never condescended to notice: just of the same stamp, but more impudent in its disregard for truth, is the protest which he made against being sent to *St Helena*. We shall also lay before our readers a copy of this precious composition, with a few marginal notes.

'A bord du Bellerophon en mer,
le 4 Aout, 1815.

'Je proteste solennellement ici
à la face du *Ciel*
et des *hommes*,

contre la violation de mes *droits*
les plus sacrés, en disposant, par la
force, de ma personne et de ma li-
berté.

Je suis venu *librement* à bord du
Bellerophon:

* Of heaven, which he had de-
nied and insulted.

* Of man; every oath and every
treaty with whom he had, with im-
partial perfidy, broken.

* The *rights* of one who was in
England a public enemy, in France
a rebel, and to all Europe a pro-
scribed and proclaimed traitor.

* *Freely*, with Louis XVIII.
in Paris, General Becker at his
elbow, and the proclamation of
Vienna, of the 21st of March, in

* Your Royal Highness,

Rochefort, July 13th, 1815.

Exposed to factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career; and I come, like Themistocles, to seat myself on the hearths of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws; which [protection] I demand of your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

NAPOLEON,

full

Je ne suis prisonnier, je suis ¹*l'hôte* de l'Angleterre.

⁴ Je suis venu à ⁶*l'instigation* du capitaine, qui a dit avoir des ordres du Gouvernement de me recevoir, et de me conduire en Angleterre avec ma suite, si cela m'étoit agréable.

⁴ Je me suis présenté de ⁷*bonne foi* pour venir me mettre sous la protection des lois d'Angleterre.

⁴ Aussitôt assis à bord du Bellerophon, je fus sur le foyer du peuple Britannique. Si le Gouvernement, en donnant des ordres au Capitaine du Bellerophon de me ⁸*recevoir* ainsi que ma suite, n'a voulu que tendre une ⁹*embuche*, il a forfait à l'honneur et flétri son pavillon.

¹⁰ Si cet acte se *consommoit*, ce seroit en vain que les Anglais voudroient parler à l'Europe de leur loyauté, de leurs lois, de leur liberté. La foi Britannique se trouvera perdue dans l'hospitalité du Bellerophon.

¹¹ J'en *appelle* à l'histoire—elle dira qu'un ennemi qui fit vingt ans la guerre au peuple Anglais, vint librement dans son infortune chercher un asile sous ses lois; quelle plus éclatante preuve pouvoit-il donner de son estime et de

full force, and 500,000 of the allies to execute it.

⁵ Such a *guest* as a thief would be, who, finding himself surrounded, should surrender to escape being shot.

⁶ The *instigation* was that of fear, and General Becker. The British Captain refused him all terms or engagements, and only *accepted* his surrender, to hold him at the disposal of the British Government.

⁷ *Good faith!* He knew that M. Otto had been sent to demand passports for him, and had been refused. He knew that the British squadron was blockading him, that the British Captain had refused him any conditions whatsoever, and that the French Government were preparing very effectual measures to purge its territory of him, yet he ventures to assert, *de bonne foi*, that he was coming to pay a *voluntary* visit to England!

⁸ The Captain's orders were to *seize* him.

⁹ There was no *snare*, for the Captain warned him, before he came, that he must come *unconditionally*.

¹⁰ The act *is consummated*; and the only feeling in Europe is, that England has acted with blameable indulgence to this public enemy of mankind.

¹¹ A modest appeal.—If he meant to come *freely*, and to give England a proof of his confidence and his esteem, why did he not come by the way of Calais? Why did he stipulate with the Jacobins for a *squadron* to convey him to America?

sa confiance? Mais comment repondoit-on en Angleterre à tant de magnanimité?

America? Why did he skulk with the greatest secrecy to a distant sea-port, where he arrived on the 1st, and lay perdu till the 10th? Why did he and his suite embark on that day aboard the *Saul* and *Meduse* French frigates? Why, as the wind was fair, did he not sail for England? Why, when he found that the moonlight would prevent his escape in these frigates, did he buy one or two fishing-vessels, in which he hoped to escape the vigilance of the English? Why had he bargained, so late as the 12th, with the master of a Danish trader for a passage to America? And why was it not till the 15th July, *after he heard of the dissolution of the Chambers and the King's entrance into Paris*, that he gave the English this great proof of his confidence and esteem? What reply will his magnanimity make to these questions?

'On feignoit de tendre une main hospitalière à cet ennemi, et quand il se fut livré de bonne foi, on l'immola.'¹²

'NAPOLEON.'—*Extract, &c. p. 68.*

¹² He should indeed have been *immolated!*—not by grape-shot, as he immolated the Parisians; nor by poison, as he immolated the sick at Jaffa; nor by secret torture, as he immolated Pichegru and Wright; nor by torch-light, as he immolated the Duke d'Enghien; but in open day, on the Place du Carrousel, under his own triumphal arch, and by the operation of the *fraternal guillotine*; which would have *thus* terminated the revolution; and they should have been buried—children and champions of jacobinism—in the same grave.

To what we have said on this point we need only add the following extract from the official letter of the Captain of the *Bellephophon*.

'That no misunderstanding might arise, *I have explicitly and clearly explained* to the Count Las Cases, that *I have no authority whatever for granting terms of any sort*; but that all I can do is to convey him and his suite to England, to be received in such manner as his Royal Highness may deem expedient.'—*Extract, &c. p. 61.*

When embarked on board the *Bellerophon*, he resumed, with great diligence, a character which he had before attempted at Elba, namely that of an *Anglomane*—like Joachim Murat, he fancied that the government and people of England were to be deceived by his empty compliments to a few individuals, and by his shallow and blundering flattery of the English fashions, manners, and laws; of which, Napoleon, Joachim, and Joachim's blue velvet boots had about an equal knowledge. This part he seems to have acted for some time with great success on board the *Bellerophon*. Lieutenant Bowerbank's narrative implies that he made at first a very favourable impression on all who approached him; and it seems also that his affected affability was more than repaid by the condescensions which he received in return.

'Marshal Bertrand,' says the Lieutenant, 'waited upon the First Lieutenant and Captain of Marines with *Napoleon's compliments*, requesting their company at dinner.' (p. 16.)—'At dinner he took his seat in the middle of the table, with the Captain on his right hand. The whole dinner was dressed in the French style, and served in silver. Nothing was carved at table, the servants removing each dish for the purpose.'—p. 19.

And this, let it be observed, was at the English Captain's own table, the expense of which we presume was defrayed by the British public. We are also very sorry to learn from the Lieutenant's narrative, (p. 20,) that young English gentlemen (midshipmen, we suppose, of the *Bellerophon*) were permitted, at Buonaparte's request, to perform a play *before him*.

'True to his old system of appearing to inquire into and understand every thing—

'He had scarcely been five minutes on board before he sent his compliments, and requested that the officers of the ship might be introduced to him. This was done by Captain Maitland. He bowed severally to each, and smiling, inquired how each of them ranked. When they were about to leave the cabin, he said to them in French, "*Well, Gentlemen, you have the honour of belonging to the bravest and most fortunate nation in the world.*" Having arranged his dress, he shortly afterwards came upon deck. He asked several questions of the officers, took particular notice of the sights on the guns, begged the boatswain might be sent to him, of whom he made many inquiries respecting the ship and his length of service. This honest fellow, surprized at the unexpectedness of the message, and his sudden introduction to one of whom he had heard so much, to our very great amusement was determined to have the first word; and, therefore, with cap in hand, a scrape of the foot, and a head almost bowed to the ground, in true sailor-like style saluted him with "*I hope your honour's well.*" Shortly afterward, visiting the other decks, Napoleon's inquiries were renewed, particularly respecting the marines.'—p. 12—14.

'At two P. M. the *Bellerophon* (accompanied by the *Myrmidon* corvette,

vette, which ship had part of his suite on board) weighed and made sail for England. Whilst this was doing Buonaparte remained on deck, taking particular notice of the manner of making sail and tacking ship. He observed that the latter manœuvre was differently performed in French ships. He spoke much concerning the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, frequently mentioning the name of Lord Nelson with approbation. About seven he again went on deck, asking several questions of the officers relative to the different braces, haulyards, topsails, &c.—p. 16.

Occasionally, and particularly during the first days, he shewed some degree of cheerfulness, but these were only *fits* of good spirits and activity; he frequently sunk into abstraction and melancholy; and after a little experience, even Lieutenant Bowerbank began to suspect that he was, in the moments of his affability and good humour, merely *acting*. (p. 18—33.) But all his simulation and dissimulation failed him when his destination to St. Helena was announced to him; even the first rumours of it gave him a fit of illness, and ‘he avowed to Lord Keith his determination never to suffer himself to be conveyed to St. Helena.’ (p. 34.)

‘About half past five P.M. (an immense concourse of people being collected round the ship,) Napoleon made his appearance, and, after walking a short time, repaired to the gang-way. For the first time since he had been on board he was not shaved. This surprised us, as we had been accustomed to remark his great and peculiar personal neatness. We could only ascribe the change to his anxiety respecting his fate. He expressed his admiration at the great beauty of the women, viewing them through his glass, and occasionally taking off his hat. Upon his quitting the gang-way (after remaining there about twenty minutes) many of the spectators cheered. Being close to him, I immediately fixed my eyes upon him, and marked the workings of his countenance. I plainly perceived that he was mortified and displeased, and not a little agitated; attributing the shout, and I believe justly, to the exultation which they felt at having him in our possession. After he had retired, we were told he was taken ill. During the night, he sent out to request that no noise might be made over his head.’—p. 37—38.

The next morning, July 31st, Lord Keith, and Sir Henry Bunbury one of the Under-Secretaries of State, went on board the *Bellerophon*, to communicate to Buonaparte the determination of the British government as to his future residence at St. Helena. The newspapers had prepared him for this, and he seems to have, on this occasion, done himself the violence of assuming a moderate and gentlemanlike deportment. On the arrival of Lord Keith and Sir Henry, they were immediately admitted to the after-cabin, where Napoleon was, (Bertrand, Montholon, their wives, &c. being in the outer cabin.) They read to him a paper, announcing the

the intention of the government. It was in English. He stopped them; said he did not understand English, and begged that it might be read to him in French. Sir Henry then read the paper in French. Napoleon heard it with perfect calmness and patience; and when Sir Henry had done, began his reply with great moderation of voice, gesture, and manner, very unlike the ferocity with which, in the insolence of his power, he had insulted Lord Whitworth, and Count Staremberg, in the Tuileries. He protested, much in the style of the instrument we have already quoted, against the whole proceeding;—‘he looked on St. Helena as death;—he wished to live in England as a private individual, under any restrictions that might be thought necessary;—he had not been taken, he had surrendered;—*he need not have left France*;—he left it on the faith of our laws;—and it would be a great dishonour to the Regent and the nation, if either by sending him to St. Helena, or by confining him in a fortress in England, we were to violate in his person our own laws and those of nations; but to St. Helena he would *not* go!—he would *die* first!—he would never quit the Belle-*rophon alive*!’ Such topics as these, repeated ten times over, composed a very long harangue, to which Lord Keith could only reply, that he came to communicate the intentions of his government, and not to discuss them. In the course of his oration, (which was delivered with great earnestness, and in some places great animation, but with evident self-controll,) he is said to have insisted ‘he might have taken refuge with the Emperor of Austria, who had given him his daughter;—or with the Emperor of Russia, who was his personal friend—to be sure they had quarrelled latterly, *because* this Emperor wished to add Poland to his dominions, and his (Napoleon’s) popularity among the Poles was his greatest obstacle.’ One would have thought that this impudent account of the cause of his attack upon Russia was more than even Buonaparte could have dared, yet he spoke it with an air of great moderation and affected candour; but on a subsequent occasion, when some one was endeavouring to reconcile him to St. Helena by painting its climate, &c. &c. in favourable colours, and saying that it was better than a fortress in either England, Germany, or Russia, he quite forgot his *personal* friendship with Alexander, and exclaimed with great heat—‘*La Russie! ah Dieu m’en garde.*’

After this communication of his future fate, all his followers, except General Bertrand and a poor Pole of the name of Pron-towski, seemed desirous to get rid of the honour of attending him. The government had allowed him to select three gentlemen and twelve domestics, as his companions, but he declared he never would make the selection; and we are inclined to think that when

he

he did afterwards make his choice, he was chiefly indebted for his companions' compliance to their fear of being given up to the French government.

Madame Bertrand used every effort of entreaty, intrigue, and even violence, to induce her husband to abandon 'l'homme,' as she called him, but Bertrand was fixed; and if this man had not had the baseness to send from Elba an offer of his allegiance to the King, and afterwards to deny it, his fidelity to his old master would have commanded our respect. The Pole candidly confessed that if he did not follow Buonaparte he must starve, as he had neither money, nor profession, nor friends, nor even country.

The following account of a theatrical scene of suicide, played by Madame Bertrand, will shew how far the system of illusion was attempted to be carried by this precious party.

'A few minutes before nine p. m. July 31, whilst I had the watch, Marshal and Madame Bertrand were walking in very earnest conversation on the opposite side of the deck, when, on a sudden, Madame, darting into Napoleon's cabin, threw herself at his feet, where she continued about half a minute; then starting up, rushed below into her own cabin, and had nearly succeeded in precipitating herself out of the quarter-gallery window, when she was prevented by her husband and General Montholon. Next morning Buonaparte inquired of the surgeon after Madame Bertrand's health, and, with a smile, asked if he imagined that she *really* intended to drown herself; and we all begin to suspect that she had no very sincere intention of self-destruction, but flattered herself that the "*scena*" would have sufficient effect in mollifying her husband.'—p. 40.

Though Buonaparte smiled at Madame Bertrand's exhibition, he and his followers kept up their own share of the farce. He stoutly and publicly avowed his determination not to be removed from the Bellerophon alive, and L'Allemand declared that rather than see him forced to do so he would himself become his executioner and blow out his brains. On this fanfaronade Lord Keith is said to have observed, with great sang-froid, that the general might do as he pleased, but if he put his threat into execution he would undoubtedly be *hanged*. For ourselves, (since Buonaparte has not been brought to public justice,) we think this would have been, for Europe, the most meritorious act of L'Allemand's life.

At last the Northumberland approached, and the Bellerophon put to sea on the 4th August to meet her, and to shift her cargo.

'All Napoleon's hopes sank with this movement. He now became very sullen; would not quit his cabin even for meals,—but eat alone, and rarely saw any person throughout the day. He still refused to name his future companions, declaring his resolution never to be removed. We were all now in full expectation of some tragical event. The general conjecture was that he would end himself by poison. It was believed

believed that he had in his possession a large quantity of laudanum. Madame Bertrand even hinted that *ere morning* we should find him a corpse.

'Next day Napoleon still remained shut up within his cabin. Bertrand occasionally waited upon him, imploring him to name his future companions. He constantly refused doing so, declaring that his resolution was formed, and he should abide by it. Madame Bertrand said to me, "*I promise you, you will never get the Emperor to St. Helena; he is a man, and what he says he will perform.*"

'She afterwards, the same evening, declared to one of the ship's officers, that "*she really believed the Emperor had now swallowed poison.*" The curtain, therefore, must soon drop."—pp. 46—48.

The curtain soon dropped, or, as the lieutenant afterwards says, 'the bubble burst,' Buonaparte sneaked away quietly to the Northumberland, and, as Mr. Bowerbank remarks very sensibly, all his previous bravado now served only to cover him with ridicule. Thus this imperial actor, after all his 'strutting and fretting,' did not succeed in deceiving even the inexperience of a British sailor; and the system of tricks and gasconades with which he had so long dazzled and subdued Europe ended by exposing him to universal contempt.

On Monday the 7th August, in Torbay, General Buonaparte, and Messrs. Bertrand, Montholon, Gourgaud, and Las Cases, with Mesdames Bertrand and Montholon, four children, and twelve domestics, were transferred to the Northumberland, which immediately weighed anchor and sailed for her destination. Messrs. Savary, L'Allemand, and some others, a few days after, sailed in the Eurotas frigate to Malta, there to be kept in close confinement, until, as we hope, they are delivered up to the justice of the government they have betrayed, and of the country which (as far as they could) they have disgraced and ruined.

On board the Northumberland, Napoleon took up a new part—for he was there at first, we understand, all civility, and good humour. We give him credit for that species of discrimination and tact which is familiarly called 'knowing your man;' and we have no doubt that the frank, determined, and high-minded character of Sir George Cockburn has had a most beneficial operation on the temper and conduct of his prisoner.

But, except in his relations with Sir George Cockburn, we have heard that his conduct was in the same character of selfishness, brutality, and vanity, which he has always displayed. To his followers he maintained a sullen and ungrateful deportment; even to the ladies, his manners were harsh and ungracious, and he seldom paid them the common attentions of society;—of their children, young creatures exiled without any fault or choice of their own, by their parents' devotion to his fortunes, he manifested almost a dislike, and did not easily suffer their presence. But flattery, even
from

from these, was not too coarse for the appetite of Napoléon. One day when the weather obliged him to continue at the dinner table, after the children were admitted to the dessert, he shewed by his manner a considerable degree of impatience; but at last one of the boys crept behind his chair, and, with great apparent respect, touched the skirt of his coat, and was withdrawing, apparently proud of having had so great an honour, when Buonaparte, whose vigilant vanity had observed all his movements, suddenly relaxed from his severity, and, calling the child towards him, patted him on the head, and seemed highly delighted with his infantine homage.

On their arrival at St. Helena, it was found that the house fixed upon for his residence was not ready to receive him, and he placed himself in a little summer lodge belonging to the Briars, the seat of a Mr. Balcombe. From this lodge the distance to the Briars is very short; and Buonaparte sometimes invited himself to spend the evening with the family. On those occasions, he would *drop in*, accompanied by Las Cases, quite in the family way, to play a rubber. On the first of these visits, of which we have heard a particular account, Mr. Balcombe was ill with the gout, and lay on the sofa; the Emperor, two young ladies, Mr. Balcombe's daughters, and an occasional guest, made up the party. Las Cases and the other persons present looked on. And here Buonaparte exhibited a series of weaknesses and petulances which appear to us highly characteristic.

When Las Cases put down four gold Napoleons for markers, the youngest of the ladies, who had never seen any of that coin before, took up one and asked what it was. Buonaparte instantly, with more haste than was consistent with politeness, snatched it out of her hand, and exclaimed with a tone half of vexation and half of triumph, 'Ne voyez-vous pas que c'est moi?' pointing to the impression with his finger.

When the cards were opened, the cover was, as usual, thrown away, and was picked up by a little boy, a son of Mr. Balcombe's, about six years old. The print on the case was *the Great Mogul*; and the little fellow, in the pride of his heart, would display it to the Emperor, who, however, was in no humour to relish what he seemed to consider as a joke upon himself; he snatched the paper from the child with a great deal of impatience, tore the *Great Mogul* in pièces, and terrified the young wit to an awful distance.

When the game had gone on a little, it came to Buonaparte's turn to deal. He happened to make some mistake, and as he expressed much impatience at losing the deal, the whole party requested he would try again—he did so, and a second time missed, and 'then,' (said our reporter,) 'if I had not seen it, I could not have conceived that so trifling an accident could have affected
any

any human creature so seriously—his whole countenance was lighted up with fury, and he made a violent contortion of his features, and drew his mouth down on one side, like one suffering an inward pang.' He however recovered himself enough to ask to have the house searched for some old cards, and to send Las Cases to sit at a table in the corner to play alone with the offending cards till he should make them run smoothly; and at this solitary game of patience, the count obsequiously played the rest of the evening.

Buonaparte asked the youngest of the ladies, whether she had ever been in England; she said, yes, she had been educated there.—Of course then she knew geography?—A little.—What is the capital of Russia?—Mosco was the ancient capital.—Who, (then said he, with a look of gay expectation and pride,) who burned it? The girl, to his utter disappointment, instead of saying—'you,' or 'the Russians, to escape you,' said quietly, she did not know. Buonaparte's countenance fell at once, and he relapsed from a kind of theatrical attitude in which he had waited her reply. Thus he seemed inclined to play over again his old games, with two little girls at a card-table.

In all these trifles (which are only worth noticing because they are now the serious occupations of Buonaparte) our readers will perceive 'the picture in little' of this once master of the world; and in all the details of his life at St. Helena we find traces of exactly the same kind of spirit and temper which, by an unfortunate coincidence of circumstances, have inflicted such miseries on mankind and 'damned' their possessor 'to everlasting fame':—the same restlessness, though he can no longer move; the same activity, though he has nothing to do; the same flow of talk, though he has nothing to say; and the same despotic arrogance, though he has no longer a subject. In short, it is one of the many miracles with which Buonaparte has astonished the moral world, that neither his rise nor his fall seems to have operated in any considerable degree on his feelings or conduct—at all times, and in all conjunctures, he has preserved all the peculiar traits of his individual character. This train of thought leads us to conclude this, we fear, tedious article, with a few observations on the character of Napoleon, either extracted from the works we have quoted, or suggested by the events and facts which we have related.

Napoleon Buonaparte has been a man of great talents and of great success, but history will not call him a great man. His views were boundless, his deeds stupendous, but his feelings were narrow. When guiding the actions of other men he was magnificent, in his own personal conduct he was always mean.

The first passion of his soul was Ambition, and the first quality
of

of his mind Audacity ; but the former was weakened and the latter controuled by the basest selfishness ; and the union of both, can, in him, be hardly called by a better name than Restlessness. The French Revolution was the natural element of such a man ; like the Neptune of mythology, educated in its inmost recesses, its fury was his sport, and its obedience his will. At Toulon, where he was not only junior but subordinate, he assumed and maintained a decisive and imperious tone which subdued his superiors. In the first hours of his Italian command, he was as reserved and haughty towards his nearest associates as afterwards in the imperial palace of the Tuileries.

The turn of his mind was *oriental*—the vast prospects of Asia suited his vague and wild propensities. When discharged from the service after the siege of Toulon, he dreamed of expeditions into Persia and Turkey, and these dreams returned to his mind whenever it was not occupied by some newer insanity. ‘ There has been nothing to do in Europe these two hundred years past, (said he in 1804 to M. de Pradt,) it is only in the *east* that any thing great is to be done.’

A few days before he set out on the Russian invasion, he said to the deputation just then returned from the pope at Savona, ‘ when I have finished what I am now about, and one or two other projects which I have in my mind, I shall settle the Pope’s affairs—there shall be twenty popes—every one shall have his own.’

The impossibility of quiescence has been the main-spring of his fortune and of his fate. Conqueror of Italy and idol of France, he was still unsatisfied. Egypt conquered, he must attempt Syria—but the dull difficulties or sullen successes of the desert wearied him, and he hastened back to France. New wars begun and ended ‘ with a flash of lightning’—First Consul—sole Consul—Consul for ten years—for life—Emperor!—King of Italy—Protector of Germany—Mediator of Swisserland—sovereign of Holland, and arbiter of Europe,—he could not rest. Then followed the Spanish paroxysm of his madness, and a new German war, and a Prussian war, and a Polish war, and a Russian war, and Mosco with all its consequences, Elba, Waterloo, and St. Helena. Extreme agitation is the basis of his existence—motion is his repose—he lives in a hurricane, fattens, as he himself said, on anxiety and care, and thrives when the rest of nature dwindles or perishes.

But this sublimity of character was rather physical than moral—it was an infirmity of temper and depravation of taste, rather than a noble passion of a noble soul. His most vast designs were the mere freaks of restlessness, and had either no object, or an object selfish and unworthy—the *first* burst of his mind was always grand, the *next*, little and vile.

Such

Such he was by nature—education would operate but little on such a mind. He was, say M. de Pradt and an hundred other authorities, *supremely ignorant*. He is said to have been a good mathematician—it never could be discovered from his method of argument. He read often, but little; he galloped through a book, like a child looking for pictures, and except Machiavel and Ossian, he despised all literature. Miss Williams says, (p. 9.) rather absurdly, that *she* loved him because he loved Ossian, and that *he* loved Ossian for his description of battles. This is but a poor explanation: what Napoleon valued in Ossian was, not his wretched skirmishes, but the vague, the dark,—the union of natural and supernatural facts and fancies, in which his own mind delighted. But his instinctive fondness for Machiavel and Ossian is not more curious and characteristic than his deep and *undisguised* hatred of Tacitus. It was singular to hear Napoleon Buonaparte, in the face of the world, justifying Tiberius and censuring his historian.

He was incapable of any application that required repose, and considered as fit only for ordinary men, the usual modes of acquiring knowledge—accordingly, of France, the country with which he was best acquainted, he knew, says M. de Pradt, neither the men nor things, and those who travelled with him were astounded at the *sublime ignorance* on ordinary subjects which he ever displayed in the perpetual flow of his volubility. His harangues (they could not be called conversations) were eternal; and with all his sagacity, his invention, and his genius, he frequently fell into the dullest commonplaces, ran round and round the most tiresome repetitions, and a good thought or happy expression became a fund of talkativeness for hours and days together.

Of the arts, which he *protruded* rather than protected, he knew nothing, or next to nothing. Of painting, he scarcely concealed his contempt, and could not conceal his ignorance. Of sculpture and architecture he knew as little; and his *taste* in both was miserable; but he loved them because they were splendid, difficult, and lasting: they flattered by the size or duration of their subjects the immensity of his ambition. The Pyramids and the Parthenon would equally gratify his taste, if they were equally old; but he would think the Pyramid a more beautiful object than the Parthenon *by two thousand years*. When M. Denon was once expatiating to him on the merits of a picture, and happened to drop the word *immortal*, 'How long,' interrupted Buonaparte, 'may a picture last?' 'About six hundred years!' 'Bah!' cried he, 'there's a fine immortality!' In truth, Buonaparte valued no work of art but as it was *monumental*, and then only when monumental of *himself*. The Apollo at Rome or the Venus at Florence were mere *stones* in his eyes; they became *animated* only

only when, at Paris, they told their admirers that Napoleon had brought them thither. He forgot that they also would tell of the bad taste and rapacity which had removed them.

He was, as M. de Pradt truly says, a man of extremes; and of extremes absolutely contradictory; a hero and a coward; and it is doubtful in which he was greater. Conqueror of Austerlitz, Wagram, and Jena,—from Egypt, Smorgonie, Leipsic, and Waterloo, an infamous deserter; he audaciously invaded France with six hundred men, and fled from it in dismay when he might still have commanded an hundred thousand: He had overturned councils, senates, and directories; had curbed and manacled the whole French nation; had overthrown half the kingdoms of Europe; yet he submitted, without an effort, to be ignominiously shackled and exiled by the single hand of General Becker. In action he was a giant, but in suffering, a child: and he who had covered the world with mourning, was never known to shed a tear, till he cried, more for fear than vexation, when his toy sceptre was broken. M. de Boufflers long ago called him ‘*the night-mare of the world;*’ but the chevalier could not then have known the whole truth of his own expression, nor have foreseen that the world would, one day, shake it off, and wonder at the terror which so wretched and contemptible a phantom had inspired.

Of what is usually termed *feeling* he had none, but for himself; he never felt either pity or love. His mother, when she wished to praise him, used to say that he had feeling enough to wish that he had more. ‘*Pour le cœur,*’ said she, ‘*Napoléon aurait bien voulu en avoir;*’ but Napoleon himself rejected this half praise, and on more than one occasion honestly confessed ‘*qu’il avait le cœur à la tête,*’ an expression as forcible, characteristic, and satanical, as ever we recollect to have met. One of those sagacious doctors called craniologists—who, when they know a man’s character by his actions, can afterwards discover it by the shape of his head—found in Buonaparte’s the organs of the tiger and the peacock—cruel and climbing; a judgment equally pronounced by the just and witty description that was given of him, as ‘*Robespierre à cheval.*’

His manners, habits, and language, exhibited the same contradictions as his mind—his language was a mixture of oracular sublimity, and low vulgarity; we should blush to repeat the instances we could select of the latter. He was by fits so liberal and so sordid that the Archbishop says, ‘*avarice and munificence each held a string of his purse.*’ His manners and habits vacillated between majesty and meanness. He insulted, with gratuitous ferocity, the tenderest sex, and yet took lessons on deportment from an actor—and he is said to have envied equally Alexander his

his empire, and Talma the applause of the parterre. On that famous night when he endeavoured to rally his fugitive troops at Fontainebleau, and to throw himself into Paris, to continue the struggle for the empire of the world, he lost his time and his health in a filthy amour. And the evening before he left Paris for the last time, when, as Miss Williams says, one would have supposed that his thoughts were occupied with contemplations suited to the solemnity of his situation, he employed himself in procuring and packing up tapes, cambricks, and perfumery, for his transatlantic voyage!

In short, this man—displaying in his alternate extravagancies all that is most noble and most vile in human nature; the greatest majesty of sovereignty, and the boldest decision of command, with the most ignoble subterfuges and the most dastardly pusillanimity; listening through key-holes for evidence on which to dethrone monarchs, and uniting the audacity of Tamerlane with the arts of a waiting woman—exhibits, to use M. de Pradt's lively expression, a species of *Jupiter-Scapin*, which had not before appeared on the stage of the world.

ART. IV. 1. *Hermes Scythicus: or the Radical Affinities of the Greek and Latin Languages to the Gothic: to which is prefixed a Dissertation on the Historical Proofs of the Scythian Origin of the Greeks.* By John Jamieson, D. D. F. R. S. E. and F. S. A. S. Edinburgh. 1814. 8vo. pp. 390.

2. *The Character of Moses established for Veracity as a Historian recording Events subsequent to the Deluge.* By the Reverend Joseph Townsend, M. A. Rector of Pewsey, Wilts. Vol. II. Bath. 1815. 4to. pp. 436.

IN our account of Adelung's *Mithridates*, (vol. X. p. 250,) we attempted to give an abstract of all that is either known with certainty, or supposed with probability, respecting the relations of different languages to one another, and the steps by which the more modern have been derived from the more ancient, and become current in their respective countries. The two works now under our consideration relate immediately to the same general subject, and contain illustrations and confirmations of some of the opinions expressed in the article to which we allude.

It will be recollected that, although we did not positively deny the existence of something like a connexion between all languages without exception, we asserted the total want of evidence of such a connexion with respect to a great number, which are tolerably

lerably well known; and the propriety of making a distinction between such languages as are manifestly related to each other, and such as have not hitherto been shown to have any thing in common, and of dividing them all into classes, according to their respective relations: at the same time we found it necessary to deviate in some degree from this principle of classification, on account of the imperfection of our knowledge of a great number of languages, by substituting geographical or historical descriptions for the distinction of some of the classes, in the absence of more appropriate characteristics. Thus of the five classes, which we denominated Monosyllabic, Indoeuropean, Tataric, African, and American, the first two only are to be considered as constituted according to correct philological principles; we look on it as sufficiently ascertained that these two classes bear no resemblance to each other, in any essential part of any of the languages belonging to them; and that the coincidences of either of them with any of the languages of the Tataric or Atactic division are too few to deserve notice: but it is not to be understood that the languages of the other classes have any common character which entitles them to be ranked together, except that they are spoken by nations inhabiting the same continents, or the islands which have had communication with them.

We placed at the beginning of the third class three families, under the title Sporadic, which are the Tshudish or Finnish, the Hungarian, and the Albanian; next to these stand the Armenian and Georgian, as the first genera of the Caucasian order: and we remarked that the Sporadic families, which are in some measure geographically detached from the rest, stand next to the Indoeuropean class, as exhibiting an occasional resemblance to some of the languages contained in it, though not enough to make it certain that the connexion is essential or original; and that the coincidences of the Armenian with the Sanscrit and Persian are just sufficient to make it doubtful, whether these languages are the offspring of a common parent, or whether one of them may have merely borrowed detached words from the others.

These doctrines are rather exemplified than materially modified by the investigations of Dr. Jamieson and Mr. Townsend. Dr. Jamieson has shown, by very minute and elaborate comparison, the resemblance of the Greek and Latin languages to the older dialects of the Gothic, especially with regard to the particles and the terminations; that is, to such parts of the languages, as must necessarily have been the least subject to any accidental variations. Mr. Townsend has professedly extended his views to all existing languages, which he considers as uniformly bearing evident marks of one common origin: but all the languages which he distinctly examines, with one or two exceptions, are either such as we have ar-

ranged as indisputably belonging to the Indoeuropean class, or mentioned as having some pretensions to be enumerated among its members. The only exception of importance is the Mongol language, which we have classed as a species of the Turcotartarian, an insulated family, comprehending a considerable number of different dialects: and we must confess that the coincidences, observed by Vallancey, between Strahlenberg's vocabulary of this language and the Irish, are too numerous to be called altogether accidental. We also allow the force of such an example in making it probable that some other similar instances might be found, if the languages imperfectly known, and not hitherto sufficiently examined, were studied with care, by persons well qualified for the comparison, and intent on prosecuting the investigation. But we would not for the present willingly alter our arrangement of these dialects as belonging to the Tataric class: for they seem in fact to have so much less connexion with the Indoeuropean families, than most of these have with each other, that they scarcely deserve to stand precisely in the same rank with the rest. It must be remembered that, even on the supposition that any two languages are completely unconnected with each other, we have reason to expect at least one perfect coincidence between them; for if we suppose a certain number of radical words, nearly alike, to be attached fortuitously to an equal number of things named, we may find, by calculating upon the doctrine of probabilities, that exactly one word, on an average, may be expected to mean the same thing in both; and that it is just as probable that two words should agree, as that there should be no coincidence at all.

We also followed Professor Adelung in asserting, that the Greek 'can only have been immediately derived from the language of the neighbouring Thracians and Pelasgians, who seem to have come originally from the middle of Asia, through the countries north of the Black Sea, and to have occupied part of Asia Minor, as well as Greece and Thrace.' This opinion is amply discussed, and supported by historical documents, in Dr. Jamieson's preliminary dissertation. We shall proceed to give such an account of these works, as will enable our readers to judge of the manner in which they are executed, and of the degree in which they tend to confirm the doctrines to which they respectively relate; beginning with Mr. Townsend's, as the most comprehensive in its objects.

Mr. Townsend's first volume was published in 1813, under the title of 'The Character of Moses established for Veracity as an Historian, recording Events from the Creation to the Deluge:' it contains a theological, philosophical, and historical examination of the subject proposed, but the greater part of the work is devoted to geological investigations, establishing the credibility of a universal

versal deluge; and it is illustrated by a number of plates, containing delineations of a great variety of fossils, taken principally from original specimens. The second volume is almost entirely philological, being intended to confirm the historical account of the Dispersion of mankind from a single origin, and to explain the manner in which the Confusion of tongues must be supposed to have taken place. Of the method observed in this part of the work we may form some idea, by collecting the heads of the chapters or sections, which is so much the more necessary, as it has been printed without any table of contents, or even a running title; and indeed with respect to elegance and accuracy of typography, and all the mechanical part of an editor's business, it has a most unworkmanlike appearance.

On Languages, p. 1; compound words, 14; abbreviations, 25; transpositions, 29; orthography, 30; general conclusion, 38; investigation of radicals, 39. Of the first inhabitants of Britain, 59; of the English language, 70. On the Welsh language, 153; its affinity with Swedish, Danish, and Icelandic, 162; with Greek, 164; with Hebrew, 166. Of the Irish and Scots dialects, 172; abbreviations in Gaelic, 196; investigation of radicals, 205; affinity with the Welsh, 209; with English, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, and Gothic, 210; with Russian, 212; with Mungalic or Kalmuc, 214; with Sanscrit, 217; with Greek, 220; with Hebrew, 228. Of the Manks language, 232. On the Gothic languages, 238. Of the Danish language, 253. Of the Swedish language, 261. Of the Icelandic language, 262. Of the Moesogothic, 264; affinity between Danish and Greek, 266; Swedish and Greek, 279; Moesogothic and Greek, 295. The Persian language, 300. On the languages of India, 308. On the Russian language, 331; a vocabulary, English and Russian, 338; Greek and Russian, 345. Slavonian, 351. On the Latin language, 363; on the Aeolic digamma, 369. On the Greek language, 372; affinity between Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, 395; Lapponic and Hebrew, 401. Hebrew, 407. Chaldee, 411. Arabic, 415. Syriac, 417. Ethiopic, 420. Coptic, 422. Turkish, 423. Tower of Babel, and confusion of tongues, 424; dispersion of mankind, 428; call of Abraham, 431; pastoral state, 433; population, 435; deliverance of Israel from Egypt, 435.

The affinities of the Celtic dialects, as well with the Gothic, as with many other families, are exemplified in instances so numerous, as to supersede the possibility of deriving them from any effects of accidental admixture; although Mr. Townsend has neither in this, nor in many other cases, been sufficiently attentive to the distinction of original from derivative and adopted words: thus the Chaldee of the Targum, written long after the subjection of the Jews to the Roman power, is employed (p. 169) in order to show the relation of the Welsh and Latin to the Hebrew; and the English word *crime*, though clearly deduced from the Greek *krino*, is re-

ferred to the Sanscrit *acarm*, the negative of *carttum*, to do. (p. 317.)

Mr. Townsend implicitly adopts General Vallancey's account of the Bearla na Pheine, or supposed old Irish language, as deduced from the Phenician, (p. 176); and we are assured (p. 229) that not less than nine words in ten of this dialect agree with the Hebrew or Chaldee; the instances adduced are extremely unsatisfactory, but further proofs are promised in the Appendix, which has not yet appeared. However truly the Gaelic may be characterized as rich and diversified, we cannot agree with our author in considering this superlative degree of riches as a perfection: to have forty words for a ship, and as many for a house, (p. 193,) is surely a sort of morbid luxury.

The resemblance of the Mongolic language to the Irish is made sufficiently obvious, (p. 214,) among other instances, by the words *Are* and *Ère*, man, Irish *Ar*, *Air*, *Fear*; *Arul*, a spindle, I. *Oirle*; *Alemamodo*, an apple-tree, I. *Amhatmaide*; *Asoc*, to ask, I. *Ascadh*; *Baiehu*, I live long, I. *Baith*, long life; *Bugu*, a buck, I. *Boc*, a he-goat; *Choy*, a ewe, I. *Choi*; and *Choraga*, a lamb, I. *Caorog*; without going any further in the alphabet. Of about sixty coincidences of the Sanscrit with the Gaelic, (p. 218,) it is remarkable that all except three agree equally well with the English; these three are, Gaelic *Aghna*, fire, Sanscrit *Agni*, *Daighthead*, given, S. *Datum*, and *Mios*, moon, S. *Masa*. The agreement of the Gaelic and the Greek extends to a great variety of words, and is often very distinctly marked; thus *Col*, a prohibition, is strikingly like the Greek *Koleuo*; and *Cron*, time, like *Chronos*; and in the dialect of the Isle of Man we have *Mona*, only, Gr. *Monon*; *Lane*, full, Latin *plenus*.

From the Swedish language 670 words are enumerated, (p. 295,) after Peringskiöld, as resembling the Greek, but many of the analogies are extremely slight. In the Sanscrit we find, as is well known, traces of almost all other languages: thus we have (p. 317) *Bhru*, *Brow*; *Pota*, *Boat*; *Bad*, *Bath*; *Dhara*, *Terra*; *Nava*, *Novus*; *Nakta*, *Nocte*, *Night*; *Pad*, *Foot*; *Prathama* or *Protoma*, first, whence we may deduce both the Greek *protos*, and the Latin *primus*; and *Upadesaca*, to which our author refers not only *Didasco*, *Doceo*, and *Disco*, but also *Paideuo*, the simple derivative of *Paida*, a child. We have also *Vayajan*, wind, and *Vidkhava*, widow, like the Russian *Vieyanie* and *Vdova*. The NT of the Latin third person plural is found in the Sanscrit *Bhavanti*, they are; *Dadanti*, they give: but Mr. Townsend is more disposed to derive this termination from the *Hwyt*, they, of the Welsh. By an oversight, which will appear singular to classical scholars, he has considered the Greek verb *Elmi* as 'aspirated,' (p. 374);

(p. 374); but the whole analysis of the substantive verbs affords a very favourable specimen of the extent and accuracy of his investigations. He shows that the radical verb is *ET*, and the pronoun *MI*, which he observes is in some cases exchanged for an *N*, and thus points to its origin from the Hebrew *Ani*, or *Anoki*; the latter form of this word affording an etymology for *EGO* as well as for *NI* or *MI*, and for the *NGO* of the Chinese. Among the Hebrew words extracted from Avenarius, (p. 395,) many exhibit but very slight resemblances to the Latin and Greek terms which are compared with them; a few, however, are very remarkable, as *Acer*, a husbandman, which comes very near to *Ager*; and *Asther*, Greek *Aster*, a star. Rudbeck insists, that of 2 or 3000 Laplandish words, which he has examined, nine tenths may be considered as identical with Hebrew; and it must be confessed that a strong resemblance may be observed in *Aedhame*, earth, and the Hebrew *Adameh*; *Hadas*, new, H. *Ihadesh*; *Hadshe*, the moon, H. *Ihadesh*; *Jed*, the hand, H. *Id*; *Ise*, man, H. *Ish*; *Pothi*, persuaded, H. *Pathehh*; *Saedke*, law, H. *Tzedek*; and *Sajothi*, rested, H. *Sabbath*.

Mr. Townsend not having 'had the happiness of seeing' Lacroze and Woide's Egyptian lexicon, (p. 422,) although it still stands on the list of new books printed at Oxford, we shall endeavour to supply the deficiency, by a catalogue of the few words which we have discovered in this language, that can be considered as at all resembling any other. They are not obtained merely by the examination of a vocabulary; but many of them have occurred to us in the course of our reading with a view to the general study of the Coptic: so that they probably comprehend the greater part of the instances in which this singularly original language can be said to have any thing in common with its neighbours.

COPTIC.	RESEMBLING	COPTIC.	RESEMBLING
<i>Anok</i> , I	<i>Anoki</i> , Hebrew.	<i>Thom</i> ,	<i>Dumb</i> .
<i>Areb</i> , a pledge	<i>Arrhabon</i> , Greek.	<i>Iaro</i> , a river	<i>Iar</i> , H.
' <i>Aule</i> ', a ball	<i>Aule</i> , Gr.	<i>Iom</i> , a sea	<i>Iam</i> , H.
<i>Bai</i> , a palm branch	<i>Baia</i> , Gr.	<i>Ioh</i> , the moon	<i>Io</i> , Argive Gr.
<i>Bari</i> , a boat	<i>Baris</i> , Gr.	<i>Iten</i> , <i>Mphiten</i> ,	<i>Mephitis</i> , Lat.
<i>Bashor</i> , a fox	<i>Bassara</i> , Gr.	<i>dung</i>	
<i>El</i> , to take	<i>Helo</i> , Gr.	<i>K</i> , thy	<i>*Ka</i> , H.
<i>Er</i> , to do	<i>Erdo</i> , <i>Ergon</i> , Gr.	<i>Kahi</i> , earth	<i>Ge</i> , <i>Gaia</i> , Gr.
<i>Eti</i> , yet	<i>Eti</i> , Gr.	<i>Ke</i> , again	<i>Kai</i> , Gr.
<i>Eshau</i> , swine	<i>Sau</i> , German.	<i>Keli</i> , limbs	<i>Kola</i> , Gr. <i>Glied</i> ,
<i>Thal</i> , a hill	<i>Thal</i> , Arab.		Germ.
<i>Then</i> , sulfur	<i>Theion</i> , Gr.	<i>Ken</i> , to suffice	<i>Arkein</i> , Gr.
<i>Theni</i> , to flourish	<i>Euthenia</i> , Gr.	<i>Kome</i> ,	<i>Kommi</i> , Gr.
<i>Thmei</i> , justice	<i>Themis</i> , Gr.	<i>Kot</i> , a building	<i>Cot</i> .
<i>Thok</i> , a razor	<i>Thego</i> , Gr.	<i>Lachme</i> , a crumb	<i>Lechem</i> , bread, H.
		o 3	Leghh

COPTIC.	RESEMBLING	COPTIC.	RESEMBLING
<i>Legh</i> , to lick	<i>Leichin</i> , Gr.	<i>Toh</i> , chaff	<i>Tow</i> , refuse flax.
<i>Lek</i> , moist	<i>Lehh</i> , H.	<i>Phat</i> ,	<i>Foot</i> , E. <i>Pad</i> ,
<i>Mau</i> , mother	<i>Am</i> , H.		Sanscr.
<i>Methre</i> , witness	<i>Martür</i> , Gr.	<i>Phi</i> , a kiss	<i>Philema</i> , Gr.
<i>Mei</i> , to love	<i>Amo</i> , Lat.	<i>Phleou</i> , vain	<i>Fallo</i> , Lat.
<i>Meri</i> , <i>Ameri</i> , day	<i>Hemera</i> , Gr.	<i>Phosi</i> , to burn	<i>Phos</i> , light, Gr.
<i>Meste</i> , hatred	<i>Misos</i> , Gr.	<i>Phorgh</i> , to divide	<i>Pharetz</i> , H. <i>Fork</i> .
<i>Meini</i> , a sign	<i>Menuo</i> , Gr.	<i>Phro</i> , winter	<i>Frost</i> .
<i>Meti</i> , middle	<i>Mitte</i> , Germ.	<i>Chems</i> , secret	<i>Geheim</i> , Germ.
<i>Mmin</i> , him	<i>Min</i> , Gr.	<i>Ork</i> , to swear	<i>Orcos</i> , Gr.
<i>Mokh</i> , labour	<i>Mochthos</i> , Gr.	<i>Shar</i> , a skin	<i>Sashra</i> , Syr.
<i>Molk</i> , salt	<i>Malehh</i> , H.	<i>Shashf</i> , seven	<i>Shashpi</i> , Cantabr.
<i>Moou</i> , water	<i>Moiu</i> , to wash, Rus.	<i>Shelet</i> , a bride	<i>Chele</i> , H. <i>Chelta</i> ,
<i>Mhau</i> , monument	<i>Mausoleum</i> .		Syr.
<i>Nabhi</i> , neck	<i>Nape</i> .	<i>Shemer</i> , leaven	<i>Chemir</i> , Ar.
<i>Nef</i> , sailor	<i>Nauta</i> , Lat.	<i>Shento</i> , a cloth	<i>Sindon</i> , Gr.
<i>Nem</i> , with	<i>Neben</i> , Germ.	<i>Shthch</i> , a street	<i>Hhtshehh</i> , Syr.
<i>Neou</i> , to pass	<i>Neomai</i> , Gr.	<i>Shbti</i> , change	<i>Shift</i> .
<i>Nif</i> , cloud	<i>Nephele</i> , Gr.	<i>Shmen</i> , eight	<i>Shemneh</i> , H.
<i>Omi</i> , clay	<i>Humus</i> , Lat.	<i>Shne</i> , a net	<i>Seine</i> , E.
<i>Ouesh</i> ,	<i>Wish</i> .	<i>Shom</i> , summer	<i>Summer</i> , Germ.
<i>Ouah</i> , and	<i>U, Va</i> , H.	<i>Shouo</i> , to drop	<i>Showe</i> .
<i>Outah</i> , fruit	<i>Outkar</i> , Gr.	<i>Shghom</i> , force	<i>Ischüs</i> , Gr.
<i>Remhe</i> , free	<i>Ercmos</i> , Gr.	<i>Fai</i> , to bear	<i>Fero</i> .
<i>Rokh</i> , burning	<i>Rauch</i> , smoke, Germ.	<i>Ftoou</i> , four	<i>Fidur</i> , Goth.
	<i>Sirocco</i> .	<i>Hharabai</i> , thunder	<i>Astrape</i> , lightning,
<i>Ro</i> , mouth	<i>Ore</i> , Lat.		Gr.
<i>Sabe</i> , wise	<i>Sapere</i> , Lat.	<i>Hhmom</i> , hent	<i>Hom</i> , H.
<i>Sark</i> , to sweep	<i>Saroun</i> , Gr.	<i>Halai</i> , to fly	<i>Ala</i> , a wing, Lat.
<i>Sat</i> , <i>Siti</i> , sow, seed	<i>Sator</i> , Lat.	<i>Henouft</i> , abundance	<i>Enough</i> .
<i>Saghi</i> , word	<i>Sage</i> , Germ.		
<i>Semne</i> , to order	<i>Semaino</i> , <i>Semnos</i> , Gr.	<i>Het</i> , heart	<i>Etor</i> , Gr.
<i>Sefi</i> , a sword	<i>Xiphos</i> , Gr.	<i>Hina</i> , that	<i>Hina</i> , Gr.
<i>Sthom</i> , a gate	<i>Stoma</i> , mouth, Gr.	<i>Hli</i> , nothing	<i>Alil</i> , H.
<i>Snau</i> , two	<i>Shanim</i> , H.	<i>Hoker</i> ,	<i>Hunger</i> .
<i>Sobte</i> , to prepare	<i>Sobein</i> , Gr.	<i>Hof</i> , a snake	<i>Ophis</i> , Gr.
<i>Sok</i> , to draw	<i>Sugo</i> , Lat. <i>Zog</i> , Germ.	<i>Hob</i> , <i>Iope</i> , work	<i>Opus</i> , Lat. <i>Job</i> .
		<i>Homi</i> , to tread	<i>Humus</i> , ground,
			Lat.
<i>Sonh</i> , to bind	<i>Son</i> , Indian flax.	<i>Ghal</i> , <i>Ghoili</i> , to	<i>Gol</i> , Syr. <i>Jol</i> , Ar.
<i>Soou</i> , six	<i>Saihs</i> , Goth.	recommend	
<i>Sot</i> , <i>Soti</i> , save	<i>Soter</i> , Gr.	<i>Ghame</i> , calm	<i>Galene</i> , Gr.
<i>Spheiti</i> , foam	<i>Spit</i> .	<i>Ghamoul</i> ,	<i>Camel</i> .
<i>Sphotou</i> , lips	<i>Shepheh</i> , H.	<i>Schere</i> , to burn	<i>Sirius</i> , Gr.
<i>Taio</i> , to honour	<i>Tio</i> , Gr.	<i>Ti</i> , to give	<i>Didomi</i> , Gr.
<i>Tako</i> , to destroy	<i>Teko</i> , Gr.	<i>Timi</i> , a street	<i>Demos</i> , Gr.
<i>Tebt</i> , fish	<i>Eft</i> , water lizard.		

The word *Aule* is supposed by grammarians to be originally Egyptian,

Egyptian, because it is found in the plural with the termination *oui*: but if this reason is valid, it must be extended to *Phüle*, a tribe, since we find *Phüleoui* in the plural. *Eti* in Egyptian means 'to this,' while in Greek it has no etymology. *Lek* might remind us of *Leaky* in English, but a *Leak* is a hole, *Lücke*, German. If the name of King *Mausolus* was not originally connected with any *Mausoleum*, it is very remarkable that *Mhau*, a monument, and *Solsel*, to ornament, should so precisely express the character of the building. *Sirocco*, as well as *Sirius*, might appear to be connected with *Schere*, to burn; but *Serokh*, from *Rokh*, only, may mean 'it is burnt.' *Chems*, secret, appears to afford a better etymology for *Chemia* than *Hhmom*, heat, a term which seems not to be extended to the signification fire. *Hina* is explained 'for coming,' or 'to come to.' We have omitted the words *Kenesoos*, a Goose, *Kukuphat*, *Upupa*, *Stali*, *Steel*, and some others, because, though modified in their form, they seem to have been evidently adopted from other languages.

Mr. Townsend has not allotted any separate chapter to the consideration of the Armenian language: he has, however, adduced about ten Armenian words in different parts of his work, as proving its connexion with other languages: these are *Air*, a man, *Air*, Irish; *Atamn*, a tooth, *Odonta*, Greek; *Chuerk*, four, *Chatur*, Sanscrit; *Dor*, door; *E*, is, *Est*, Latin; *Es*, *I*, *Iaze*, Russian; *Gas*, goose, *Gans*, German; *Howze*, house, *Lakiel*, to lick, *Leichein*, Greek, and *Sirt*, heart. In some other cases, single words only have been mentioned: we are informed that in Chinese, *Koppa lah* is head, like *Kopf*, German, and *Kephale*, Greek; *Kan* also is king, as well as *Cunix* in Japanese, like the German *König*; in the Finnish, *Kana* is a hen; in Samojedic, *Siw* is seven; in Kamtshatkan, *Gsocir*, a goose; and in Javanese, *Toori*, a door.

With respect to the originality of languages, the author refers to the canons of the learned Rudbeck, published in his *Atlantica*, and observes that the Sanscrit has often the marks of an original language, in affording an explanation of a term apparently simple; (p. 40;) thus *Wing*, a bird, implies moving in the air. In Gaelic also, *Dacwig*, ten, appears to mean twice five; and in Welsh, *Cad tarf*, *Caterva*, Latin, means a battle-troop.

'Rudbeck has,' however, 'one canon,' he says, (p. 44.) 'to which I cannot readily assent. He states, that a language, which has numerous monosyllabic expressions, is a parent language. The English has more than three thousand seven hundred monosyllabic expressions, and the Chinese has none but such; yet neither of these "are," for that reason, to be considered as parent languages. Certain it is, that all languages, by abbreviations, have a tendency to become monosyllabic, and therefore a language, which abounds in monosyllables, is ancient, and these commonly are the most antiquated parts of every language.

guage. New compounds are incessantly created. These are abbreviated, and in process of time become monosyllabic. In deriving, therefore, a word in one language, from its correspondent expression in some other language, we must ever bear in mind, that, unless in the formation of new compounds, the least abbreviated is commonly the parent, and the most abbreviated its offspring.' 'Would it be possible for any one to persuade us, that Colaphus was derived from Cuff, or Blaspheme from Blame?'

A similar instance might be found in Trachelos and Hals of the Greeks and Germans; for certainly Hals is more like Trachelos than like Collum, to which it is here compared. (p. 28.) We will not, however, dwell any longer on these minute criticisms, but will express our acknowledgments to Mr. Townsend for the pains which he has taken in the collection of a large mass of very interesting materials, although we are not aware that he has, by any original researches, contributed much to confirm the 'probability,' which we are by no means disposed to call in question, 'that in the period subsequent to the deluge, and prior to the dispersion of mankind, the whole earth was of one language;' (p. 423;) which is 'precisely the declaration of Moses: and in this assertion, his veracity as a historian stands unimpeached.'

Dr. Jamieson has confined himself to a much more limited department of the same subject; and being amply provided with an accurate knowledge of the various dialects of the Gothic languages, to be compared with the Greek, he has proved the existence of a connexion between them, more extensive, and more intimate, than could easily have been imagined, without so laborious an investigation, in which he appears to have gone considerably further than his learned and ingenious predecessors Ihre and Rudbeck.

In the Preliminary Dissertation, our author attempts to prove, from historical evidence, that the words Scythians, Goths, and Getae, were only different forms of the same name, and belonged to the same people: that the Thracians were Scythians; that the Hellenes were originally identical with the Pelasgi, whose name has been supposed by Rudbeck to imply, in the Gothic, a wandering people; that the language of the Greeks was originally Scythian; that their divinities also were borrowed from the northern nations; and that the Romans, as being descended from the same stock with the Greeks, could only have spoken a dialect of the common language. The evidence of history appears to us to be in such cases much less unexceptionable than that of etymology, when cautiously employed; but some of the authorities, which Dr. Jamieson has collected, must be allowed to have considerable weight. A passage of Aeschylus is quoted, in the words of Mr. Mitford, in order to confirm the opinion, that the Pelasgians were the original inhabitants of Greece and Italy, in
contra-

contradiction to the fanciful hypothesis, that they were an oriental colony. There is much discussion respecting the application of the term Tyrrhene to the Pelasgians; but the simplest supposition appears to be, that a part of them first received this name in or near Macedonia, and carried it with them into Lydia, and thence into Tuscany, where they settled before the time of Cadmus, and introduced the old Grecian and not the Phenician alphabet: in the Etrurian Lucumones the author discovers an analogy to the Lagmen, or provincial judges of the north. The opinion of Herodotus, respecting the original diversity of the Greek and Pelasgic languages, is justly considered as of little weight; and Mr. Pinkerton's comparison of the relation between these two languages, to the connexion of the English with the Saxon, is mentioned with approbation. Dr. Jamieson appears, however, to be mistaken in his construction of the saying of Anacharsis, related by Clemens Alexandrinus; Anacharsis observed that to him all the Greeks appeared to speak a Scythian language, meaning evidently a barbarous language, without at all implying that the Scythian resembled the Greek; just as the Egyptians in Herodotus remarked that the Greek mode of writing was left handed. The passage quoted from Diodorus appears to us clearly to contain the assertion, that the Pelasgic letters were simply a modification of those which Cadmus had introduced; it is however remarkable, as our author observes, that the Runic, as well as the old Greek alphabet, consisted of sixteen letters only; although, when Christianity was introduced among the Goths, their letters were increased to twenty-five. In the Phrygian, which must have been a dialect of the Pelasgian, it appears that *Bedü* meant water, resembling *Bada*, and we may add *Vate*, of the north: *Bek*, bread, is like *Bake*; and *Moirai*, the fates, like *Meyar*, virgins, in Gothic; and the old Spartan *Rhetra* or *Fratra* is compared to *Raede*, a law.

Dr. Jamieson's etymological authorities, adduced to prove the Gothic origin of the Greek and Roman divinities, appear to us to be almost entirely imaginary: we shall, however, briefly enumerate them, that our readers may be able to appreciate the value of this evidence for themselves.

<i>Saturn.</i>	<i>Sadur</i> , Gothic, a sower.	<i>Jove, Jupiter.</i>	The Scandinavian
<i>Uranus.</i>	<i>Our</i> , heaven, and <i>Ana</i> ,	Thor, the <i>Jof Ur</i> of the Edda,	
	king.	drawn in a chariot by goats.	
<i>Janus.</i>	<i>Jon</i> , a Scandinavian name	<i>Gio</i> , the wife of Thor; or	
	of Jupiter, applied to the sun.	<i>Jon</i> , a consort.	
<i>Titaea.</i>	<i>Titte</i> , Gothic, as a nurse.	<i>Minerva.</i>	<i>Minne</i> , wisdom, or me-
			memory.
<i>Rhea.</i>	Perhaps from <i>Frea</i> .		
<i>Cybele.</i>	<i>Sif</i> , the wife of Thor, or	<i>Vesta.</i>	Like <i>Isis</i> or <i>Isi</i> of the Ru-
	Jupiter, and <i>helle</i> , of the hills.		nian inscriptions.

Ceres.

- Ceres.* *Kaera*, Swedish, to lament. *Mars.* From *Ares*, probably related to *Herr* or *Heere*: he is the Odin of the North.
- Demeter*, from the Gothic.
- Deja*, a nurse, or *Dae*, excellent.
- Diana.* *Dia Ana*, nursing queen. *Hermes.* Compared with the emblem *Herm*, a ram.
- Rudbeck.
- Hecate.* *Heksa*, to enchant; sometimes called *Helgate*: *Hel* is Proserpine, *Gaute*, goddess.
- Bacchus.* Perhaps *Bagge*, or *Bock*, a goat.
- Apollo.* *A Balder*; the great Balder. *Pluto.* *Blot*, a bloody sacrifice.
- Hercules.* *Her Keule*, terrible with his club, or *Her Kulle*, head of the army.
- Neptune.* *Nepsa*, to restrain, *Un*, the sea, in the Edda. Rudbeck. *Muses.* They agree in number with the nine sister virgins of the Edda.
- Ilis* Scythian name *Thamimasades*, mentioned by Herodotus, may mean *Tamer* of the whirlpools. *Deucalion.* *Dacwkalla*, Dewman.
- Venus.* *Waen* or *Vaen*, beautiful. *Inachus.* *Jonakoer* was also the father of an *Io*, who was converted into a cow.
- Cotylto.* *Kota*, Gothic, to be lascivious.

The principal part of Dr. Jamieson's work is devoted to a demonstration of the radical affinity of the Greek and Gothic languages, deduced in great measure from a comparison of the particles: lists of the verbs and nouns which resemble each other, he has some intention of giving at a future period.

'The particles, or winged words, (p. 2.) as they have been denominated, are preferred in proof of this affinity, for several reasons. These are generally of the highest antiquity, most of them having received their established form and acceptance in ages prior to that of history. They are also more permanent than most other terms; being constantly in use, entering into the composition of many other words, constituting an essential part of every regular language, and determining the meaning of every phrase that is employed to express our thoughts. They are also least likely to be introduced into another language; because, from the various and nice shades of signification which they assume, they are far more unintelligible to foreigners than the mere names of things or of actions: and although the latter, from vicinity, or occasional intercourse, are frequently adopted, this is rarely the case as to the particles, because the adoption of these would produce an important change in the very structure of a language which has been previously formed.

'It might scarcely be reckoned a sufficient proof of affinity, although a Gothic particle were found to correspond with one resembling it in Greek or Latin in a single instance, or in a signification merely secondary or oblique. Later philologists have been at pains, as far as possible, to discover the proper and primary sense of each of these, and from this to distinguish those significations which are only of a dependent character. This is undoubtedly the proper mode of investigation, as thus alone can we expect to find the idea originally attached to the

the term. In this comparison, therefore, I have generally followed the plan observed by Professor Dunbar in that very useful work, his Greek Exercises, endeavouring to trace the particles through their different senses, with quotations from Greek writers, to which are subjoined correspondent illustrations from the Moesogothic and other northern languages. From this comparative view, I trust, it will appear, that, in various instances, there is a striking analogy, not only in the derivative, but in the primary significations.

It is well known that the oldest specimen of the Gothic is the fragment of the translation of the New Testament by Ulphilas or Wulfila, bishop of the Moesogoths, to which the date 360 is generally assigned, although some authors have suspected that it was made in the reign of Constantine. The oldest Anglosaxon is about three centuries later, but it strongly resembles the Gothic of Ulphilas: the purest dialect that exists, as a living language, is the Icelandic.

AMPHI. p. 5. About. Latin *AMB* or *AM*: Welsh *AM*. Anglosaxon *YMB*, *EMB*, or *UNB*; *embe his lendennu*, about his loins. German *UM*, as *umringen*, to surround. Thus *umweg* is perhaps identical with *ambages*.

ANA. p. 9. Upon, through. Moesogothic *ANA*; as *ana steina*, ON a rock; *ana alla*, above all; *ana quharjamoh fimstijuns*, by fifties, or by every fifty. German *berg AN*, up hill.

ANEU. p. 15. Without. Moesogothic *INUH*, as *inuh attins izwaris wiljan*, without the will of your father. Icelandic *ANA*. German *OHNE*, *OHN*. English *UN*.

ANTI. p. 16. Before, against. Latin *ANTE*. Moesogothic *ANDA*, in composition; German *ANT*, *ENT*: thus *andanahti* is twilight, before night; *andwairthi*, presence; *andaword*, German *antwort*, English *answer*; *andsakan*, to contradict, German *entsagen*. In the Salic law, *ande sitto* is against the custom. In Icelandic and Swedish *AND* is against. Ulphilas has also *UND*, as *augo und augin, jah tunthu und tunthau*; an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

APD. p. 27. From. Latin *AB*. Moesogothic *AF*; *af daurom*, from the door; or *ABU*, *abu thus silvin*, of thyself. Anglosaxon, *AF*, *OF*. German *AB*. The old Goths used *F* for *P*.

DIA. p. 34. Through. Moesogothic apparently *DU*; *du the*, or *duth the*, is therefore; *du quhe*, wherefore.

EK. EX. p. 37. Out of. Latin *EX*. Perhaps the *US* or *UZ* of the Gothic tribes; and the *US* in the Latin *coelitus*, for *ex coelo*, *radicitus*, and *funditus*. It seems to be related to the Greek *eikein*, German *weichen*, to give way: and *WEG* is sometimes synonymous with *AUS* or *US*.

EN. p. 45. In. Latin *IN*. Moesogothic *IN*; as *in himinam*, in heaven: it is also a negative, as in Latin; *inwita*, *inscius*.

HENEKA. p. 52. Because of. In Moesogothic sometimes expressed by *INUH*; as *inuh this*, for this cause; its origin is uncertain. [Perhaps we might derive it from the Egyptian *Hina*, if the connexion were admitted as probable.]

ERI.

EPI. p. 53. ON. Moesogothic BI, BE, or PI; *bi theina kinna*, on thy cheek; *bi hlaib*, on bread: *bismait*, annointed, *besmeared*. German BEY.

KATA. p. 61. According to. Perhaps from *gata*, way; meaning by way of.

META. p. 64. With. Moesogothic MITH; *mith imma*, with him; *mith moda*, with anger. German MIT. Old English MYD. Thus we have *meet* and *mate*, implying union. Dr. Jamieson quotes *mithinn galaith* as an instance of the employment of *mith* for *in*, (p. 72.): but it seems rather to be a simple repetition of the term *mith* for *with*.

PARA. p. 73. By. Moesogothic FAUR, FAURA; as *sat faur wig*, sat by the highway side; *faura marcin*, by the sea side; *fauralagido*, set by, or before. German FÜR [VOR or VER]. Anglosaxon FOR. Thus we have *forbid*, from *faurbiudan*; [German *verbiethen*, *verbitten*.]

PERA, PERAN. p. 83. Beyond. Moesogothic FRA, FRAM, FAIRRA; *fraletan*, to dismiss; *fairra statha*, from the land. In German *fern*, far, seems to be *peran*. *Frum*, *frums*, is the beginning; whence perhaps *first*, Suio Gothic *fraemst*. *Fera* parts, as *perata* in Greek.

PERI. p. 88. About. When it implies eminence, it agrees with the Icelandic FIRI, FYRI.

PRO. p. 90. For, before. Latin PRO, PRÆ. Agrees still more nearly than *para* with *faura*, which have various senses: *faur tho managein*, before the multitude; *faur mel*, before the time; *faur izwis*, on your side.

SÜN. p. 94. With. Perhaps related to the Moesogothic SAM, and SAMA, as well as to the Greek HAMA: *samathrann*, ran together. Icelandic, *samlag*, a fellowship.

HÜPER and HÜPO. p. 96. Over and under. Latin SUPER and SUB. Moesogothic UFAR, over, UF, UBU, under; *ufar allai airthai*, over all the land; *ufar mik*, more than me; *ufar fanim seinamma*, above his lord; *uf skadan*, under the shadow; *uf melan*, under a bushel; but *ufhaband* is to uphold.

After the prepositions, our author examines the conjunctions, and first ALLA. p. 114. But. This is evidently from *Allos*, which resembles the Moesogothic *Alja*, and the Latin *Alius*; *aljakunja* is *alienigena*; *alja* is *but* or *save*; as *alja Jaisu*, save Jesus. English ELSE. In Welsh *aliwn* is *alien*.

AN, EAN. p. 117. If. In Moesogothic AN seems to be simply an interrogative, *An quhas ist mis nequhundja*, and who is my neighbour? In Anglosaxon AN means simply *if*, and is derived by Lye from *anan*, to grant. In Suio Gothic AEN is *if*.

ATAR. p. 119. But. Swedish ATER. German ABER.

EI. p. 120. If. Moesogothic EI; *ei is juthan gaswalt*, if he were already dead: but it more commonly means *that*: we have also *gau* and *jau* for *if*; and in Icelandic *ef*; which cannot have originated from the old verb *giban*, to give.

HOTI. p. 124. That. Latin UTI. Perhaps THEI in Moesogothic; *thei sijuth*, that ye are. Suio Gothic ATT, that; TY, or THY, because, seems to be derived from the pronoun *then*, *he*, as *quod* from *qui*.

Of the adverbs we have AEI. p. 129. Always. In Moesogothic

AIW, ever, and DU AIWA, for ever; *aiweins*, *aionios* of the Greek, Latin *ÆVUM*. English AY. Welsh EU. The Swedish *aefwentyr*, adventure, is supposed to mean a tale of the times of old.

AUTAR. p. 133. Again. Perhaps the Moesogothic AFTRA, Alemannic and English AFTER.

ETI. p. 135. YET. Anglosaxon GET and GYT. German JETZT. Welsh ETTO, still. If the word is originally Egyptian, it must have had a long journey to travel northwards.

NEIOTHEN. p. 138. From the bottom. Anglosaxon NEOTHAN. English NEATH.

NÜN, NÜ. p. 138. Now. Latin NUNC. Moesogothic NU, NUH. German NÜ, NUN. Persian NUH.

HOMOU. HAMA. p. 140. Together. Anglosaxon EM. Suio Gothic AEM, in composition. Moesogothic IBN. English EVEN.

OU, OUK, OUCHI, OUTE. p. 142. Not, nor. Latin HAUT, HAUD. Suio Gothic E, EI, EGH, ECKE, ICKE. Icelandic O, U, the negative prefix.

POLÜ. p. 142. Much. Moesogothic FILU; *quhan filu*, how much; *sua filu*, so much. German VIEL. Scottish FEIL, FELL; *fell weel*, very well.

PORRHO. p. 145. Far off. Latin PORRO, further. Moesogothic FAIRRA. Anglosaxon FEORR.

SKAIÖS. p. 146. Lefthandedly. Icelandic SKA, in composition. German SCHIEF, oblique.

TOÆ. p. 148. Then. Exhibits some analogy in its derivation, to THANA, which is the accusative of *sa*, as *to* is the dative of *ho*.

Of inseparable particles the first is A. p. 153. Intensive or privative. In Suio Gothic *alike* is very like: in Welsh *acrw* from *crwm* is crooked. In Alemannic *amagtig* is weak; in Suio Gothic *alag* or *aflag*, iniquity; but the more common privative is O, as *olyk*, unlike. A and AN may be derived from *Apo* and *Aneu*.

ARI, ERI. p. 156. Very. Icelandic AERIT, from *aerinn*, abundant.

DA. p. 158. Very. Icelandic DAE, as *duewel*, very well; *daesœt*, very sweet.

DIS. p. 159. Separate. Moesogothic DIS, as *disdailjandans*, dividing. It is sometimes also intensive, as in Latin.

NE. p. 160. Privative. Latin *ne*, *ni*. Moesogothic *ni*, not, no; *niH*, neither. Persian *NEN*; Polish *NIE*; *Ihre*. In Suio Gothic *neka* is *nego*.

Terminations of various kinds afford an extensive and interesting catalogue of resemblances. p. 162. EIN, of the infinitive; Moesogothic AN and IAN; German EN. EN, THEN, from; Suio Gothic AN, as *ufan*, from above. ER, TER; Latin ER, TER; Anglosaxon ER; German ER, TER; Moesogothic WAIR, a man; in old Scythian AIOR, according to Herodotus. ICOS; Moesogothic AGS, IGS, or EIGS, as *mahteigs*, powerful; German IG. INOS; Latin ENUS; Anglosaxon EN. LICOS; Latin LIS; German LICH; English LIKE; *pelicos*, what like; Moesogothic *swaleiks* is our *such*; *samaleiks* probably *similis*. LOS, LIS, LION, diminutives;

diminutives; Latin *LUS*; Moesogothic *ILO*, as *barnilo*, a little child; German *münnl*, a little man.

Among the Latin particles, which do not immediately resemble the Greek, we find (p. 176) *AD*, to; Moesogothic *AT*; as *AT THUS*, unto thee; *at ist* asans, *adest* messis. Hebrew *aeth*, at. *OB*, for; Alemanic *oba*, as *oba guate*, for good, Otfrid; Icelandic *af* in composition, as *aflangt*, oblong. *PER*, by; Icelandic *fyrrer*, as *fyrrer hann*, through him; German *ver* as *verbleiben* to remain, and in the sense of *perversion*, *verbrauchen*, to misuse. *AC*, and; in Moesogothic *AUK*, whence *AUCH*, *OG*, *OCK*, *EKE*; we have also *aukan*, *augeo*, to *eke*; *ak* is *but*, as the Hebrew *ach*. *AUT*, or; Moesogothic *AITHTHAU*, related to *OTHER*. *ET*, and; in Moesogothic *ITH* is *autem*, and is sometimes used for *jah*; and *SED*, but, may be *SAET*, Suiogothic, true, *sooth*, *verum*. *VEL*, or, may be connected with *ELLA*, Icelandic, otherwise; we should rather refer it to *telis*, if you will.

The pronouns are next examined in their different cases (p. 189). *EGO*; Latin *EGO*; Moesogothic *IK*; Icelandic *EG*; Swedish *JAG*. *EMOU*, *MOU*; Latin *MEI*; Moesogothic *MEINA*; German *MEINER*. *EMOI*, *MOI*; Latin *MIHI*; Moesogothic *MIS*; Swedish *MIG*; Dutch *MY*. *EME*, *ME*; Latin *ME*; Moesogothic *MIK*; Anglosaxon *ME*; Dutch *MY*. *SÜ*, Doric *TÜ*; Latin *TU*; Moesogothic *THU*. *IS* in Latin, Moesogothic *IS*; *EJUS*, Moesogothic *IS*, *IZOS*; *ID*, Moesogothic *ITA*, *it*; *QUIS*, *CUJUS*, *CUI*, *QUEM*; Moesogothic *QUIHAS*, *QUIHS*, *QUHE*, *QUHANA*, having the *n*, as the Greek *HON*; *UTER*, *WHETHER*; *ALTER*, resembles *anthar*, *enthera* of the North, meaning one of them, as *Ihre* has observed. *EKEINOS*; Moesogothic *JAINS*, or rather *GAINS*; Alemanic *GENER*; German *JENER*; English *YON*; the Greek affords an etymology from *Ekei* there, and in this instance seems to have a claim to greater antiquity than the Gothic.

The Moesogothic numerals obviously resemble the Greek and Latin. (p. 198). *Deka* has been derived from *Deo*, as if both hands were united: it appears to us that there is still more resemblance between *Pente* and *Panta*, as if, *all the five* fingers; but *Pente* is very far from *Caig*, which must be substituted for it in the Gaelic etymology of *Deka*.

The degrees of comparison are expressed in Greek by *EROS* and *ISTOS*; in Anglosaxon by *ER* or *ERA* and *IST* or *AST*. *ER* seems to mean before, as the Latin *OR*. In Moesogothic the comparative termination is *IZO* or *OZO*; the superlative *ISTS* or *ISTA*: thus the Greek *MEIZON* is *MAIZO*, and *maist* answers to *megistos*. The old *megalos* is *mikils*; and the Latin *minor*, *minimus* is *minnizo*, *minnists*; in Persian *mih* is great, *mikter*, greater, *miktras* greatest.

The Moesogothic verbs have also some striking resemblances in their form to the Latin (p. 208); thus the present tense is *Haba*, *habais*, *habaith*, *habam*, *habaith*, *haband*: *habuit* is *habaida*; *habens*, *habands*; *habentis*, *habandis*; *habentem*, *habandam*; *habentes*, *habandans*; the *AI* always expressing the short *E* of the Greeks. The Goths had frequently a reduplicative augment in the preterite, as from *faldan*, to fold, *fai-falth*; from *greitan*, to weep, *gaigrot*, from *tekan* to take, *taitok*. The Moesogothic, Anglosaxon, and Islandic have a dual for the first and second

second persons. The singular of the Greek substantive verb is EIMI, EIS, ESTI; the plural of the Latin SUMUS, ESTIS, SUNT; in Moesogothic IM, IS, IST; SIJUM, SIJUTH, SIND; ERAM, WARTH; ERO, WAIRTHAU; SIS, SIJAIS; ESSE, WISAN. *Volo* is *wiljau*; *nolle*, in Anglosaxon, *nillan*; and many other resemblances equally striking might easily be pointed out.

We cannot better conclude this long article than by an extract from the prospectus of a still more extensive work, on the philosophical history of European languages, than either of those which we have been examining. It was left ready for the press by the late Dr. Alexander Murray; it is speedily to be published in three volumes, and the friends of the author flatter themselves, that it will establish his reputation, as one of the most accomplished and profound philological scholars who have ever done honour to any country or to any age. Some of the general results of his investigations are thus expressed in his preface.

'The European races, with the exception of some inconsiderable tribes, are originally descended from one common and single stock. Some of the races appear, from approximation of dialect, to have been more nearly allied to one another than to the rest; the Teutones and Greeks are perhaps of this description, though it cannot be safely affirmed that these races were originally one. The Indians, Persians, and Slavi, seem to have been one branch of the general stock. The affinity also between the Celts and the Eastern nations is closer than could have been expected.' 'Before any of the European races parted from the original stock, the language had attained a state of composition, and had begun to be inflected. The Celtae brought from the East the language in that condition, but the long wanderings, and the savage solitude, which they experienced in the West, destroyed the finer parts of their original speech, and corrupted it by a careless and slovenly articulation. The Greeks penetrated into Europe, at some different period, and retained, though they softened considerably, their primitive dialect. The Indians imported the same language, but probably in a more improved form. In their possession it became that highly polished speech which is now called Sanscrit, and which exhibits an instructive contrast with the Persic, formerly the same dialect. The Persic, in the violence of ages, like the Anglosaxon, has lost nearly all its inflections; and, though it be a perspicuous, it is evidently a barren dialect. The Indian has multiplied cases and inflections, so as to be the most copious and artificial language in the world. The Finni, who seem to have been the rudest of all the Scythian tribes, have preserved their dialect in a state nearer to perfection than the Celtae or the Slavi. The latter were a Persic tribe; the resemblance of the Slavonic and Sanscrit still attests their ancient affinity; but the Slavi have lost many of the inflections peculiar to India, during their long residence in the Sarmatian forests. They expelled the Finni from thence to the shores of the Baltic and White Sea, on which a language is still spoken, that distinguishes, from the other races, an original and very ancient part of

the population of Europe.' 'By careful attention to the different parts of the process of composition, the different primitive words themselves are developed, and their earliest forms are determined by comparison of the principal dialects with one another, and by illustrating such of these as are refined and corrupted, by those that are rude, simple, and regular.'

ART. V. *Narrative of a forced Journey through Spain and France, as a Prisoner of War, in the Years 1810 to 1814.*

By Major-General Lord Blayney. London. 1815. 2 Vols. pp. 495. 590.

WE heartily wish that Lord Blayney had not published this book. His lordship may be (in spite of the affair of Fiangerolla, in which the corps he commanded was defeated by a very inferior force) a good soldier; and we have heard that he is a pleasant and good humoured gentleman; but he is undoubtedly one of the worst travellers we have ever known—of the worst in every sense; for he not only wants the literary qualifications for that character, but he seems to be intolerant of either toil or trouble; easily dissatisfied, hard to be pleased, very impatient of bad fare, very angry when he does not receive the ordinary attentions, and not very grateful when he does.

Lord Blayney was taken in an attack on Fiangerolla, near Malaga, on the 15th October, 1810, by a detachment of the army of General Sebastiani, whose head-quarters were at Grenada, whither his lordship was conducted, with some unnecessary rudeness on the part of the inferior French officers; but from Generals Sebastiani and Milhaud, and indeed from all the upper classes of the état-major, he received kindnesses 'which,' he says, (p. 134,) 'will never be effaced from his memory.' But we are sorry to say that we observe some hints, a little at variance with this vow of eternal gratitude. It must, however, be confessed that, though there appears to have been some civility in Sebastiani's conduct, there was also a good deal of bad taste and ostentatious affability, which, if Lord Blayney had not '*professed so much*,' might well have excused some doubts as to the sincerity and real object of the General's good offices.

We willingly extract the following passage, as it is characteristic at once of General Sebastiani and Lord Blayney, and will afford the reader a very favourable specimen of his lordship's style, as well as of the style in which it was the fashion to talk of Buonaparte in 1810.

'Nothing could be more tiresome than the eternal praises of the emperor, which formed the chief topic of conversation at Sebastiani's parties.'

ties. With a solemnity of countenance and a measured tone, so conspicuous in French oratory, the general would every day at table treat us with a panegyric on the virtues and exploits of his master, of which the following was usually the burthen; "*Messieurs, l'Empereur est un homme sans défaut, c'est le seul homme au monde avec tant de pouvoir à qui personne ne peut faire le moindre reproche.*" Or, "*Messieurs, l'Empereur est le plus grand homme, le plus grand héros qui a jamais paru;*" and then he would draw a comparison with Caesar or Alexander, both of whom, of course, were *imbéciles* to Napoleon. At length I got so disgusted with this nonsense, that finding no hero in Grecian or Roman history equal to Buonaparte, I sought to match him in more remote antiquity, and compared him to Nimrod, who was a mighty one on the earth, and a mighty hunter before the Lord. The ridicule which this comparison threw on the subject produced the effect I wished, in preventing a repetition of such fulsome panegyrics, both in the general's societies and in the other circles where his suite reprinted his oratorical declamations respecting the French monarch.'—pp. 95, 96.

On the 13th November his lordship began his 'forced journey,' with a good horse (a present from Sebastiani) and two mules, one laden with his personal baggage, the other 'with provisions for a week; such as hams, for which Grenada is famous, pies, and other good things, together with a small barrel of wine,' (p. 134); and here we must bring before our readers the first and principal topic of his lordship's book; one which so entirely occupies his attention, that we believe the title-page is almost the only page in the two volumes in which some allusion to it may not be found. We smile at the various conjectures which already occupy the minds of our readers respecting the nature of this interminable theme. One, no doubt, thinks it is the organization or spirit of the French army; another, the extraordinary and almost miraculous courage and constancy which the Spanish nation at this period exhibited; a third, the smoking villages and ravaged towns, the misery and desolation through which he passed; and a fourth looks with anxious expectation for remarks upon the internal state of France—all mistaken:—*la cuisine*, the culinary art, 'the eatables and drinkables,' as Diggory calls them in the play, are with Lord Blayney the objects of paramount interest; they are, as it were, the burden of his song; and although he sometimes digresses, he never fails to return as early as possible, with a con amore cadence, to the original air. The great Lord Peterborough, a predecessor (but with very different success) of Lord Blayney in Spain, was said to be acquainted with all the postilions in Europe. Lord Blayney, as far as his travels have extended, has to boast as wide an acquaintance amongst the cooks; but we suspect that Lord Peterborough's popularity was greater than Lord Blayney's, as we never heard of his having attempted to rival his post-boys, and to drive himself; whereas Lord

Blayney, on sundry occasions, not only quarrels with the cook, but puts upon him the downright affront of dressing the dinner with his own hands.

‘General Blondeau invited me to dinner the day of our arrival; but I preferred a quiet one at my lodgings, to which I invited our officers; the greatest part of the dinner I *drest myself*, rather than be poisoned by Spanish cookery.’

His lordship arrived, unpoisoned by Spanish cookery, at Madrid, on the 1st December; when, with a degree of levity not quite suitable, we think, to his rank in the army or in society, he entered on a new trade.

‘Knowing the French and Spanish ignorance of the treatment of horses, I, in order to amuse myself, proposed giving lectures on the subject, and treating the horses of my friends *gratis*. This was no sooner known, than sick and lame horses came from all quarters.’

‘My fame as a horse-doctor was now spread throughout Madrid, and I had so much practice, that had I taken fees, I should have made a handsome livelihood. In consequence of this, I was allowed to go to the stables and the forge, both within the walls. I had often, in foreign countries, as well as when hunting, experienced the inconvenience of not being able to make and put on a horse-shoe, I therefore at once applied seriously, and soon made myself expert in the business. My particular friends now considered it as the highest favour to have a horse shod by me, and shewed him about in all directions, with no small vanity; for although I might not be considered as a first-rate blacksmith in England, both my shoes and shoeing were infinitely superior to those of the Spaniards.’—pp. 310, 312.

From this digression, however, his lordship returns, as usual, to the *cuisine*.

‘In another respect I was also at ease, that was in cookery; having often found the necessity of being my own cook while on campaigns, or grousing parties, I learnt to excel particularly in the dressing of four dishes. Indeed I cooked my own dinner almost the entire journey from Grenada to Madrid.’—p. 313.

Sometimes, when the digressions are pathetic, the return to the *old tune* has a very striking effect. A Spanish landlady, at Urnieta, entertained so patriotic a horror of the French, that, mistaking Lord Blayney for one of that nation, she gave him at first a most ‘*uncouth*’ reception; but,

‘After dinner she entered the room, and first fastening the door, asked me if it was really true that I was an English officer, as somebody had told her; and when I answered in the affirmative, and related the manner of my being made prisoner, her sensibility got the better of her; her eyes gradually filled, and at last she burst into a flood of tears.—I asked her to sell and dress me a fowl for next day’s march.’—p. 395.

At last, about the middle of January, his lordship entered France. The rest of his party, which consisted of prisoners, or wounded and invalid French, were now delighted—'praised every thing, and exclaimed, *Quel bonheur! nous voilà en France!*' but, for Lord Blayney's own part, he was by no means so happy, 'for,'—as he accurately states, 'the dinner was made up of scraps, the legs and neck of a fowl, with some vegetables; the wine was little better than vinegar; *added to which*, (i. e. we suppose the wine,) *the whole was thrown on the table as if it fell from heaven by chance!*' (p. 401.) The tremendous sublimity of the latter expression, compensates for the little grammatical confusion in the former part of the sentence.

At Bayonne, his lordship fell under the superintendence of Marshal Bessières, whose conduct to him was in a very high degree polite, and even generous; but these circumstances his lordship passes over very slightly, probably because a much more important matter here pressed itself on his attention.

'I must not forget to observe, for the benefit *des gourmands*, that Bayonne is celebrated for its hams; and I could not quit it without satisfying myself whether it deserved this celebrity. I accordingly had one dressed under my own inspection, and as a considerable degree of science is required in dressing a ham, I am sure the lovers of good eating will not be sorry to have my receipt. Boil it in hock, a quarter of an hour to each pound; then put it in an oven and bake it another quarter of an hour to the same weight; and I will venture to say, the epicures will acknowledge that nothing can be more delicious. While I am on the subject of cookery,—(as if he ever were on any other!)—I may be pardoned for mentioning an anecdote which comes à propos.'—p. 412.

We fear, however, that we should not be pardoned if we followed his lordship through the whole cookery of a *dolphin*, and all the details of salt, butter, Cayenne pepper, &c. &c. which occupy a page of his text, and are further elucidated by a long explanatory note, in *usum Delphini*.

At Bordeaux, his lordship made an important discovery, which we feel ourselves bound to promulgate, for the use of valetudinarians.

'It may be useful to some of my readers, whose appetites are feeble, to know that oysters are an excellent whetter, taking them immediately before dinner, and not exceeding a dozen at the most, with a small proportion of lemon juice squeezed into each.'—p. 425.

Bordeaux was, on many accounts, a delightful place; the oysters were delicious—the Sauterne was exquisite—Cinderella (which his lordship carefully informs us 'is the story, so well known to children, of the Little Glass Slipper') was admirably performed—

and, oh, summit of joy! he actually one day 'dined off a boiled leg of mutton and turnips.' On this blissful occasion, his lordship entertained a party of brother officers; 'and as they were very inquisitive about affairs in Spain, and the wine being excellent, they made a late sitting.'—p. 433.

The happy auspices under which his lordship's journey through France commenced, the politeness of Marshal Bessières, and the leg of mutton and turnips of Bordeaux, were, however, deceitful; through the rest of his journey he hardly found a civil general or a good dinner. Even the town of Périgieux, where he had 'a turkey stuffed with truffles, one of the choicest dishes in the *catalogue des gourmands*,' did not enable his lordship to 'keep off the blue devils.'—(vol. ii. p. 8.) At several towns on his route, his lordship, in his indignation against bad cooks, was obliged to have recourse to some 'voies de fait,' which, for a prisoner of war, seem to be rather violent.

'At Tours, I had a party to dinner this day, but all my rhetoric was insufficient to prevail on my landlady to serve it à l'Anglaise; that is, to give the fish and vegetables as part of the first course. Her obstinacy so put me out of temper that, to her great astonishment and mortification, I threw the whole of her first course, consisting entirely of French dishes, out of the window, dishes included.'—p. 47.

'My dinner at Blois was very bad, and rendered still more disagreeable, by the intrusion and impertinence of the cook, which I put a stop to, by inquiring if there was nothing else dressed in the house? he disappeared, and soon after returned with a roast duck, a bird to which of all others I have the most mortal aversion; I therefore, to the astonishment of the cook, threw it deliberately into the fire, and sent the other dishes after it; at the same time desiring *Monsieur le Cuisinier* to take himself off, if he did not wish to follow them.'—pp. 61, 62.

On Lord Blayney's arrival at Paris he very assiduously made himself acquainted with the larders of several taverns, and the tables of some *maisons de jeu*; but he seems to have formed, on other subjects, notions very inaccurate and wonderful in a gentleman educated, as he tells us he was, in France. The most surprizing of his lordship's mistakes (considering his peculiar taste) is his transformation of *Very*, the traiteur on the Terrace des Feuillans, into *Ferres*.

On visiting the Tuileries he found no alteration towards the gardens; but, 'the front towards the Louvre has been greatly improved.' Now there has been no alteration whatsoever of the front of the Tuileries.

'The celebrated bronze horses, which formerly ornamented the Place St. Marc at Venice, each on a separate pedestal, are here seen drawing a car of victory at the entrance of a triumphal arch, erected to the grand army.'—p. 101.

What

What his lordship means by the *entrance* of a triumphal arch, we do not pretend to know ; but to the eyes of all the rest of mankind the horses seemed placed on the *summit* of the arch.

The only notice which his lordship takes of the celebrated gallery of *paintings* is, that he found there ' the *busts* of D'Aguessau, Montesquieu, (*lawyers*,) Sully, (*a statesman*,) Rollin, (*an historian*,) Descartes, (*a philosopher*,) La Fontaine, (*a fabulist*,) Corneille, Racine, (*tragedians*,) Molière, (*a comedian*,) and Fénélon, (*an archbishop*,) and his lordship is pleased to add, that finding *these busts* in *this particular situation* ' is a proof at least that the age of reason has given way to the age of *taste* and *good sense*.'—(p. 104.)—Now we really do not see the taste or good sense of adorning a gallery of pictures with the busts of these men, none of whom had the least connection with the art of painting ; and we believe the directors of the Musée, if they have ever heard of his lordship's work, will be astonished at the panegyric. His lordship, we gather, is not very well versed in the antiquities of his own country, for he mentions, with some degree of surprize, among the rare books which the library of St. Mihiel contains, ' *Byzantium Angliæ Sacra*, by Henry Wharton, and *Monasticum Anglicanum*, in which are good engravings, particularly of Christ Church College, and the ruins of Asney abbey, near Oxford.'—p. 241.

We suspect also that his lordship is not very familiar with the styles of the great masters of the art of painting, for, in describing a Tartar, he says that his countenance expressed an extraordinary mixture of ferocious courage and good nature, that no attempt, *even of Guido himself*, could delineate.'—p. 273.

A man of Lord Blayney's taste for play and the table would of course not fail to visit the Palais Royal ; but we cannot well account for the deception of sight which presented this famous place to him as ' a *circular row of buildings* '—(p. 115.)—Did his lordship see it only at times when every thing seemed to go round ? To us it always appeared a downright parallelogram !

It not being possible to mistake the column de la Place Vendôme for any thing else, his lordship's inaccuracy is driven to vent itself upon the inscription, which he thus gives—

' *Napoli Imp. Aug. Monumentum belli Germanici, anno M.DCCC.V. trimestri spatii, ducto, suo, profligati, ex aere, capto, glorie exercitus, maximi dicavit.*'—p. 117.

His lordship's punctuation and orthography set all meaning at defiance.

A person who is so little accurate in objects that are before his eyes, must not look for any great attention when he speaks upon subjects in which a discriminating and liberal mental observation is the only guide ; and we, therefore, dismiss, with perhaps less re-

probation than they merit, the general and sweeping charges of depravity of manners which his lordship takes occasion, 'à propos de bottes,' to make against the fair sex in France in general.—(p. 119.) His lordship does not quite descend to such garbage as Monsieur Pillet delights in; but, considering the difference of their births, education, and rank, we are constrained to say that to be mentioned in the same breath with that person, is a derogation which we wish his lordship had avoided, and that our critical duty could have spared him.

Lord Blayney, after a longer indulgence in the gaieties of Paris than we should have thought the French government was, even in politeness, bound to afford him, was removed, at first, to Verdun, as a parole prisoner, and afterwards (as a retaliation for the imprisonment of General Simon, who had broken his parole of honour in this country) placed in close custody. This proceeding was manifestly unjust, as it never was pretended that Lord Blayney, though he suffered much provocation, ever deviated in any respect, from the strict obligations of his military parole. This imprisonment was under the official authority of General Clarke, Duke of Feltre, but we are glad to do justice to that honourable man, and state that it appears that he was, in this instance, the *mere minister* of his government; and that, on other occasions, he always distinguished himself by a humane and gentlemanly deportment, and sometimes, by an active interference, to repress the petty tyrannies to which our countrymen were subjected: and we the more anxiously seize this opportunity of doing justice to this officer, because, in a former Number—deceived by the cloud of falsehood and concealment with which Buonaparte had covered all the internal transactions of France,—we mentioned General Clarke's name in the same sentence with those of some satellites of the tyrant, with whom he has since satisfactorily proved that he had no affinity of character. The moment, and the spirit, in which the Duke of Feltre undertook the ministry of war for the king; and the courage, loyalty, and talents with which he has executed the duties of his office, place him high on the list of the restorers of the monarchy and the deliverers of his country.

We also gladly quote the following account of Marshal Oudinot.

'The father of Marshal Oudinot was a *ci-devant* brewer at Bar, and the Marshal was himself bred to that trade. The former still resides at Bar, and does not arrogate any consideration from his rise; and the latter, although a *parvenu* of the revolution, bears a most excellent character. His military services have been distinguished; and his liberality is such, that though he might have amassed great riches in his various commands, and particularly in the Low Countries, he is said to be considerably in debt. He has received nineteen or twenty wounds.'—pp. 265, 266.

This

This gentleman, our readers will recollect, like the Duke of Fel-
tre, faithful to his duty, his oaths, and the true interests of France,
adhered to the king, followed him to Ghent, and dignified by the
nobility of his conduct the humility of his extraction.

While Lord Blayney was cooking, eating, and growling at Ver-
dun, the allied armies approached France, and the dépôt of pri-
soners was removed to the southward. In this second march, as
in the former, his lordship acquaints us with few other details
than those of the table—instead of describing this journey, by saying
that he passed through Clermont, Chalons, Epernay, Orleans, Blois,
Amboise, La Chatre, we should, to be consistent with our author,
say that he visited (referendo singula singulis,) a ‘ delicate poularde
aux truffes,’ (p. 288.)—‘ two fine capons,’ (p. 295.)—a batch of
Sillery Champagne, (p. 302.)—a large turkey, (p. 335.)—a dish of
pancakes, (p. 349.)—and a dozen of superior claret, (p. 373.)—At
length he arrived at Guéret in the département de la Creuse, where
he hired a country house, and patiently awaited the downfall of
Buonaparte, an event which his lordship gravely assures us was an-
nounced to him in a supernatural manner. This story is too
curious to be omitted, and too delicate to be given in any other
words than those of the noble author.

‘ I had a country house some miles distant from the town of Guéret,
over a bad road, having ravines, rivers, woods, and morasses to pass pre-
vious to arriving there; and in such a place, it may be presumed I was
removed from the source of intelligence or of news, unless I went into
the town. One Sunday evening, having invited some friends to pass
two or three days in the country, a strange event took place. While
drinking our wine after dinner, three of the wine glasses broke sponta-
neously in pieces, and the wine ran about the table and on the floor;
the clock, which before had struck tolerably correct, now struck two
hundred and sixteen; the screech owls, of which there were abundance
in the neighbourhood, made a hideous noise, and appearances were al-
together so strange, that I observed there must either have been an
earthquake, or some most extraordinary event had taken place. Our
imaginings, from being wound up to the highest pitch of conjecture
and anxiety, to devise a cause for such strange occurrences, were soon
set at rest by a most violent rapping at the door, which proved to be
an express, that brought us the agreeable and wonderful intelligence of
Napoleon's abdicating the throne, and the extraordinary change such
an event has since created on the civil and political system of the world,
—pp. 411, 412.

With this extract we think we might conclude, and leave our
readers to form their own opinions of Lord Blayney as a traveller
and historian; but this would be doing him injustice, for, though
his lordship appears less to have *travelled* than to have *eaten* his way
through France and Spain, and though his book is, in general, remark-

able only for its monstrous absurdities, yet it also contains evidence, not ostentatiously obtruded, but rather escaping unawares from his pen, that his lordship is really a generous and goodnatured man, one who has a very honest John-Bull spirit, and who appears neither to have avoided trouble nor shunned danger when his intervention became necessary to any of his less fortunate fellow prisoners: and though, as literary men, we can give little praise to his lordship's narrative of his forced journey, we have no doubt that many particulars of the journey itself are gratefully remembered by German, Spanish, and English prisoners, towards whom his lordship appears to have been, on all occasions, ready to extend every degree of protection and assistance which circumstances would permit.

ART. VI. *Minutes of the Evidence taken before the Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the State of Mendicity and Vagrancy in the Metropolis and its Neighbourhood.*—Ordered to be printed July 11th, 1815.

A WORTHY constituent of one of the most efficient members of the present Committee, intending to compliment his representative, is said to have observed to him, that, of all his useful labours, the *Mendacity* Report was likely to obtain for him the greatest credit. The joke was probably taken from the slang name given to the Committee by the fraternity whose 'life, character, and behaviour' it exposes. But vague and desultory as a great part of the evidence may be, there is no reason whatever to call in question its veracity; and it confirms the truth of all those extraordinary stories that have long been current respecting the imposition of beggars. There is not a trick or device related in Lazarillo de Tormes, Gusman d'Alfaraché, or the Diable Boiteux, that cannot be matched by the sons and daughters of mendicity and vagrancy residing in the bye corners, and infesting the streets, of London.

At the same time, we find nothing in the evidence contradictory of an opinion, which we have long entertained, that London, with a greater population, had less misery,—with greater opulence, less profligacy,—and with a worse police, better security and fewer nuisances, than any other great city in the universe; while it very forcibly evinces that these superior advantages are the spontaneous fruits of the sound good sense and peaceable disposition of the great mass of its inhabitants. But it also proves that its numerous institutions for the relief of suffering humanity, its munificent charities, both public and private, for alleviating distress in all its shapes, whether the consequence of vice, imprudence, or misfortune, and

and for the religious and moral education of the children of the poor, unparalleled as they unquestionably are, have little or no effect in diminishing the number of vagrants and street beggars.—The cause is not the insufficiency of the sums raised, but the want of some systematic appropriation to meet and check the nuisance complained of. The existing laws are stated to be fully adequate to the purpose: but they are suffered to sleep quietly in the great Statute Book, or are acted upon in so partial and imperfect a manner as to encourage rather than suppress the evil. We expect no good from any new law on the subject; yet we expect much from the publicity that will now be given to the frauds and impostures of the idle and profligate, who riot on the misplaced benevolence of the charitable and humane. To aid that publicity we shall endeavour to collect and condense the scattered parts of the evidence, so as to give a concise view of the whole system of beggary and vagrancy as at present conducted in this great metropolis.

The first mover of the present inquiry, we take for granted, is Mr. Martin, who, in 1802, undertook, under the sanction of the Secretary of State, an inquiry into the state of mendicity in the metropolis. His plan consisted in disposing of tickets to charitable persons, at three-pence each, for the purpose of distributing to beggars, who, on presenting them at the office of the institution, were paid the amount, and frequently more, in return for their history, which was carefully registered in books prepared for the purpose.

In little more than seven months 2000 examinations were taken by means of these tickets; which number, considering the shortness of the time, and that they were principally disposed of at the west end of the town, Mr. Martin conceives may be about a third part of the full-grown beggars in the metropolis; and from the result of the inquiry into these cases, he concludes the total amount of persons subsisting by beggary to be 15,288 individuals. Of these, the home parochials, including about 4,152 children, amount to 6,693; the distant parochials, including 1,467 children, to 2,604; and the non-parochials, including children, to 5,991; of which the Irish, including 3,273 children, amount to 5,310; the Scotch, including 309 children, to 504; and foreigners, including 87 children, to 177—and he intimates the sum required for their maintenance, and ‘extorted from the public by their importunities,’ at £97,126: 10s. being at the rate of sixpence a-day for the food, clothing, and lodging of the adults, and three-pence a-day for the children.—He might, we think, very safely have doubled it. Of the 2000 cases thus inquired into, 192 were men and 1,808 women; of the latter, 1,100 were married, 581 were widows, and 127 single; and from this disparity, joined to
other

other circumstances, Mr. Martin is disposed to think that in above half the cases that came before him, beggary had arisen from real distress. Perhaps it might be so; but few, we suspect, of those who shewed themselves at Mr. Martin's office, were common street beggars by profession. As a proof of this, it appears that not one third part of the tickets issued were brought in; that many beggars threw the tickets into the street; and it also appears, that of the 2000 who attended the first inquiry, not 100 shewed themselves at the second. Mr. Martin's evidence may, therefore, be considered as grounded on much too loose and uncertain data, to arrive at any just conclusion either as to the number or character of the professional beggars that haunt the metropolis.

It is probable that the Irish beggars exceed in number and depravity all the rest. Montagu Burgoyne, Esq. honorary secretary to a Society originally intended to give assistance to Irish families residing in Calmet Buildings, Orchard-street, in the parish of Mary-le-bone, states, that having heard that in twenty-four small houses, seven hundred Irish poor lived, he found them, on personal inquiry, to exceed that number; three or four families often residing in one room; that the court was totally neglected by the parish; was never cleaned; that people were afraid to enter it from dread of contagion, and that it was a perfect nuisance. 'I have been,' he says, in every room myself, and I beg leave to add, that neither in the town nor in the country, have I ever met with so many poor among whom there was so much distress, so much profligacy, and so much ignorance.'

From the discovery made in Calmet Buildings, the Society extended its researches into the state of the Irish poor throughout the metropolis; and though Mr. Burgoyne believes they have not been able to take an account of one-half, yet the number amounts to 6,876 grown persons, and 7,288 children under twelve years of age. In the parish of St. Giles's alone, 1,210 grown persons and 1,138 children: 'In this parish,' says Mr. Wakefield, land surveyor, 'I found an entire colony of Irish.' And the description which he gives of their moral and personal condition is most wretched and revolting. Mr. Sampson Stevenson, of King's-street, Seven Dials, overseer of the parish of St. Giles's, states, that of the £32,000 a year, raised within the parish, £20,000 goes to the maintenance of the lower Irish, who are non-parochial.—(p. 19.)*

Mr. Burgoyne further states, that in this account are contained but few Irish resident in Wapping, though he understood that great numbers were to be found there; he states also, that it was very

* Our references are made to the reprinted pamphlet, from which the extracts are taken.

difficult to educate their children, from the influence of the priests in preventing their going to any but catholic schools. The following paper, communicated by three members of a society instituted for benevolent purposes, proves what numerous hordes may elude the search of those who have no other view than that of discovering real objects of charity.

‘In visiting George-yard, leading from High-street, Whitechapel, into Wentworth-street, we found there were from thirty to forty houses apparently full of people; and being desirous of knowing the situation they were in, we gained access to several of them, where we had formerly visited distressing cases; and from the information we collected, we conceive that in these houses there are no less than two thousand people; the whole place, indeed, presents such a scene of human misery and dissipation, as can hardly be conceived. We learned from those we had access to, that one half of these inhabitants subsist almost entirely by prostitution and beggary; the other half are chiefly Irish labouring people.

‘In Wentworth street (adjoining the above yard) there are a great many houses occupied by inhabitants similar to those in George-yard. One of these (a private house, No. 58) we visited, and were not a little surprized to find that it contained one hundred beds, which are let by the night, or otherwise, to beggars and loose characters of all descriptions. In some of the lanes leading from this street, there are other houses of the same kind.’—(p. 64.)

To those who are acquainted with the national character of the Scotch, it will not be surprizing that so few of this nation applied at Mr. Martin’s office. Mr. Wakefield, who went from house to house for the Lancastrian Association, did not meet with a single Scotchman in all St. Giles’s! Yet North Britain throws off its swarms not less numerous, perhaps, than those of the sister kingdom; and London may be reckoned the general rendezvous of both; but they proceed thither with very different views; the one to save money, the other to spend what they get in jollity. The Scotch are industrious, frugal, persevering, and provident; and most of them have received a decent education. The Irish, on the contrary, are lazy, extravagant, thoughtless, extremely ignorant, and possessed, as Mr. Burgoyne says, of ‘so much ingenuity and so much imagination, that they will make a story which, on inquiry, turns out to be without foundation.’ Mr. Gordon, Treasurer of the Scottish Hospital, states, that the object of that society is to prevent mendicity, and to send home to Scotland those who may not be in a situation to maintain themselves here; but that as they discard all who have been begging in the streets, very few of that description apply to them. In fact, a Scotchman knows better than to remain unemployed in London till he must either starve or beg; ‘the world is all before him where to chuse; and there is no part

part of it, however distant or unfrequented, in which successful Scotchmen are not to be found.

There is, however, one sturdy beggar, and but one of this nation, that makes any sort of figure in the evidence delivered before the Committee; and this man preserved, in his degraded situation, at least one trait of the national character—thrift. John Smith, beadle of St. George's, Bloomsbury, informed the Committee, that,—

‘There was a Scotchman, some time ago, who had been often sitting in Hart-street, Bloomsbury; he was sitting with his back against the post, and his feet across the foot-path, begging charity. I went and got another person to assist me, and began to remove him; he was a very strong man; he had neither shoes nor stockings on. When I took him to the watch-house, I searched him, and found between thirty and forty shillings in halfpence and silver about him, in different pockets; he had got four waistcoats on, and three coats, and a robe tied round him, that hung just as you may see a lady's shawl flung over her; he appeared in a deplorable situation. I went down to Hatton Garden with him; and after he was ordered to be sent to prison and to the sessions, and I was bound over to prosecute him as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, I went into a public-house with him, and he said, “Ah, you search very well, but you have missed some point; now let us have something to eat.” He called for a pound of ham, and half a pound of beef, a pint of rum, and two pots of ale. He undressed himself, and pulled his garments off; and in his waistcoat there was a tin between the shoulders, such as they keep the pension tickets in. He pulled out a pension ticket, “Here is my pension ticket,” says he, “and here is something besides,” and I saw it was bank notes. I said, “How much is it?” he said, “Never mind, I will take care of them.” I said, “Perhaps you will be robbed when you are in prison.” He said, “No, if they rob me, they may rob the devil; sleeping or waking, I take care of what I have.” He told me he had a pension of eighteen pounds a year, from Chelsea.’—(p. 96.)

One great source of beggars, though it was attempted to be denied, arises out of the practice, which for its apparent inhumanity cannot be too much reprobated, of all the city parishes, except one or two of the larger, farming out their poor. These parishes, though small, are opulent, and consequently have few poor to maintain; yet light as the burthen is, they find it convenient to trust their maintenance to persons who, like *Gil Blas's* friend in Madrid, get rich by taking care of the poor, and who can have no other view than that of making a profit by them. James Robertson, of Hoxton, deposes that he farms the poor of forty parishes, amounting to about three hundred, all in one house, at the rate of six shillings a week per head, for which he supplies them with victuals, drink and lodging, and, after the first twelve months, with clothing; that they breakfast at nine, the women having tea and
sugar,

sugar, and bread and butter; the men, milk-porridge; begin to serve dinner at twelve, and to sup about six; that they never go out, except on Sundays, to places of worship, unless occasionally to see a sick relation, or a son come from sea; that they do some work, of the value of which they have one-third, and he, the contractor, two-thirds, for cutting it out, finding thread, &c.; that there is an acre of garden-ground to his house, and about a quarter of an acre of yard for them to walk in; that the men and women are kept separate; that the house was a gentleman's seat; that some of the rooms have two beds in them, some three, according to their size; and that two sleep in each bed; that he bakes his own bread, and brews his own beer; that his profits arising out of their earnings may amount to from £100 to £150 a year; that the churchwardens visit them once a month; that in cases of fever, they are sent to Guy's or Bartholomew's; that the children go to the parish school, and some to the Sunday school, and that they can read the Bible and Testament.

Thomas Tipple resides at Hoxton, and farms the poor of about seventeen parishes, one or two of which are at the west-end of the town, and one at Wapping,—the average number of paupers being about 230; in the winter time, nearly 300; the contract price regulated by the price of bread, being six shillings a week when the quartern loaf is about a shilling, besides a little profit from clothing them, and two-thirds of their earnings, by being employed on slop-clothing, one-third being allowed to the paupers themselves. Admits that they frequently go out, but not without his permission; that they are sometimes caught begging in the streets; that he himself has been stopped, when in a different dress, by his own lodgers, who told a deplorable story, but who to his knowledge had received their day's allowance before they set out; that these practices are not frequent, and that he gains nothing by it, as the day's provisions are served out too early to admit of that. The children, at two years old, are sent to Tottenham, where they go to school. The bill of fare he stated to be as follows:—'Bread, every day, fourteen ounces best wheaten; breakfast every morning, one pint and a half of gruel; meat on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, twelve ounces of uncooked, or eight ounces of cooked, without bone, with vegetables; broth, whenever the meat is boiled; butter, three ounces on Mondays and Fridays; cheese, three ounces on Wednesdays and Saturdays; small-beer, two pints each day; the choice of tea or coffee in lieu of the gruel.' In answer to a question whether they had any books, he replied, 'We have sometimes twenty, thirty, or forty Bibles about the house, sometimes not one, for there are so many so fond of that pernicious liquor, (gin,) that a Bible or nothing else would be valued by them; they make away with every thing.'

Edward

Edward Deacon, of Mile End, farms the poor of nearly forty city parishes, having about 170 at one house, situate at Old Ford, and about 350 at another, at Mile End, for which he receives six shillings a head; their diet and quantity much the same as at Tiptle's; may go out to see their friends on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

As this practice of farming out human beings when reduced to a state of poverty, like so many cattle, to mercenary contractors, is deserving of the severest reprobation, and cannot be sufficiently exposed, it is to be hoped that, after the testimony of two of the Members of the Committee, who visited these abodes of wretchedness, the wealthy citizens may be induced to adopt some better plan for the care and comfort of their poor parishioners.

Sir John Anstruther, Bart. made the following statement:—

'On Saturday last, Mr. Gordon and myself visited the houses of Mr. Robertson and Mr. Tiptle, at Hoxton; in the house of Mr. Robertson, the rooms appeared to be extremely crowded, there generally being from nine to ten and eleven in a room; so that when the beds were fet down, there was no vacant space in the room. There was extreme filth throughout the house; no classification in the paupers: and at Mr. Robertson's, there was no infirmary: we saw seven or eight sick paupers in bed. We found there was a practice went on, which is called *slating*, which is of this kind; if a pauper sends in the morning to the master of the house, stating that he does not wish for his dinner that day, he allows him two-pence halfpenny; they seemed to be allowed to go out on merely asking leave. The houses of Tiptle were rather cleaner, but the apartments were more crowded; however, in that house there was an infirmary, and there was some classification in respect of the paupers; but two of his houses were in a public court, with no outer door that locked; so that the paupers might go out at their own will and pleasure, no person of the family who farms them residing there to watch them.—We also visited the house of Mr. Deacon, at Mile End, which was very much in the same state as the other two.'

Robert Gordon, Esq. a Member of the Committee:—

'I have nothing to add to the statement made by Sir John Anstruther, but that the court in which the paupers were allowed to exercise, was particularly dirty, and there were pigs running about. On asking several questions of the pauper-women, I found that no soap was allowed them to wash their clothes; and that only one pair of sheets was allowed; consequently, when those were to be washed, which they were obliged to do themselves, they were forced to sleep without any sheets: and they stated that the practice of *slating*, as it is called, was absolutely necessary, that by the two-pence halfpenny saved they might provide themselves with soap and candles (for candles are not allowed at any period of the year). I saw a portion of bread, which was stated to be fourteen ounces, weighed, and it did not appear to me to be full weight; the bread itself was good. I also tasted the small-beer, which appeared

appeared to me extremely bad. In one room, eight-and-twenty feet long, by fifteen wide, there were two-and-twenty persons sleeping. We observed several idiots living promiscuously with the other paupers, and whose situation appeared to be particularly distressing. The statement of Mr. Robertson before this Committee, as to the clothing of the paupers, did not appear to us to be correct, as they were in general extremely ill-clothed; a man in Mr. Robertson's house was almost naked; he was obliged to wear an apron, in consequence of the state of his breeches; his name was George Roberts, of the parish of St. Swithin. There was one man that was blind, and had been so for five years; he had been a gentleman's coachman. There was a general complaint of the want of food, and that was increased by the absolute necessity, the women stated, for selling their dinner; that they seldom had meat above once a week, being obliged to sell the rest for soap and candles. We also found in Robertson's no coals allowed, except from the 9th November to the 23th March; in the other houses they allowed them for the six winter months. When these persons were before the Committee, considerable stress was laid, particularly by Robertson, on their giving work to paupers. Robertson's was the only house where we saw any work provided, and that consisted of picking oakum, and that by a very few individuals: above half the paupers were out on Saturday when we were there. In order to form a judgment between the two systems, we afterwards visited the workhouse belonging to St. George's, Hanover-square, in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, and found every thing in the best possible state, as it respected the support and comfort of the inhabitants; the paupers not being farmed out, but the parish supporting them in the house, and purchasing by contract, of different tradesmen, the articles which they required.—(pp. 125—127).

It can hardly be expected that these poor creatures, many of whom have, most likely, seen better days, should not take every opportunity of adding some little comforts to the miserable pittance that is daily doled out to them amidst filth and vermin; and, though we are most ready to subscribe to the opinion generally of the visitors of the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, 'that street-beggars are, with very few exceptions, utterly worthless and incorrigible,' yet we think that the asking of alms, in their unhappy situation, is a venial offence; others too, we doubt not, have been driven by sheer want to solicit charity. But we are now about to notice a class of persons of a very different description—objects dead to all sense of right feeling, and incapable of all shame—impostors by profession, who feed on the misapplied bounty of a too credulous public. Of the haunts and practices of the gangs of robbers and impostors, as well as of a few notorious individuals, who may justly be called 'sturdy beggars,' we shall extract a brief account from the evidence taken by the Committee.

From information communicated by three members of a Society instituted for benevolent purposes, it appeared that—

'In

'In Nicholas-court, Rosemary-lane, there are about twenty beggars, male and female, of the very worst description, great impostors, drunkards, blasphemers, &c. their rendezvous, the *City of Carlisle*, Rosemary-lane. In Mill-yard, Church-lane, about ten female beggars. In White-horse-court and Blue-anchor-yard, about fourteen beggars. In Dottridge-street, New-street, and St. Catherine's-lane, about thirty female beggars. In Angel-gardens, and Blue-gate-fields, about twelve beggars, four of them blacks. In Chapel-street, Commercial-road, six beggars. In Goodman's-yard, Minories, six beggars, affecting blindness. In the neighbourhood of Shoreditch and Bethnal-green, about thirty-five families may be computed at one hundred and fifty members, who subsist by begging and plunder. There are about thirty Greenwich pensioners who hire instruments of music, and go out in parties.'—p. 61.

The Rev. W. Gurney, rector of St. Clement Danes, and minister of the free chapel in West-street, St. Giles's, stated that—'there is one lodging-house in St. Giles's, kept by a Mrs. M'Arthy, a very respectable woman: she would not admit any who drank, and she has always a great many who sleep at her house.'

It certainly does not appear that Mrs. M'Arthy's lodgers are street-beggars. Mr. Gurney once went there to inquire after a lad, and 'being there, I remained the evening to see them come in to roost, and I saw above forty come in. There was a large candlestick stood on the table, containing pieces of rushlight: as each came in, she asked them "double or single;" if they said single, "fourpence:" they put down the fourpence; she put it into her sack, and then they took a bit of rushlight and went to bed.'—p. 43.

Sir Daniel Williams, a magistrate of the police office, Whitechapel, stated that a house in Church-lane, Whitechapel, was known by the slang name of the *Beggar's Opera*, some time ago; that the beggars of that neighbourhood used to resort there at evening, after having perambulated their different circuits, and lived well; that they spent a considerable portion of money, would have hot suppers dressed, and regale themselves with beer, punch, and often other liquor still more expensive. p. 69.

Joseph Butterworth, Esq. one of the committee, and an active member of the '*Stranger's Friend Society*,' says—

'There are two public-houses in Church-lane, St. Giles's, whose chief support depends upon beggars; one called the *Beggar's Opera*, which is the Rose and Crown public-house, and the other the Robin Hood. The number that frequent those houses, at various times, are computed to be from two to three hundred. I have been credibly informed that they are divided into companies, and each company is subdivided into what are called walks, and each company has its particular walk: if this walk be considered beneficial, the whole company take

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it by turns, each person keeping it from half an hour to three. or four hours. Their receipts, at a moderate calculation, cannot be less than from three to five shillings a day each person. They cannot be supposed to spend less at night than half-a-crown, and they generally pay sixpence for their bed. They are to be found in those houses throughout the day: but in great numbers from eight to nine in the morning, and late in the evening. It is their custom to sally out early in the morning, and those who have any money left of the preceding day's earnings, treat the rest with spirits before they begin the operations of the day. I have been informed that they have a kind of committee to organize the walks, and to be frequented by each person, and they generally appropriate the best walks to the senior beggars in rotation.—p. 72.

Mr. William Dorrell, inspector of the pavement of St. Giles's, has been on an evening, out of curiosity, at the Rose and Crown, kept by a man of the name of Sheen, and the Robin Hood, in Church-lane, by a man whose name is Pearl. 'I have seen them,' he says, 'some years back, at the time when the knives and forks, the snuffers, the pokers, tongs, and so on, were chained to the place, take fowls and such things for supper.' He also says that there were two cellars between Plumtree-street and Dyot-street, where they used to dress sausages for their supper, and where the things were chained to the table to prevent their being stolen.

Mr. Sampson Stevenson, overseer of the parish of St. Giles's, gave a similar account of another house, called the Fountain, in King-street, Seven-dials, where the beggars assemble, not only at night, but in a morning before they start upon their daily occupations. He has gone into the bar to see their manner of going on: they set out in a morning, some with knapsacks on their back, others without any. The former take any thing they can collect, old clothes and old shoes, which they bring to a place near Monmouth-street, where 'they *translate* old shoes into new ones; they make sometimes three or four shillings a day by old shoes only;' and 'their mode of exciting charity for shoes is invariably to go barefooted, and scarify their feet and heels with something or another to cause the blood to flow.' He says they are the worst of characters, get violently drunk, quarrel and fight, calling for gin, rum, beer, and whatever they like; ham, beef, and so on; broken victuals none of them will touch. 'There are houses where there are forty or fifty of them, like a gaol, the porter stands at the door and takes the money. For threepence they have clean straw, or something like it; for those who pay fourpence there is something more decent; for sixpence they have a bed. They are all locked in for the night, lest they should take the property. In the morning there is a general muster below.'—p. 79.

It appears that in the parish of St. Giles there are numbers of these

these houses : the persons who frequent them have no habitations, but live entirely by begging, or something worse.

Mr. W. Hale, silk manufacturer, of Spitalfields, states that beggars get sometimes ten or twelve shillings a day ; that they live extremely well, ' and will have rump steaks and oyster sauce in a morning frequently : ' and Samuel Roberts, watch-house keeper of St. Giles's, and St. George's, Bloomsbury, is quite positive that many of these beggars are in a much better situation than many of the working people. ' I have seen them,' he says, ' at the end of Compton-street, come out of the houses where they have been, with a leg and an arm tied up, and so on ; they have had four or five glasses of gin before they started, and have settled which way they should go : then they meet again in the evening, and cook their own geese, or their own turkeys, or they will cook a turkey and put sausages round it, and call it *an alderman hung in chains*.'—p. 132.

The Rev. Wm. Gurney bears testimony to the vile character of street-beggars, their impostures, and their carousing. ' There is a house,' he says, ' in Kent-street, where I have seen a great fat man, who moves himself about on a wooden board. When I lived near the Kent-road, I have seen eight or ten of these persons go into a miserable house in the lower part of Kent-street. I have seen tables set ; one a very long table, covered with a coarse cloth, but a clean one ; and there was something roasting. I was afraid to go in on account of this man, who was a very violent one : this man was among the rest ; they were going to have their dinner at the fashionable hour of seven.'—p. 40.

Most of our town readers will have taken notice of this jolly farmer-looking beggar, apparently cut down to the trunk, and fixed on a kind of wooden bowl or sledge, which he shuffles along by two short pieces of wood in his hands. We have heard a story of his having enlisted while sitting at table with a recruiting sergeant, who, finding himself imposed upon, endeavoured to take back by force the money he had given to him, but received a complete thrashing from this trunk of a man.

Most of the notorious sturdy beggars that we see in the streets, many at fixed stations, belong to some or other of these gangs. There is a man, cleanly dressed like a sailor, who infests St. Paul's Church-yard, led by a dog with a string, carrying a hat in his mouth. This man has been in Bridewell a dozen times. When taken up, he says his dog is the beggar, not he ; and a good beggar the dog is, for Mr. Holdsworth, the senior city marshal, says it could be proved, and that the fellow himself indeed confessed it, that he could get on an average thirty shillings a day.'—p. 27. A young man goes about half naked, with flowers in his hand, who is said to have

have money in the funds; he calls himself an independent beggar, and is reputed the best boxer in St. Giles's.—p. 72. Another of the same description, without a hat, and his naked arms thrust through a tattered waistcoat, limps and crawls along as if scarcely able to move, yet he is a great boxer and fencer, and Mr. Butterworth says he has seen him walk off the ground as quickly as most people on the appearance of a beadle, or a Bow-street officer.—p. 78. One *Granne Manoo*, a stout athletic man, goes about almost naked, so as to be an object of disgust. This man makes large sums of money by collecting shoes and old clothes; but he is so vile a character, and so abusive, that he is scarcely out of gaol three months in the year.—p. 77. The beadle of St. George's was about to take up an impostor with his leg in a wooden frame; but on laying hold of him he threw away the wooden frame, and scampered off with a better pair of legs than those of the beadle, like the beggar in *Le Diable Boiteux*, 'si alerte et si léger, qu'il passeroit un daim à la course.' He afterwards saw him with an arm tied up in a sling.—p. 96. There is a fellow of the name of Harding, a Greenwich pensioner, a most depraved character, and gross impostor; he lives by collecting old clothes, shoes, &c. he says 'he is allowed but a bloody seven pounds a year for a pension; but that he can make a day's work in an hour in any square in London.' One John Collins, in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's-in-fields, known to the beadles by the name of the *soap eater*, is a great impostor, and throws himself into fits.—(p. 131.) A Chelsea pensioner of the name of Babington, whose pension is six or seven-and-twenty pounds a year, is stated to be one of the most profligate and abandoned characters that infest the town; his station in summer is against the Duke of Devonshire's wall in Piccadilly.—(p. 104.) There was a man of the name of Butler, who walked with a stick led by a dog, and hitting the curb-stone as he went along: he affected blindness; but could see so well that in the evenings he wrote letters for his brother beggars. A fellow in Russell-street, Russell-square, never takes less than a quarter of gin at a draught, and may be found daily rolling in the kennels by three or four o'clock.—(p. 101.) A lame man with a crutch and stick takes his station in Tottenham-court-road, who, as soon as he gets two-pence halfpenny, goes to the *Black Horse*, and takes a glass of gin, and continues this till he can no longer stand.—(p. 105.) Though many of these beggars obtain large sums of money, we suspect that very few save any thing for a future day. Mr. Butterworth says that the visitors of the 'Stranger's Friend Society' well knew a negro beggar who, about two years since, used to stand by Messrs. Elliott and Robinson's tea warehouse, near Finsbury-square, who has retired to the West India with a fortune,

it is supposed, of about 1,500*l.* obtained by begging. We are old enough to remember a blind man who for a great number of years took his station under the passage of Newcastle House, at the entrance into Lincoln's-inn-fields, who was reported to have left a large sum of money in the funds; and another blind man who used to remain on his knees the whole day on the small bridge over the Greenwich-road, who was said to have left a decent fortune to a distant relation. It was then very much the fashion for beggars to have permanent stations, which they so much considered their own, as to dispose of them by sale. We perfectly recollect an advertisement in the Daily Advertiser of 'A blind man's walk, near Moor-fields, to be sold, with a staff and a well-trained dog; the present occupier retiring from business.'

It would seem that the greatest impostors, and the most profligate and abandoned beggars, are the women. Wherever a woman is seen begging with twins, which is no unusual thing, nine times out of ten she may be set down for an impostor. The beggars on those occasions match children belonging to the community, as to age and appearance, and take them out by turns. Mr. Wm. Hale, of Spitalfields, states, that the paupers of their work-house are allowed to go to a place of worship on Sundays; that one woman used, as she said, to go to a chapel in the City-road. One of the overseers coming out in the evening, after service, heard a voice, 'Pray remember a poor blind child; have mercy, have pity on a poor blind child.' Knowing the voice, he turned round, and recognized her to be one of the paupers, who had borrowed or hired this blind child for the purpose of exciting pity. 'I have known,' says Mr. Hale, 'a woman sit for ten years with twins, and they never exceeded the same age.'—(p. 119.) A man and his wife in Charles-street, Drury-lane, lived by begging; when the woman was about to lie-in, a benevolent neighbour, perceiving that she had neither bed nor bedstead, furnished her with both; but he soon found that the bedstead had been cut up and made into a rabbit-hutch; and on inquiring the reason, was told by the beggar, that charitable persons would occasionally visit them, and finding they had neither bed nor bedstead, would be more disposed to give them money.—(p. 73.) The Rev. Henry Budd, Chaplain of Bridewell Hospital, states, that a woman having applied to a Lying-in Society, one of the visitors went to her house, and found *eleven* different sets of clothes, which she had obtained from as many different charitable societies.—(p. 66.) 'One evening,' says Mr. Dorrell, 'I was coming down Tottenham-court-road: a man and woman, both beggars, were quarrelling; the man swore at the woman very much, and told her to go down to such a place, and he would follow her. I said to myself, I will see this out. She appeared to be pregnant, and

and very near her time. I went down to Sheen's; there was a quarrel; and he said, "I will do for you presently;" and he up with his foot and kicked her, and down came a pillow stuffed with straw, or something of that kind; she was very soon delivered.—(p. 101.) Almost all the children that are found begging in the streets are sent out by their abandoned parents, with strict injunctions not to return to them until they have procured in some way or other, a certain sum, from six-pence to half a crown; and they are usually sent by their mothers, who spend the money in gin. A strong healthy woman of the name of O'Keefe, about two-and-thirty years of age, has a little boy and girl, who beg about Great Russell-street; they were sent to the Catholic Free-school, of St. Giles's, but soon absented themselves. On Mr. Finigan, the master, inquiring why she would not let them attend, she replied, 'God bless you, sir, these children earn eight shillings a day for me!' he further stated, that she goes very naked and dirty, and that he saw her almost every day in a state of intoxication.—(p. 137.) Mr. Finigan gives a shocking account of the general depravity of the mothers of children put under his care. There was an old woman, he says, who kept a night-school for the sole purpose of teaching female children the street language; they had fictitious names; one child was to act Mother Barlow, and another Mother Cummins; and in those characters, the old wretch instructed them in all the manoeuvres of scolding, and making use of the most infamous expressions, and clapping their hands at each other. The most disgraceful scenes ensued; and if Mother Barlow, in the following day, should get within the limits of Mother Cummins, they were each prepared to defend themselves, and to excite a mob.—(p. 138.)

There still remains to be noticed another class of beggars, who are as great a nuisance and, at the least, as great impostors as any we have yet mentioned; we allude to the beggars by letter or petition, and their accomplices. Mr. Butterworth states, that there are many persons who gain a livelihood by writing these letters and petitions. A man in Rose-street, Long-acre, and another in the Broadway, Westminster, get their living entirely by that employment.—(p. 75.) Mr. John Cooper, a Member of the Committee, and one of the Stewards of the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, says, that a Member of Parliament sent him a letter which he had received from a person, stating himself as residing in Church-row, Aldgate, and describing himself as the nephew of an Irish baronet, his wife the daughter of an Irish peer, both reduced to the greatest misery through long illness, and soliciting relief.—He described his wife as confined to her bed, and himself unable to leave his room. Mr. Cooper went to the spot the very day after the letter purported to have been written, and

found the house unoccupied; and that it had been so for many days; that a person describing himself such as represented in the letter, had lived there, but that there had been no illness in his family.—(p. 113.) Soliciting subscriptions to books which are never meant to be published, is another practice of obtaining money: some subsist by carrying their petitions from door to door, with a list of contributors at the end of them, generally beginning with one of the royal family, of the peerage, or the bench of bishops. Robert Lent, beadle of St. George's, knows a man of the name of Carter, who lodged in Little Coram-street; says, that the woman of the house told him, there was not a day but bundles of linen came, and provisions, and one pound notes, from persons to whom he had written letters of distress. John Smith, another beadle of the same parish, knows Carter; says, he is now no longer a lodger, but has the house to himself, and lets it furnished, keeps an old iron shop, and deals in rags and bottles, and things of that sort; that he obtains his living chiefly by writing to different families; and that it is well known to the neighbours, that his wife is in waiting at home while he goes out with his letters; his children also are kept in the way in apparent want, and the wife generally lies in bed, that she may be seen in that state by the ladies who come to relieve their distress: he states that one lady of great respectability in Russell-square has been a great friend to this poor sick lady of Mr. Carter; who, it seems, in addition to his other employments, 'is a bit of an attorney, or something of that kind, and frequently brings the people into bigger scrapes than they were before.'—(p. 130.)

While on the subject of impositions, we cannot forbear noticing a case brought forward by the Hon. Edward Harbord, far more scandalous, and deserving of punishment, than mere acts of vagrancy. He states, that he became a member of a society called 'The Laudable Institution,' established in August, 1800, for the avowed purpose of affording relief to the industrious poor, by supplying them with good meat and vegetables, at a low rate. Mr. Harbord, as a subscriber of two guineas a year, was entitled to send paupers for relief; but on applying at the office, No. 36, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, he found it was a butcher's-shop, kept by one Smith; that Mr. John Purfield, the Treasurer, did not attend as stated in the advertisement; and he had reason to suspect that the whole was an imposition. At the advice of Mr. Nares, he took a Bow-street officer, and demanded to inspect the books. In one year, meat to the value of £20, and in another, to £70, was the utmost that had been charged to Mr. Purfield, and no vegetables had ever been delivered out. On a description being given of Mr. Purfield's person, it appeared he was already in the pocket-book of the Bow-street officer, as a notoriously infamous character, who

who kept a house of ill-fame in the city. Mr. Harbord next applied to the vestry of St. George's parish, proposed a subscription to carry on a prosecution against this swindler, but the vestry would not adopt the measure, and the matter dropped. Lord Anson, however, having mentioned to Mr. Harbord, that Mr. Purfield had called on him in the year 1814, for his subscription, he again took up the investigation, and consulted Mr. Gurney, the barrister, how he should proceed; by his advice, he waited on Mr. Birnie, the magistrate of Bow-street, who feared that the law would not touch Mr. Purfield, but suggested the propriety of sending a hand-bill to each individual subscriber, dated 'Public Office, Bow-street,' designating Mr. Purfield as an impostor. Sir Nathaniel Conant, however, differed from Mr. Birnie, as to the propriety of issuing such a hand-bill; and Mr. Harbord, as the last resource, applied to Mr. Rose, the Chairman of the present Committee, in order that if the law would not touch the fraud, as it now stood, provision should be made for reaching so infamous an offence. Sir Nathaniel is a great lawyer, and knows Burn's Justice from end to end; but with all due submission to Sir Nathaniel, we conceive he would not only have been justified, but that it was his duty, to post this fellow for a swindler, and issue his warrant for apprehending him. The number of these *Laudables*, including Dukes, Duchesses, Lords, Ladies, Honourables, and Right Honourables, Reverends, and Right Reverends, Baronets, Knights, and Esquires, amounted, it seemed, to 275, and the least their worthy treasurer could receive was a snug recompense of five hundred guineas a year!—(p. 109.)

Having now selected from the body of the Evidence, a few specimens of the sort of impositions practised on the good-natured public, we shall next inquire what measures are, or ought to be, adopted for preventing the spread of the evil, or curing the existing disease. Though it is stated in the evidence, that the number of beggars infesting the streets of the metropolis has not increased within the last thirty years, yet it does not appear that it has much diminished: that the nuisance has not altogether been suppressed can only be owing either to the insufficiency of the existing laws, or to the neglect of those whose duty it is to put them in execution. It is admitted, however, even by Sir Nathaniel Conant, after a good deal of squeezing, that by a strict execution of the laws now in force, the streets *might* be cleared of beggars—but then the putting of those laws into execution would introduce such a degree of severity, that, according to Sir Nathaniel's phraseology, 'it would be quite as great, as the laceration of the mind of the passenger on seeing such objects.'—(p. 60.) The people of Edinburgh, however, have completely cleared that large city of beggars, and we believe, without much 'laceration of mind,' by simply finding them lodging, employment,

employment, and food, not indiscriminately dealt out, but suited to the merits of each individual case. We could mention forty large towns in England, in none of which would a beggar dare to shew his face, because the magistrates do their duty, and the 'laws are strictly executed.' In London, they are not only not executed, but the breach of them is daily and hourly connived at. Mr. John Stafford, chief clerk of the office in Bow-street, states, that it is not considered as any part of the duty of the Police-officers to apply themselves to beggars, that being a business more appertaining to beadles and constables of parishes; and the beadles complain that if vagrants are taken up by them, the magistrates very frequently let them go. John Smith, beadle of St. George's, says, he has Burn's Justice, which instructs him what to do, but the magistrates will not sometimes take the trouble to look at it, and then he is obliged to tell them what to do.—(p. 95.) Robert Lent, another beadle of St. George's, complains that the magistrates discharge notorious vagabonds and common vagrants when brought before them. Samuel Roberts, watch-house-keeper of St. Giles's, also deposes, that the magistrates will very seldom commit them.—(p. 132.) Besides, the beadle runs some risk in taking up a street-beggar; he is almost sure to be ill-treated by the rabble, who take the part of the beggar, not we believe through the 'ill-advised kindness of individuals,' as Mr. Francis Hobler, the clerk to the Lord Mayor, seems to think, but from that inveterate hatred which the rabble always bears towards legitimate authority; and the appearance of a bit of gold-lace and the cocked-hat is quite enough to provoke the exercise of that hatred on the person of the poor beadle.—(p. 19.)

The commitment of the magistrates, however, seems to be of very little use towards the suppression of vagrants and street-beggars. The usual process is to send them to Bridewell or to some other house of correction, as they are misnamed, for seven days, as the *Act directs*; from whence they are passed to their proper parish; or, if extra-parochial, to Bristol or Liverpool to be shipped for Ireland—that is to say, they are taken up for begging in the parish of St. George's, Hanover-square, 'to be very well fed' for seven days in Bridewell, as the Rev. Henry Budd testifies, and then let loose again to beg in the parish of St. George's, Bloomsbury; and if the beadle of this parish is a stout resolute fellow, that regards not the mob, and the sitting magistrate happens to be in a committing humour, away goes the vagrant a second time to 'feed well' for another seven days in Bridewell; unless he should be recognized for a common vagrant, and then he gets a few months imprisonment. If they belong to one of the distant parishes, the process is the same, with this difference, that the beadle of the parish in which they were taken up and committed to Bridewell,

well, goes, at the expiration of the seven days, to conduct them to a worthy gentleman of the name of Thomas Davis, 'Contractor for the County of Middlesex for conveying vagrants in and through the County of Middlesex.' This Thomas Davis says, he can prove that he has passed 'as much as twelve or thirteen thousand a year,' including those individuals, however, whom he 'passes many times' in the course of the year. He has two horses, and he carries the vagrants in carts. His house, he says, will accommodate from fifty to sixty people, and he is allowed sixpence a day, for three days, for man, woman, and child, in his own house, to enable him to assort his cargoes for the different directions of the county of Middlesex, and the same rate while travelling. He has, besides, four receiving houses, at Egham, Colnbrook, Ridge, and Cheshunt. The Greenwich and Chelsea pensioners, he says, are the greatest vagabonds and the most outrageous persons that are passed; he does not feed his inmates, but gives them the sixpence a day to purchase what they please. Those belonging to Middlesex he delivers at once to their respective parishes, who generally turn them out again, sometimes before he can get a receipt for their delivery. Those of the distant parishes he delivers to the Contractor for the next county, and takes, as a return cargo, those who may be on their passage into the county of Middlesex, and who are taken in by a Mrs. Meads, of Egham, to whom he pays six guineas a year for her trouble and lodgings. As to those vagrants who are to be passed over to Ireland, not one in ten, he says, is ever shipped; they ride down in carts to Holyhead, Bristol, and Liverpool, are turned adrift, and work their passage up again to the metropolis, by pilfering and begging, and thus 'the wheel goes round.'

The Committee, we think, would have done well to inquire a little farther into the remuneration of Mr. Thomas Davis for a service by no means agreeable, of great anxiety, constant vigilance, and from the most meritorious performance of which, neither credit nor character can be obtained. He states that he has an annual salary of 300*l.* a year from the county and nothing else; that the sixpence a day is invariably given to the people to feed themselves, out of which he has no advantage; that his house-rent is forty guineas a year, besides taxes, which cannot be less than 12*l.*—that his assistant has from him above a guinea a week, besides his expenses, which are not less than 30*l.* a year; the four receiving houses cost twenty-four guineas a year, his two horses 104*l.* a year, all of which amount to 267*l.* 16*s.* every farthing of which he says goes out of his salary; so that there is left only a balance for himself of 32*l.* 4*s.* a year! And yet he tells the Committee, that for the last fifty years there have only been three contractors, Adams, Brothwell, and himself; and that Brothwell is now
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the keeper of Bridewell. If Mr. Davis had been closely pressed, it would probably have turned out, that of the twelve thousand paupers annually passed by him, at least six thousand belonged to the metropolis and its vicinity, and were sent adrift the very day he received them from Bridewell; drawing their three days' pay for this number, at sixpence a day each, gives him at once 450*l.* a year, to say nothing of those which he drops by the way 'in dark nights' and in 'the winter time;' when, he says, 'they would get away unless I stood over them with a drawn sword.'—(p. 94.) But instead of six, we shall, perhaps, be nearer the mark in stating nine thousand for the number of those who are not fortunate enough to get a jaunt in one of Mr. Davis's carts, and this would give him 675*l.* a year. Our supposition is made on this ground: Mr. Davis generally keeps two horses *in the winter*, and we presume two carts. Now supposing each cart to make a trip to the borders of the county and to return with a fresh importation for the metropolis, once in four days throughout the whole year, that is, each cart ninety times, it would require sixteen or seventeen people for each cargo, which, we apprehend, is quite as much as one horse would be able to draw, to convey the remaining three thousand.—But as the Committee intends to pursue its inquiries, we have no doubt the Middlesex contractor for passing vagrants will be further examined.

It is quite clear that this practice of passing beggars, vagrants, and paupers, is neither prevention nor cure for the evil. The causes of beggary are obvious enough—sickness and misfortune, want of employment, idleness, drunkenness, prostitution. One of the most general and prominent sources of the numerous instances of wretchedness which Mr. Wakefield witnessed, in his survey of St. Giles's, he states to originate in the multitude of Irish who were living in a state of want, dirt, and ignorance: having no legal title to parish relief, their only resource is that of mendicity or thieving. The lottery, he thinks, is a second cause of mendicity; and he relates, as an instance, the case of an industrious man who applied to the Committee of the Spitalfields Soup Society for relief; and who, on being asked his profession, said he was a 'Translator,' which, when *translated*, signifies, it seems, the art of converting old boots and shoes into wearable ones; but the lottery is about to draw, and, says he, 'I have no sale for boots or shoes during the time that the lottery draws;'—the money of his customers being spent in the purchase of tickets or the payment of insurances.*

Mr.

* Nothing shews the power of habit more than this idle tale, which, having once been true, is still repeated, though the grounds of it are no longer in existence. It is always greedily received and readily believed; and he must be a very stupid vagrant who does not discover that the most popular apology which he can offer for begging or stealing,

Mr. John Daughtry who, as connected with the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, has visited many hundred poor families, thinks that the suppression of the great haunts or lodging-houses, the resort of the worst class of mendicants, would contribute to cure the evil of street-beggary; but that the most effectual preventive would be to enlighten the public mind on this point, and check the injudicious benevolence which supports and encourages such vagrants. There is indeed no doubt that beggary receives its chief support from the mistaken humanity of the people of the metropolis. If this humanity was wholly exercised in relieving the sick and the unfortunate at their own houses, either directly themselves or through the medium of some of those numerous benevolent societies, of which there are probably not fewer than fifty in London, their charity

is—the having been driven to it by ‘adventuring in the lottery.’ We are not displeased to have an opportunity of saying a word on this theme of perpetual misrepresentation. The love of gambling is as old as ‘mendicity’ itself, and the cause of it must be sought in human nature: but to the evidence.

The sixteenth of a lottery ticket, which is the smallest share that can be purchased, has not, for many years, been sold under thirty shillings; a sum much too large for a person who buys old shoes ‘translated,’ and even for the ‘translator’ himself, to advance: we may, therefore, safely conclude, that ‘the purchase of tickets’ is not the mode of gambling by which Crispin’s customers are brought to distress.

Until the year 1800, the drawing of the lottery (which usually consisted of 60,000 tickets for England alone) occupied forty-two days, in succession; it was, therefore, about forty-two to one against any particular number being drawn the first day; if it remained in the wheel, it was forty-one to one against its being drawn on the second, &c.; the adventurer, therefore, who could for eight-pence insure the return of a guinea, if a given number came up the first day, would naturally be led, if he failed, to a small increase of the deposit, according to the decrease of the chance against him, until his number was drawn, or the person who took the insurance money would take it no longer. This was undoubtedly a very infatuating mode of gambling, as the passion was thus kept alive from day to day; and though we do not believe that it created mendicity, yet it mainly contributed, with the gin-shops, night-cellars, obscure gambling-houses and places of amusement, to fill the pawnbrokers’ shops, and diminish the profits of the worthy ‘translator of old shoes.’

To remedy this evil as far as the lottery was concerned, Mr. Perceval introduced a new set of regulations, by which every lottery has since been drawn in one, two, or at most, four days: thus reducing the chances so greatly, that it has not been found worth the insurer’s while to run any risk whatever for the trifling advantage that would accrue to him in case of success; and utterly destroying the infatuation of perpetual gambling, by fixing the days of drawing at irregular intervals, but never within ten of one another.

Other regulations have been made by the present ministers. The offices are closely watched, and offences, when detected, severely punished. Insurance, we believe, is reduced to nothing. We hear of no new speculators in this traffic; and, at least, we are sure that it would puzzle the most knowing professional man to discover any cases at the Old Bailey, either of ‘insurers or adventurers.’ We wish we could say the same of obscure gambling-houses, of which we believe there are, at this moment, a dozen complaints or more on the file.

It must be observed that our strictures are confined to the state lottery. ‘Little Goes,’ and other fraudulent modes of chance, conducted by desperate and needy wretches in garrets and cellars, though perpetually confounded even by the magistrates themselves, with the former, we have not leisure to notice. The most praiseworthy vigilance, we understand, is employed in detecting them; but where the knaves and the dupes are equally profligate and artful, the extinction of the evil must be slow and laborious.

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would be sure of being well bestowed ; but giving indiscriminate alms to a street-beggar is a direct encouragement to idleness and profligacy. Mr. Butterworth justly observes, that begging has a direct tendency to degrade the mind, and that when once a man has submitted to ask and receive alms he will rarely return to habits of industry. It appears, from unquestionable evidence, that no worthy people, however distressed, have been known to have recourse to street-begging ; that those who have visited thousands of families for the purpose of relieving their distresses unasked, have invariably found the best informed, the most decent and comfortable in their dwellings, to be the most backward in accepting the proffered relief. The most deserving objects of real and deep distress are the last to court attention to their unhappy situation in the public streets and highways ; they are neither clamorous nor obtrusive, but brood over their misery in secrecy and silence ; they must be sought out in obscure and unfrequented corners, in the dark and confined courts, the bye lanes and narrow alleys of this overgrown city.—To discover and relieve such objects is true charity.

It is pretty clear that beggary has its origin principally in the ignorance and profligacy of those who are brought up in the profession or enter upon it at an advanced period of life ; and it is, therefore, of the highest importance to check the evil in its origin, which cannot, perhaps, be more successfully accomplished than by planting in the minds of the rising generation, the seeds of a moral and religious education. The beneficial effects of Sunday schools are testified by so many respectable witnesses, that we feel pleasure in giving additional publicity to some interesting cases mentioned in the minutes of evidence.

Mr. Cooper, one of the Stewards of the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, states, that in almost every case he and his colleague could tell by the appearance of the children and their behaviour, and the appearance of the habitations frequently, whether the children were in the habit of receiving any instruction or not. ‘ I have been connected,’ he says, ‘ with Sunday schools for these ten years past, and have been a visitor to a large Sunday school for these last eight years and a half, in which there are between six and seven hundred children instructed ; and the beneficial effects, in so many respects, have appeared to me so obvious, that I have for some years considered that Sunday schools, above all other institutions with which I am acquainted, are most calculated to better the condition of the poor.’—(p. 111.) He further states, that the benefits of these schools are not confined to the children, but are extended to their families, by introducing the habit of keeping the rest of the children clean and decent, and sometimes they are of much higher importance, as in the following instance related by Mr. Cooper.

‘ A poor

* A poor woman applied on a Sunday morning for a bible for her girl, who had left the School the preceding Sunday; this girl not having got one on account of there not being a sufficient number for distribution; and as she had gone to service, her mother applied the following Sunday for this bible. I made some inquiries of her respecting her daughter, and learnt that she had five girls successively in the same school. I asked her whether she thought her children were any the better for the instruction they had received there. She replied, with great earnestness, "The better, sir! I can never be thankful enough to God and to the gentlemen of this school, that my children were taught there, and for the instruction they have received." I inquired in what respect; and she told me, that before the eldest girls were admitted into the school, neither she nor her husband attended a place of worship, and they lived by no means comfortably together; but after the two eldest girls had been some time in the Sunday school, they said to her one Sunday, "Mother, you never go to church or chapel, why do you not go?" She was very much struck with this, and began to think of the circumstance of her being taught in this manner by her child, and began herself to attend a place of worship, and, some time after, her husband also. She added, that they considered their children their greatest blessings; that all the girls had gone to service, and had behaved well and obtained good characters. And she moreover added, as one motive of thankfulness, that when she looked into other poor families, and observed what trouble many of them had with their children, and when she heard them cursing and swearing in the streets, never hearing a bad word from any of her's, she thought she could not say enough as to the benefits her children and her family had derived from the school.—(p. 112.)

Mr. John Daughtry also bears the most decided testimony of the beneficial influence of Sunday schools, and their direct tendency to counteract the dispositions and habits that might lead to mendicity. He states that in a few months after admission the very appearance of the lowest order of children may be observed to undergo a decided improvement, more cleanly and more tidily dressed, and their minds evidently raised a degree farther from the meanness and degradation of mendicants; that the benefit is frequently extended to parents; nay, that whole communities might be mentioned as having received important benefit from the institution of schools, and he adduces Hoxton and Haggerston as striking instances of the happy effects in the moral improvement of the depraved poor, which, he says, is visible to all the neighbouring inhabitants. The children belonging to the schools are visited by the benevolent persons connected with these schools; and the poor have expressed such surprize at the interest taken in their welfare; and the welfare of their children, that it has had the best possible effect.—(p. 117.)

Mr. Hale says there has been a great alteration in the moral condition

dition of Spitalfields since the establishment of Sunday schools ; that the character of the poor of the parish is very different from what it was thirty or forty years ago ; that owing to their moral and mental improvement they resisted all attempts from Nottingham and other quarters to seduce them into riot and disturbance ; and he believes that no instance is to be found where so multitudinous a poor congregate together in so small a space with so little inconvenience to their neighbours.—(p. 123.)

We must not omit the testimony of Mr. Butterworth in favour of Sunday schools, which, from all his inquiries and observations, he has no doubt have a great tendency to prevent mendicity in the lower classes of society.

‘ A large school, which I frequently visit at Drury-lane, which has upwards of 600 children, has produced many instances of great mental and moral improvement amongst the lower classes of society. At this time there are no less than twenty chimney-sweep boys in that school, who, in consequence of coming there, have their persons well cleaned every week, and their apparel kept in decent order. I have the names of their masters. Some of the employers of those chimney-sweep boys are so well satisfied with the school, that they will take no child but what shall regularly attend it, as they find it generally improves their morals and behaviour. In another school in Hinde-street, Mary-le-bone, there are eleven chimney-sweep boys. Some time ago, when I happened to be the visitor for the day, a woman attended to return thanks for the education her daughter had received in Drury-lane school. I inquired whether her child had received any particular benefit by the instruction in the school. She said she had indeed received much good ; and I believe the woman’s words were—“ She should ever have reason to bless God that her child had come to that school : that before her girl attended there, her husband was a profligate disorderly man, spent most of his time and money at the public-house ; and she and her daughter were reduced to the most abject poverty, and almost starved ; that one Sunday afternoon the father had been swearing very much, and was somewhat in liquor ; the girl reproved her father, and told him, from what she had heard at school, she was sure it was very wicked to say such words. The father made no particular reply, but on the Monday morning his wife was surprised to see him go out and procure food for breakfast ; and from that time he became a sober industrious man. Some weeks afterwards she ventured to ask him the cause of the change in his character ; his reply was, that the words of Mary had made a strong impression on his mind, and he was determined to lead a new course of life. This was twelve months prior to the child being taken out of the school, and his character had become thoroughly confirmed and established : he is now a virtuous man, and an excellent husband.” She added, that they now had their lodgings well furnished, and that they lived very comfortably ; and her dress and appearance fully confirmed her testimony.’—(p. 74.)

Mr.

Mr. Butterworth illustrates further the efficacy of Sunday schools, even on adults, by the mention of one Henry Hardey, a common street-beggar, who attended Drury-lane school for eight years, and discontinued his former degrading habits, obtained a situation behind the counter of a tobacconist, and his brother also attended school, and became a gratuitous teacher; but these, we apprehend, are rare examples; the great bulk of the evidence goes to prove that street-begging is a hopeless disease.

Female prostitution is another great source of mendicity in the metropolis. It is the end to which most of those unhappy beings come who survive the diseases to which their habits of life expose them, but have lost their youth, their health, and their charms. The number of those unfortunate females who reform is so limited, that this source of mendicity is not likely, by any human means, to be dried up. The chaplain of the Bridewell Hospital stated, that for the first three or four years after his appointment he used to advise and interrogate the women of the town, and learn their histories; but he at length gave it up, when he found that one woman had been committed thirty-nine times, and others a vast number of times.—(p. 62.)

‘I do not know,’ says Mr. Budd, ‘a more pitiable description of human beings than the poor creatures who are brought in to us for a time: the mode of life in which they are living is reduced to a complete system. They are intoxicated a great part of the day, or they would not be able to support what they are to undergo at night probably. In fact, their life is such, that it tends to stupify the understanding, and to harden the heart, and the great difficulty is to make any impression on them; tears I can frequently draw from them, by representing the wretchedness and infamy of their situation; but tears are easily shed, and the impression soon wears off.’—(p. 67.)

But by far the most fertile source of mendicity, and one of the most serious evils regarding the poor in this great city, is the vast shoals of Irish that are perpetually pouring in, and become a nuisance and a burthen, particularly to the parishes in which they take up their abode. The Irish Charitable Society relieves a few, and sends a few others to their homes—about a thousand, Mr. Quin thinks, within the last two years and a half: ‘but what are they among so many?’ the absolutely indigent and the street-beggars the Society entirely rejects. The ease with which they get over in the packets and traders between Dublin and Liverpool, gives encouragement to their emigration. The passage-money is only half-a-crown a head; they lay in no provisions, and trust to their own ingenuity for a supply on landing. Mr. Wakefield says that when the packet has been kept out three or four days, they have been almost starved; that once he was afraid many of them would have died from want, in consequence of being becalmed.—(p. 26.)

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To check these emigrations would be one great step towards clearing the streets of vagrants. The children of these people are encouraged in begging; they are driven to it by their parents, that they may frequent the gin-shops; they refuse to let them go to a protestant school, lest their religious principles should be contaminated, and to a Catholic one, because they can earn two, three, or four shillings a day by begging. We know no other means of checking the evil but to lay a duty of twenty or thirty shillings on their importation, to be repaid, as a drawback, on their voluntary return, to be levied on the master of the vessel who brings them over when not able to pay it themselves. As long as these shoals of Irish are allowed to find their way to the capital, nothing can possibly rid the streets of them but strict confinement and compulsory labour.

We shall not attempt to anticipate the views of a future committee; the present one has made no report but the evidence, because they consider the inquiry as incomplete; they appear, however, to be of opinion 'that some new provision is necessary for preventing the intolerable inconvenience now experienced from the conduct of the idle and profligate vagrants.' We cannot say that we entirely agree with them on this score. The old provisions, if duly executed, will do the business. We believe that in all the countries of Europe wherever there has been a serious determination to get rid of street-beggars, the experiment has succeeded; the means of doing it have been various, but all of them have answered. In Munich, where the swarms of beggars had become so numerous, their impudence so great, their importunity so persevering, that they attacked passengers, and absolutely forced them to satisfy their clamorous demands, adding, as Count Rumford tells us, to their importunity, insolence, and threats; 2,600 of them were, in one week, dragooned by several regiments of cavalry into confinement, where they were fed gratis, and afterwards entered to work voluntarily. This cannot be done in London; and if it could, we doubt very much whether any of our sturdy beggars would return to make a second meal on Count Rumford's soup. In Vienna, beggars are suppressed, not by any superabundance of charitable institutions, but by the strictness of a military police. In Holland, they have the fear of the houses of correction, which are found in every town, where they are compelled to earn their scanty fare, by rasping *lignum vitæ*, teasing oakum, &c. In Prussia, there is a law which imposes a penalty on any one who shall give alms to a street-beggar; and the members of the institution of Hamburgh for the suppression of beggars, voluntarily imposed a fine on themselves if any of them should give indiscriminate alms.

No charitable institutions, however numerous, or however amply endowed

endowed, will prevent or even diminish the number of street-beggars. The public and private charities of London alone have been estimated to amount from £900,000 to 1,000,000 annually. Spain swarms with beggars clothed in rags, though the principal cities and towns abound in hospitals for the indiscriminate reception of all sorts of persons. The charitable institutions of Naples and Rome can only be exceeded by those of London: into the former all are received, and, if we may believe Baretti, every one, who will submit to become an object of charity, is considered as poor enough to deserve it—and yet in Italy, it has been said that every tenth person is a beggar.

Societies for the suppression of beggars, for the relief of occasional distress, and for the encouragement of industry among the poor, have been eminently successful in Edinburgh, in Bath, Bristol, Oxford, and several other large towns of England; and if in London each parish would form a society of the same kind, the evil would soon be very much diminished, though perhaps not wholly removed. The Rev. Henry Budd thinks that little can be expected until beggars are deprived of the pretext for begging, and that this can only be done by a large penitentiary system, and four or five establishments in different parts of the town, 'where every person knocking at the door might have admission;' and he adds, 'the great mass of misery which floats on this metropolis, I am fearful, can never be removed unless there is such a penitentiary system as that to which I have alluded.' These penitentiary houses are not meant to be, like the parish workhouses, mere nurseries for idleness; but, like the great *Hospicio*, or general workhouse at Cadiz, they would be supplied with spinning-wheels, carding-engines, looms, stocking-frames, for the women; and working benches with tools for carpenters, joiners, turners, tailors, shoe-makers, &c. into which all the distressed poor, whether parochial or not, ought to be admitted; where work would be found for those who are able to work, and food for all. No inquiries nor scrutiny into their previous history should be demanded; but, as Baretti says of similar institutions in Italy, 'the gates of such places, like the gates of heaven, should be opened wide to the distressed man, to the helpless babe or orphan, to the repenting prostitute, to every creature that knocks.'—And though it is not to be expected that each house would earn sufficient for its entire maintenance, yet it is no trifling consideration, as a matter of parochial economy, if institutions of this kind should be found to diminish by one half, or even one third, that unequal and oppressive tax now levied for the support of the poor.

ART. VII. *Tracts relative to the Island of St. Helena; written during a Residence of five Years.* By Major-General Alexander Beatson, late Governor, &c. 4to. London. 1816. pp. 330.

THE island of St. Helena had long been considered as a natural curiosity, and we had some books, and a great number of drawings and engravings which conveyed to Europe a very adequate notion of this extraordinary spot of ground; which, of all existing islands, certainly most deserves the fanciful description of 'a gem set in the ring of the sea.*' The selection of this place as the residence of Buonaparte has revived and increased the public curiosity on this subject; and, as usually happens, we have been, for the last six months, epidemically over-run with accounts, plans, and views of St. Helena, most of which are borrowed and deteriorated from former publications. The work now before us is, however, of a different character. It contains little else than statistical, meteorological and agricultural observations on the island, and plans for its better administration and cultivation, made by General Beatson during his government. The Tracts of which the volume is composed were published from time to time in St. Helena, for the purpose of stimulating and directing the efforts of public industry; and if Buonaparte had never communicated any share of the interest which he inspires, to St. Helena, we suppose that General Beatson might nevertheless have collected these essays into one volume; but it would have been, we presume, a volume of more modest dimensions and more moderate price.—Buonaparte seems to infect every thing he approaches with an unnatural pomp and inflation, and his residence at St. Helena has, we have no doubt, swelled out General Beatson's book, from its natural size and price of a six shilling octavo, to an ostentatious two guinea quarto, wire-wove, hot pressed, and adorned with engravings.

* The following curious allusion to St. Helena is to be found in Sir Paul Rycart's translation of the Spanish Critic, 1681.

'Within the chrysaline center of the hemisphere lies enamelled a small isle, or pearl of the sea, or esmerald of the land; to which the august empress gave it her own name, that it might be queen of all other isles, and crown of the ocean. This isle of St. Helena, (for so it is called,) in the passage from one world to the other, yields refreshment to the grand cargason of Europe, and hath always been a free port, preserved by Divine Providence between those immense gulfs to afford entertainment for the eastern catholic fleet.'

It is a singular coincidence that this author, describing a person shipwrecked on this island, should instance such a circumstance as one of the modes of terminating an illustrious political or warlike existence. 'The land,' he says, 'seemed too narrow a theater to act the tragedies of death, until man found a passage to his destiny through both elements. Perils do both fear and respect great persons whom death itself is sometimes ambitious to spare; thus the serpents spared Alcides, the tempests Caesar, the sword Alexander the Great, and the bullets had no commission for Charles the Fifth.'

A future translation will find it very 'germain to the matter' to add, that the guillotine spared Buonaparte, destined, we hope, to end his days in this very island.

The only portion of this gaudy volume, which is of any interest or value to Europeans, is the introductory chapter, in which, as a foundation for the practical details which ensue, General Beatson endeavours to shew that the island is capable of great improvement, and, if wisely improved, of affording a rich and inexhaustible depôt of fresh provisions and vegetables to the trade of the southern and eastern world. Hitherto its supplies have been scanty; and, as the demand was precarious, there was occasionally much disappointment, and always great extortion. The common opinion has been 'that the island is rocky and unproductive, mostly devoid of soil, scantily supplied with water, subject to severe and unusual droughts, and infested with vermin;' and that, under those disadvantages, a better cultivation was impracticable. General Beatson undertakes to prove, that all these assertions are greatly exaggerated, whenever they are not wholly unfounded.

He finds the island pre-eminently fruitful in corn and every species of fruit and vegetable;—abundantly supplied with fine springs and currents of water, which have long flowed *idly* into the sea, but which might be applied (as they have already been, in some instances, with signal success) to the purposes of irrigation. With regard to the supposed droughts, he proves, by the rain-gage, that the fall of rain at St. Helena is somewhat more than in London; nor does the rain come down at once in tropical torrents, because, except in *very dry* seasons, there is rain in every month in the year; and, on an average, the number of days on which rain falls, is 135. In the year 1810, for example, there were 141 days on which rain fell, of which the number in each month was as follows:

Jan. 11	Apr. 10	July 10	Oct. 17
Feb. 6	May 17	Aug. 13	Nov. 10
Mar. 17	June 10	Sept. 8	Dec. 12

Of the climate in general he, like all former writers, speaks in the most favourable terms. It is a happy medium between dull equability and violent vicissitude—the average temperature is, at the Plantation House, from 61 to 73 deg. of Farenheit; at James Town, on the sea shore, it is about 5° higher; and at Longwood, 2000 feet above the sea, about 5° lower than at the Plantation House. On the alleged plague of rats, General Beatson's experience is equally satisfactory;—by a little ordinary care, he cleared his farms and gardens of vermin more completely than he could probably have done in England.

The greatest want, however, under which the island labours is that of fuel. Coals have been actually sent from Newcastle to St. Helena, for the consumption of the island; and, under existing circumstances, we apprehend that this singular trade must be carried to a greater extent than heretofore. Fortunately the climate does

not require a great expense of fuel; and General Beatson asserts, that, in a very few years, with ordinary care, the island might be made to produce wood for its own consumption of fuel, and for all the other purposes of life.

We cannot follow General Beatson into the useful but dull details of the agricultural processes which he proposes, nor the various calculations with which he supports his doctrine: to our readers, they would be uninteresting, and in a great part unintelligible, though to the practical St. Helena farmer, they must have been very useful and necessary, as our readers will judge when we acquaint them that, though it is three hundred and thirteen years since the island was discovered, General Beatson has the honour of being its *Triptolemus*, and of first introducing the plough; and that, of two thousand acres fit for the purpose in the island, only eighty-eight are under cultivation.—p. lxiii.

We shall now present to our readers a slight sketch of the appearance of the island; such as it is exhibited in the General's introductory chapter.

St. Helena is a mass of rock, 10½ miles long, 6½ broad, and 28 in circumference; it is distant from Ascension Island, the nearest land, 600 miles,—from Africa, 1200 miles,—and from South America, 1800. It has every appearance of being the creation of a submarine volcano, or, what is more probable, the summit of a great submarine mountain, which formerly was a volcano. The coast is, on all sides, fenced by stupendous and almost perpendicular cliffs, rising to the height of from five hundred to more than twelve hundred feet above the sea. The principal inlets by which the island can be approached, are James Town, Rupert's Bay, Lemon Valley, on the N. W. side, and Sandy Bay on the S. E. All these landing-places are regularly and strongly fortified; but besides these principal places, there are also several ravines where persons *may*, though with difficulty, land; but most of these are also protected by batteries, or are so easily defended by rolling stones from the heights, that no body of men, attempting to gain the interior by any of these ravines, could, as General Beatson thinks, have the smallest prospect of success, (p. lxxxii.); and he states his opinion, that two or three men stationed on the heights above the entrance of any one of these ravines, would render it utterly impossible for any number of troops, however great, to approach them; and this opinion is, he states, founded on repeated experiments made at Goat Pound Ridge, which is over the landing-place of Young's Valley. The account of these experiments appears to us to savour a little of exaggeration; our readers shall judge—

‘A single stone, which weighed about eighty pounds, being set off from

from the top of this ridge, very soon acquired a rotatory motion, and at first rebounded greatly on the declining surface. As the velocity of the stone was accelerated, the force with which it rebounded and struck the loose and brittle rocks of course increased, and at each rebound, numerous stones and fragments of rock were detached; these following in continued succession, and spreading to the right and left, operated precisely as the first stone; so that by the time it had reached the bottom of the hill, myriads were in its train, which covered a space of at least one hundred yards, and flew with such prodigious force across the ravine that many of the larger stones ascended to the height of sixty or eighty feet upon the opposite hill. Such was the astonishing effect produced by this single stone, that it seemed to me that if *a whole battalion* had been drawn up in the ravine, not a man could have escaped alive.—
p. lxxxiii.

When, to these means of defence, even though they may be a little exaggerated, it is added that no vessel can approach in any direction without being descried at the distance of sixty miles, and her appearance instantaneously communicated over the whole island, we are not surprized that General Beatson declares it to be, with ordinary care, and a moderate garrison, absolutely impregnable.

A more interesting question than the possibility of *invasion*, is, at this moment, the possibility of *evasion*,—a question to which General Beatson does not allude, unless by the inference which may be drawn, that if the former is so difficult, the latter can be hardly less so; but this inference we are inclined to deny. With at least a dozen places where embarkation is possible, and with a general state of fine weather, we do not doubt that any one or two individuals, having the command of a certain degree of naval assistance from without, may (not reckoning on any treachery within) escape from St. Helena, unless they are watched personally all day, and closely imprisoned all night.

The custody of Buonaparte, which Europe has confided to us, is a very ticklish point, and, do as we may, we shall hardly escape censure; if he be not actually confined, he may, and probably will, escape—if he be confined, we shall have all the *Oppositions* in Europe crying shame.

We shall never cease to think, and we therefore honestly avow the opinion, that the conduct pursued by the allied governments, with regard to Buonaparte, was weak, indiscreet, unjust, and unjustifiable.—He should have been brought to the block; his life should have been the forfeit of his rebellion against the king of France, and his treason against all the nations of Europe. He who caused them should have expiated by his own death, the murders of Provence, La Vendée and Waterloo. We talk not of his former crimes—they were screened by the treaty of Fontainebleau; and

and though, when he broke that treaty, he destroyed the screen, we would not revert to offences which had been once forgiven; but for the hundred thousand deaths which his cruelty, treachery and ambition inflicted in the course of three months on desolated and exhausted Europe, is there no punishment?—Does

*One murder make a villain,
Millions a hero?—*

Are the deaths of the Duke of Brunswick—of our own Picton and Ponsonby—of La Roche Jacquelein, the honour of French chivalry—and of the countless thousands of all nations, who have been immolated to the ambition of this *outlawed* usurper, are they to be unrevenged? Why have Labedoyère and Ney been executed? and, above all, why Murat? What crime have they committed, of which Buonaparte is innocent? These are questions of strict justice;—what reply *expediency* can make, we cannot guess: we only know, that the example of this man's impunity has given confidence to the disaffected of all nations; and that his life maintains and vivifies the distractions and dangers of France and of Europe.

But to the return from the prisoner to the prison.

The internal face of the island corresponds, in its general features, with the coast; it is in an extraordinary degree precipitous, irregular, and 'escarpé.' Several of the peaks exceed the height of two thousand feet above the level of the sea;—Diana's peak, the highest, is two thousand seven hundred feet. In the midst of the craggy desolation of these peaks and the interposing ravines, are several spots of ground fit for cultivation, and a number of residences are scattered over the irregular face of the mountain. There are but two *plains* on the whole surface; and it seems to the observer so little surprizing that there should be no more, that General Beatson, after a good deal of discussion, professes himself not to be able to understand how those spots should have escaped the general desolation, particularly the larger of them, called Longwood. This plain, comprizing one thousand five hundred acres of fine land, is elevated two thousand feet above the sea, and slopes gently towards the south-west. In former times it was covered with wood, and was called the Great Wood;—it is now entirely covered with grass. Its gentle slope, and smooth surface, and its fertility, formed so striking a contrast to the surrounding parts, that one might be disposed, says General Beatson (p. v.), to believe it 'a remnant of primitive land, which has remained untouched and unshaken, amidst the dreadful convulsions which have agitated and overturned every thing in its vicinity.'

On this plain is the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the island; and this situation, with a very generous attention to his comforts,

comforts, and particularly his predilection for exercise on horse-back, has been chosen for the residence of Buonaparte.

It was at first intended to place him at the Governor's plantation house, but it is said that Napoleon preferred Longwood; and on all occasions in which his wishes can with propriety be complied with, he is, it seems, indulged. While the house at Longwood was preparing for his reception, he resided at the Briars, the seat of Mr. Balcombe, a small but romantic villa, at the head of James's Valley, about three miles from the sea, and at the foot of the cascade where the stream, that forms the ravine of James's Valley, falls down a perpendicular rock of nearly three hundred feet high. The body of water is not considerable; but the wildness of the surrounding objects is, in the highest degree, sublime and even terrific. This scene is given in one of the engravings of General Beatson's work, from a beautiful drawing by that very ingenious gentleman Mr. Samuel Davis, now one of the Directors of the East India Company.

We have heard, and have been sorry to hear, all sorts of absurd stories about the magnificence of the house and furniture which the Government has prepared to send out for the accommodation of Buonaparte; such extravagant splendour would be in the highest degree unsuitable and mischievous; a great deal too much attention has been already shewn him—much more than is consistent with good morals or good policy; and we are glad to be able to state that the reports which we allude to, are wholly unfounded. Furniture of all kinds it has been, of course, necessary to provide; but such only, we understand, has been ordered as would suit an English gentleman's country-house.

The great increase of the numbers to be suddenly accommodated with permanent residences on an island where there are neither the materials of building nor workmen to build, made it indispensable to send out some wooden houses in frame, both as barracks for the garrison and as residences for the persons attached either to Buonaparte or to the Governor, or to the Commissioners of the other powers; but nothing has been done more than was necessary, or in a style beyond what common convenience required.

The necessity of sending out frames for houses, leads one to remark on the contrariety of the evidence which travellers give of the plainest and most obvious facts. We understand the majority of opinions have stated this measure to be absolutely necessary, as the island affords no materials for building: General Beatson, on the contrary, asserts that there is (besides building stone, of which there is clearly no lack) abundance of limestone, and a vast quantity of pozzolana, (p. xxii.) which he has used, with the greatest success, as a cement. The progress of building with stone and

pozzolana doubtless would have been too slow for the present emergency; but it seems extraordinary, that so very wide a difference of opinion could exist on so simple a fact, as that which we have stated.

We presume that the addition of so many intelligent officers to the population of St. Helena will lead to the decision of all disputed questions of this kind, and will furnish us with what seems to be much wanted, a scientific survey and accurate classification of the natural history of this very extraordinary portion of the earth. On this point, Governor Beatson's work gives but little information; and we must repeat that, notwithstanding its great pretensions, it has added very little to our stock of general information, and does the Governor more honour as a farmer, than as an author.

ART. VIII. *An Account of the Kingdom of Caubul and its Dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India; comprizing a View of the Afghaun Nation, and a History of the Dooraunee Monarchy.* By the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, &c. &c. 4to. London. 1815.

MR. ELPHINSTONE will not, we suspect, find much cause to be satisfied with the forward zeal of some interested or indiscreet friend, in a contemporary journal, in extolling his acquirements and talents in a strain of extravagant panegyric, and in exhibiting him as the author of 'an important and distinguished work.' Every addition, indeed, however trifling, to our stock of knowledge respecting countries but seldom visited is always of some importance, and may, from local or peculiar circumstances, be more or less interesting; and, in this restricted sense, the 'Account of Caubul' will be both interesting and important; but there is nothing in it that merits the lofty epithet of 'distinguished.' It was, at any rate, premature to pronounce a work to be *distinguished* while the sheets were yet wet from the press. Far be it from us to detract one iota from the merits of the author in question, who is evidently a modest, sensible, and industrious man; one who has observed much, and collected more, with attention and caution, and who has told his story in plain and perspicuous language without affectation or parade. Whatever is stated as having fallen within his personal observation, may be received as truth, with full confidence; and in selecting and arranging the information of others, he appears to have exercised sound discretion. We suspect, indeed, that the book is a transcript nearly of his official report of the mission; and this, in our opinion, is no slight praise.

It is deeply to be regretted, however, that missions of this kind
are

are not accompanied by men of general science, as well as by those who have made particular branches of human knowledge their study. In the whole of this large volume we cannot trace a single vestige of antiquarian research, nor, which is much more to be regretted, any single department of physical science, not even zoology, botany, or mineralogy. We can readily believe that, in India, science is a commodity with which the market is not over abundantly stocked; but we also believe that, like most other marketable articles, it is always to be purchased even there; and we may add, seldom can be purchased at too high a price. On the present occasion, there was every inducement to enlist into the service of the mission the best talents that our Indian empire could supply.

This defect, however, is no fault of Mr. Elphinstone, but rather of those who sent him. The only charge we have to bring against him, is something very like affectation in deviating from the ordinary established system of spelling oriental words, as now adopted by our best Asiatic scholars. We should have thought that the failure of a feeble attempt by a namesake of his, to change the whole orthography of the English language, would have warned him from following so dangerous an example. When the broad sound of *a*, in *call*, would, according to Mr. Gilchrist's plan, have conveyed the true pronunciation of *Câbul*, it was, we think, quite unnecessary for him to write it *Caubul*. Some words, indeed, are so disfigured as scarcely to be recognized; our old and well-known friends the Cossacks, for instance, are converted into *Kuzzuks*, and Cashgar is disguised in *Kaushkaur*. Badakshan is lengthened out into *Budukhshaun*; and, very needlessly, in our opinion, all the final *tâns*, or countries, into *tauns*. It may not be wrong, but it is at best an uncalled-for innovation.

Câbul, *Kobul*, *Kabool*, or, as we here have it, *Caubul*, is the name of the kingdom, as well as of its capital, known to the Persians by the appellation of Affghanistan, intermediate between the two great empires of Hindostan and Persia; by both of which it has frequently been overrun, and to both of which it has, in its turn, given a new race of sovereigns; and having on the north and on the south, and on all its flanks, tributary states, or provinces, who own but a nominal dependence, and pay no other allegiance than that which is enforced by the power of the sword, it would be difficult to assign its precise boundaries. According to Mr. Elphinstone, it has the great range of Hindoo Coosh on the north, the Lower Sind on the south, Heraut and the Lake of Zirrah on the west, and the Indus on the east. Its length, from north to south, may be taken roughly at about 550, and breadth, from east to west, 600 miles; its area is, consequently, about 330,000 square

square miles; the population, as estimated, rather on vague grounds, by one of the gentlemen of the mission, fourteen millions, composed of the following heterogeneous materials:

Afghans	-	-	-	4,300,000
Beloches	-	-	-	1,000,000
Tartars of all descriptions	-	-	-	1,200,000
Persians, (including Tadjeks)	-	-	-	1,500,000
Indians, (Cushmerees, Jauts, &c.)	-	-	-	5,700,000
Miscellaneous tribes	-	-	-	300,000
Total				14,000,000

A country thus situated, with so considerable a population, a great part of which is composed of hardy mountaineers, bred to arms, and accustomed to plunder, could not, under the sway of an active, enterprising, and warlike prince, be viewed with indifference by our Indian government, especially at a time when it was known that its sovereign, Zemaun Shah, had received large pecuniary offers from Tippoo Sultaun, for his assistance to drive the English out of the Peninsula; and that Ali Bonaparte was instigating both to the same end, and had effected a landing in Egypt with the same view. It became the more alarming when Zemaun Shah had so far succeeded as to march into the Punjaub, to drive the Seiks from their country, and get possession of Lahore; when the Mahomedans of the Peninsula, also, did not conceal their anxious wishes for the advance of the champion of Islaum; and the Rohillas, among whom the disappointed and disaffected of Hindostan always find a welcome reception, were arming for a campaign. England, however, has survived all these mighty preparations, and triumphed, not less by her justice than her bravery, over all her foes both at home and abroad; the most inveterate, powerful, and active of them, is sunk as low as his bitterest enemies could desire; Tippoo Sultaun has long been disposed of, and Zemaun Shah is eyeless and in exile. The recent Nepaul war revived, in some degree, the drooping hopes of the disaffected; but the latent spark, long smothering in the embers, had hardly time to shew itself before it was extinguished, and, we hope, for ever.

There are, however, and always will be, certain perturbed spirits, so utterly unfitted for a state of tranquillity, that their feverish imaginations are perpetually hatching some object of uneasiness and alarm. That object, for the present moment, is Russia. By the powerful aid of a sort of second-sight they actually behold the Russian eagle on the wing for the eastern hemisphere. There was nothing very preposterous in the caricature which represented Catherine with one foot on Saint Sophy, and the other on the Kremlin:

Kremlin: but the speculation of the present day is not confined to Turkey—Persia, and Caubul, and Hindostan, and China, with its immense Tartarian provinces, are now the objects of Russian ambition; and we are actually presented with the gigantic and amusing portrait of the modern Alexander, perched with one foot on the minarets of Teheraun, and the other on the battlements of Delhi; and while with terrific grasp his right hand seizes the pinnacle of St. Sophy, with the left he lays hold of the five-clawed dragon on the summit of the palace of Pekin. In this stupendous stride of the imagination the difficulty of keeping open a chain of posts, extending from the Dardanelles to the Indus, is indeed hinted at; but then it is more than compensated by the easy substitution of 'a chain of capitals,' which would have the further recommendation of furnishing this modern parallel to the 'Macedonian madman,' with the means of making 'imprisoned governments hostages for the conduct of their subjects, and instruments for exacting pay and provisions for the invading army.' It must be quite consoling to Alexander to be assured, from *such* authority—'that his armies might visit Pekin with a facility a hundred-fold greater than that with which they have already twice visited Paris,' especially as his own experience must have taught him how much easier was the march of the French army from the Niemen to Moscow than the unmolested journey of the Russians in waggons, from Warsaw to Paris.

We should apologize to our readers for noticing these wild and incoherent ravings, if they were not seriously put forward as the result of a profound and unerring political sagacity, in exact unison with the maxims of policy that are now hatching, and very little dissembled, at St. Petersburg; 'even,' we are informed, 'during the paroxysm of friendship under which kings and emperors at present labour.' We are not to be told how little is to be trusted to the personal friendship of sovereigns; but, happily for Europe, some better security has been obtained, something like the old balance of power has been restored, to check the progress of despotism when it ventures beyond its own limits: could we, however, imagine past experience so thrown away upon the autocrat of all the Russias, that he was still weak enough to desire to add to the tenth part of the habitable globe, which he already possesses, a few more square leagues of wastes and deserts, we should recommend him to beware of entering far into Persia, where every man is armed with a sword and a dagger: let the present king of that country follow the plan which his uncle Aga Mahomed Khan had intended to act upon against the Russians, and he has nothing to fear. 'Their shot,' said this experienced leader, 'shall never reach me; but they shall possess no country

country beyond its range; they shall not know sleep; and, let them march where they choose, I will surround them with a desert.' As little is there to apprehend for the safety of India from the whole power of Russia, though the wonderful discovery has been made of a few fur merchants passing the deserts to Bokhara, to exchange their skins, hardware and woollens, for horses, shawls, and silks: but even these traders, it is confessed, travel in winter for the sake of melted snow for themselves and their cattle, and to avoid the burning sands of summer, destitute of water—excellent encouragement for a Russian army!

With regard to China, we shall only add, that the man who could be so stupidly wicked as to lead an army to perish in the deep sandy deserts of Sha-moo and Kobi, would well deserve to have, at the end of the first day's journey, a tumulus of sand of a hundred fathoms high heaped upon him, as an everlasting monument of his insanity. But it is time to return to Mr. Elphinstone, who has too much good sense to indulge in such idle speculations and visionary projects.

The mission to Caubul was undertaken by the Indian government in consequence of the embassy of General Gardanne, in 1808, from Buonaparte to the King of Persia; the object, of course, was to establish a friendly relation with its sovereign Shah Shujah, and, at any rate, to examine the nature of the country, and sound the disposition of the court, in the event of the French attempting to push their conquests into Asia. The preparations for its equipment were made at Delhi in a style of suitable magnificence. The suite consisted of a secretary, two assistant secretaries, two surveyors, two captains of the army, six lieutenants, an escort of two hundred cavalry and two hundred infantry. The first object worthy of notice that occurred, was the great Indian desert, which commenced about a hundred miles from Delhi. The sand-hills were at first covered with bushes; then appeared naked piles of loose sand, rising one after another like the waves of the sea, and marked on the surface by the wind like drifted snow. On entering the Rajaput country the desert grew more dreary, yet in the very bosom of it they found a handsome town built of stone, on the skirts of a hill six hundred feet high. The Raja was a little man with large eyes, inflamed by the use of opium; his appearance wild and fierce; his dress plain; his speech and manners rude and unpolished. Mr. Elphinstone saw him several times; but he was always drunk, either with opium or brandy, which is the case, he says, with all the sirdars of the tribe, who are only fit for business during the brief intervals of sobriety and stupefaction.

Two marches more brought them to another handsome town, with some trees and gardens, which somewhat enlivened the surrounding desert. Each of its five chiefs had here a castle: in
their

their eyes and countenances some of them bore strong marks of the effects of opium: they were all cousins, and seemed to live in great harmony; 'but scarcely,' says Mr. Elphinstone, 'had I crossed the desert, when I heard that Shaum Sing, whom I thought the mildest of them all, had murdered three of the others at a feast, stabbing the first of them with his own hand.'—(p. 3.)

They next entered the territory of the Rajah of Bikaner, the least important perhaps among the five Rajaput princes, with a revenue of about 50,000*l.* a year, out of which, by assignments of land, he is able to keep 2000 horse, 800 foot, and 35 pieces of field artillery. Chooro, the second town in his dominions, situated in the midst of sand-hills, had a handsome appearance with its white walls of limestone mixed with shells, and terraced roofs. From this place to Pooggul is a distance of 180 miles, over hills and valleys of loose and heavy sand, the former rising from 20 to 100 feet in height; they are said to shift their positions, and to alter their shapes, according as they are affected by the wind. At this time, however, it being winter, they bore a kind of grass, bushes of *Baubool*, (*Mimosa Arabica*), jujuba, and a shrub called *phoke*, that gave them an appearance of something like verdure. Beyond this, and among the most distant hills of sand, a village occasionally occurred, consisting of a few round huts of straw, with low walls and conical roofs, like little stacks of corn, surrounded by hedges of thorn branches stuck in the sand, and in the neighbourhood a few miserable plantations of the *holcus spicatus*, each stalk straggling at the distance of several feet from its neighbour. The water was drawn from wells more than 300 feet deep, and only 3 feet in diameter, always brackish, and unwholesome, and at the same time so scanty, that two bullocks working for a night easily emptied a well: in the midst of all this misery the water melon grows in profusion. 'It is really,' says Mr. Elphinstone, 'a subject of wonder to see melons three or four feet in circumference, growing from a stalk as slender as that of the common melon, in the dry sand of the desert.'—(p. 6.)

The miserable inhabitants of these hovels of the desert are called Jauts; small of stature, black, ill-featured, wearing the marks of poverty and wretchedness; their rulers are Rajapoots, stout and handsome men with hooked noses and Jewish features; haughty in their demeanour, indolent, and almost always drunk with opium. Their live stock consists of bullocks and camels trained to every purpose; the wild animals, of antelopes, the goorkhur, or wild ass; foxes, some with black bellies, others white—one appearing, as Mr. Elphinstone says, 'as if it had been wading up to the belly in ink, and the other in whitewash;' to these may be added a rat, not unlike

like the jerboa, which burrows in the sand in innumerable multitudes.

The next part of the desert, from Pooggul to Bahawalpore, about one hundred miles, being totally destitute of inhabitants, water, or vegetation, some preparation was necessary for crossing it. It consisted of six hundred camels, and twelve or thirteen elephants. The water was put in bags made of sheep-skins and ox hides, besides twenty-four large copper vessels, two of which were a load for a camel. With the addition of 100 horse and 50 foot, which they engaged to protect the baggage, the line of march, when in the closest order, was two miles long. From the effects of fatigue, bad water, and the excessive use of water-melons, no less than forty persons expired during the first week of their halt at Bikaner.

On the 5th November they discovered the walls of this capital, 'which presented the appearance of a great and magnificent city in the midst of a wilderness;' so great that it became a matter of dispute whether it or Delhi were the most extensive. It had a fine white wall, round towers, crowned with the usual Indian battlements, temples with lofty spires, high houses, and shewy forts; but all its beauties were external; within, it was mostly composed of huts with mud walls painted red; but it swarmed with population—and well it might, for the country had been driven in, and Bikaner was invested by no less than five different armies, one of which, Mr. Elphinstone tells us, belonging to the raja of Joudpore, was 15,000 strong. But the raja of Bikaner had filled up all the wells within ten miles of his capital, and trusted for deliverance to the desolation which surrounded him.

Eleven days were passed at Bikaner. The Raja Soorut Sing paid the envoy a visit at his camp, carried on men's shoulders, in a vehicle like the body of an old-fashioned coach; he had a long nose and Rajpoot features; a good face, and a smiling countenance; and though it is *suspected* that he poisoned his elder brother, whom he succeeded, and *certain* that he murdered an agent sent from the Vizier of Hindostan to the King of Caubul; yet, as he is strict in his devotions, and eats no fish, he enjoys from his subjects the character of a saint. On returning the visit, Mr. Elphinstone observed how much fairer the courtiers were than other Hindostanees, and how strongly marked with Jewish features. 'The raja and his relations had turbans of many colours, richly adorned with jewels, and the raja sat resting his arms on a shield of steel, the bosses and rim of which were set with diamonds and rubies.'

On the night of the 16th November they left Bikaner, again to encounter the desert of 'wavy sand-hills;' at Pooggul they purchased rain water preserved in reservoirs, the well water being brackish.—Nothing could be more horrible than this place. 'If,'

says

says Mr. Elphinstone, 'I could present to my reader the foreground of high sand-hills, the village of straw huts, the clay walls of the little fort going to ruins as the ground which supported them was blown away by the wind, and the sea of sand without a sign of vegetation, which formed the rest of the prospect, he probably would feel as I did, a sort of wonder at the people who could reside in so dismal a wilderness, and of horror at the life to which they seemed to be condemned.'—(p. 15.)

From hence the desert takes the character of a hard naked surface of clay, without water or verdure. In passing it they were met by an officer of a *khaun* of one of the King of Caubul's provinces, with one hundred camels laden with four hundred skins of water for their use, and four brazen jars of water from the Hyphasis, for his (the envoy's) own use, sealed with the *khaun's* signet.

In travelling towards evening, 'many persons,' says Mr. Elphinstone, 'were astonished with the appearance of a long lake, inclosing several little islands: notwithstanding the well known nature of the country, many were positive that it was a lake; and one of the surveyors took the bearings of it. It was, however, only one of those illusions which the French call *mirage*, and the Persians *sirraub*.' Two days after they again saw 'a most magnificent mirage,' which looked like an extensive lake or a very wide river: 'the water seemed clear and beautiful, and the figures of two gentlemen who rode along it, were reflected as distinctly as in real water.'—(p. 17.)

At length, on the 26th, they were gratified by the novel sight of trees, and soon reached a spot where the desert and the cultivated country were separated as if by a line; 'a long row of trees ran along the edge of the sands; and beyond it, were clumps of trees, green fields, and wells of abundant and clear water, with houses and every sign of fertility and cultivation.' They now passed under the walls of Bahawalpore, crowded with spectators, very different from those on the eastern side of the desert; these were robust, strong, dark, and harsh featured; wore their hair and beards long, and caps oftener than turbans, and spoke a language unintelligible to their Hindostanee attendants. They soon reached the Hyphasis, but were disappointed in its breadth, and the appearance of its shores; 'but it was impossible to look without interest on a stream which had borne the fleet of Alexander.'

Here reciprocal visits passed between the Bahawal Khaun and the envoy. He was a pleasant man; spoke freely on all subjects; said he had never seen the King of Caubul, and, please God, he never would; for he could live in his desert and hunt his deer, and had no desire to follow courts. He shewed the envoy a clock made by one of his people, and an excellent gun-lock; and he presented

sented him with two fine hawks, some greyhounds, two horses with gold and enamelled trappings, a beautiful matchlock, richly enamelled, and some cloths, the manufacture of the place.

Bahawalpore is described as being about four miles in circumference; but there are gardens of mango trees within its walls; the walls of the city, and of the houses, were unburnt bricks or mud; the inhabitants are Hindoos and Mahomedans, and the place is famous for the manufacture of silken girdles and turbans. The country, for four or five miles on each side of the Hyphasis, is inundated by that river; it is very rich, and where not cultivated, covered with coppices of the tamarisk, which abound with wild boars and hog-deer, wild geese, partridges, florikens, and various other fowl.

Between this and Moultan, villages were pretty numerous, and near them fields of wheat, cotton, and turnips, all in a thriving condition. Moultan stands about four miles from the left bank of the Chenaub, or Acesines; is four miles and a half in circumference, surrounded with a fine wall from forty to fifty feet high, flanked with towers at regular distances; the country around it pleasant, well cultivated, and watered from wells; the water being drawn up by the Persian wheel. Wheat, millet, cotton, turnips, carrots, and indigo, were the chief articles of produce. The melon, the date palm, the ficus religiosa, and the tamarisk, were the most frequent trees. The principal manufacture is that of silks, and a kind of carpet inferior to that of Persia.

Here the mission remained nineteen days waiting for a Mehmaundaar (a sort of chamberlain) from the King of Caubul. Their approach had alarmed the governor, Sirafranz Khaun, who was so panic-struck, that he ordered the gates of the city to be shut against them, and doubled his guards. They, however, exchanged visits, and the khaun, having got rid of his alarm, was civil and agreeable enough; but he shewed symptoms of his jealousy of the English during the stay of the mission at Moultan.

Passing over the little desert between the Hydaspes and the Indus, they crossed the latter on the 7th January, at the Kaberee ferry, in flat bottomed boats built of fir, from thirty to forty tons burden each. The main stream was 1010 yards broad, and there were several parallel streams. The appearance of the people had improved; their farm-yards were neat, and always enclosed, had gates of three or four bars, and contained sheds for the cattle, dung-hills, &c. the people were remarkably civil and well behaved, and their complexion and dress continued to improve till they got to the ferry; but the notions which they entertained of the Europeans were not a little extraordinary.

'They believed we carried great guns packed up in trunks, and that we had certain small boxes, so contrived as to explode and kill half a dozen

dozen men each without hurting us. Some thought we could raise the dead; and there was a story current that we had made and animated a wooden ram at Multaun; that we had sold him as a ram, and that it was not till the purchaser began to eat him, that the material of which he was made was discovered.—(p. 28.)

At Dera Ismail Khaun they were met by Futteh Khaun, who governed Beloeche as deputy for one of the king's brothers, to whom that, as well as Leia, had been assigned. He and his companions talked much of the greatness of their master; of the strength of his twenty forts, the number of his cannon, and the forty blacksmiths employed night and day to make shot for them. Here they remained near a month, waiting for a Mehmaundaur. This gave them an opportunity of seeing the country, and of visiting various pastoral tribes of Afghauns, some of whom were large and bony men, with long coarse hair, loose turbans, and sheep-skin cloaks; plain, and rough, but not unpleasing in their manners: their children were very numerous, most of them handsome; the girls, in particular, had aquiline noses and Jewish features; the men were generally dark, though some were quite fair. Scarcely one of them understood any language but Pushtoo.

At length it was told them that the king was on his way to Peshawer, which was at no great distance; and being joined by Moolla Jaffer, they left Dera for that place on the 7th February. On the same day they met a body of Persian horsemen, bearing a letter for the envoy from the king; and twenty mules laden with the fruits of Caubul, apples, grapes, &c. Here also the envoy was invested with a dress of honour, to which he was previously instructed to make a bow; a shawl was also bound round his hat, and another round his waist; 'the dress was rich, and the shawl costly.'

In their route over hill and dale and desert, in a contrary direction to the stream of the Indus, their rear-guard was frequently plundered by Beloches and Skaiks of Arabian descent, and by Afghauns, 'of an independent and manly air,' who did it with all possible civility and decency.

At a place called Calla-baugh the Indus is compressed between two mountains into a deep channel only three hundred and fifty yards broad, and along the base of one of them a road is cut for upwards of two miles. The town of Calla-baugh actually overhangs this road, being built on the steep face of the hill, with each street rising like steps above its neighbour. Beyond this, the road was cut out of solid salt, at the foot of cliffs of that mineral, rising sometimes to the height of more than a hundred feet above the river. This salt is hard, clear, and nearly pure, but streaked, and tinged in parts with red: large blocks of it were lying ready for exportation, either

to India or Khorassan. Several salt springs issue from the foot of the rocks, and leave the ground covered with a crust of the most brilliant whiteness. 'The earth,' says Mr. Elphinstone, 'is almost blood red; and this, with the strange and beautiful spectacle of the salt rocks, and the Indus flowing in a deep and clear stream through lofty mountains past this extraordinary town, presented such a scene of wonder as is seldom to be witnessed.'—(p. 37.)

Having gained the head of the narrow pass, which continues for twelve or thirteen miles, they left the Indus on the right. The country was rugged and mountainous; and all the high mountains to the northward were covered with snow; the little valleys were beautiful and picturesque, well clothed with wood, and generally watered by clear mountain streams. The plain of Cohaut is a circle about twelve miles in diameter, surrounded with hills, varied and picturesque; those above the town had snow. The climate is delightful; the plain was covered with verdure, and here and there were little groves scattered over its surface; it was said to produce the fruits and flowers of all climates. A stream as clear as crystal, issuing from three fountains, runs near the town; 'it is hot in winter, and cold in summer.' Mr. Elphinstone means, we suppose, that it preserves an equal temperature, which makes it *appear* warm when the atmosphere is below, and cold when above, that degree of temperature. Here they were gratified with the sight of a garden mostly filled with English plants; the hedge that enclosed it was chiefly of raspberry and blackberry bushes; it contained apple, plum, and peach-trees; the green sod looked English, and there were growing clover, chick-weed, plaitain, rib-grass, dandelions, common docks, and many other English weeds: they saw a bird resembling the goldfinch, and some of the gentlemen thought they heard thrushes and blackbirds.

The next place they reached was a valley inhabited by the Kheiberes, a tribe so notorious for their robberies, that none dare to pass through it unarmed. The people were seen in great numbers sitting on the hills, and looking wistfully at the camels as they went by: some of them came down, and asked for a present, but Moosa Khaun, who had been sent to conduct the mission to court, told them to come to the camp when every thing had passed, and he would consider of it. 'It gave me a strange notion,' says Mr. Elphinstone, 'of the system of manners in Caubul, that these avowed robbers should ask for a present; and that Moosa Khaun, in his rich dress and golden arms, should sit almost unattended in the midst of their match-locks, and refuse them.'

They now entered the plain of Peshawer, and encamped the same day at Budabeer, six miles from the city. This plain is nearly thirty-five miles in diameter. It is bounded on the north by the

Hindoo

Hindoo Cooshi, or Indian Caucasus, and is well watered by three branches of the Caubul river, besides the Barra and Budina, which flow from the northern range of mountains: these mountains were, in March, covered with snow, while the plains were clothed with the richest verdure, and the climate was delicious; the new foliage was just budding forth, exhibiting a freshness and brilliancy unknown in the perpetual summer of India. 'The orchards contained a profusion of plum, peach, apple, pear, quince, and pomegranate trees, which afforded a greater display of blossom than I ever before witnessed; and the uncultivated parts of the land were covered with a thick elastic sod, that perhaps never was equalled but in England. Never was a spot of equal extent better peopled.' Thirty-two villages within the circuit of four miles were observed from one height, large, neat, and adorned with trees. Little bridges of masonry were thrown over the streams, each ornamented at the ends with two small towers.

The town of Peshawer is built on an uneven surface; it is upwards of five miles round, and contains about 100,000 inhabitants; the houses are generally of unburnt brick, three stories high, the lowest of which are chiefly used as shops; the streets are narrow, with pavements sloping to a kennel in the middle. Several brooks, skirted with mulberry-trees and willows, run through the town, and are crossed by bridges. There are many mosques, palaces of the nobility, and a fine caravansera in the Balla Hissaur, or strong castle, built on an eminence, the residence of the King. Hindoos are the principal inhabitants, but there are to be found here people of all nations and languages, in every variety of dress and appearance.

* Persians and Afghauns in brown woollen tunics or flowing mantles, and caps of black sheep-skin or coloured silk; Khyberees, with the straw sandals, and the wild dress and air of their mountains; Hindoos, uniting the peculiar features and manners of their own nation, to the long beard and the dress of the country; and Hazarehs not more remarkable for their conical caps of skin, with the wool appearing like a fringe round the edge, and for their broad faces and little eyes, than for their want of the beard, which is the ornament of every other face in the city.—(p. 57.)

The Afghauns are remarkably fond of hunting and hawking, and nothing was more common than to meet a man of the lower class with a hawk on his fist, and a pointer at his heels. The gentlemen of the embassy frequently enjoyed this sport, to which the civility of the country people often invited them; they were welcomed in every village, asked to breakfast and visit the gardens:—one of those belonging to the king is particularly described.

* It is called the garden of Shauh Lemaun. Its shape is oblong.

Some handsome structures belonging to the Balla Hissaur form the southern side; and part of the hill on which that castle stands is included in the garden: the other sides are inclosed with walls. The northern part of the garden, which is cut off from the rest, is laid out irregularly, and is full of trees. The remainder forms a square, divided by avenues which cross each other in the middle of the garden. That which runs from east to west is formed by stately rows of alternate cypresses and planes, and contains three parallel walks, and two long beds of poppies. At the east end of this walk is the entrance, and at the west, a handsome house, containing a hall and two other apartments. The space from north to south is also bordered by cypresses and planes, beneath which are bushes, planted very thick, of red, white, yellow and china roses, white and yellow jessamine, flowering cistus, and other flowering shrubs, of which I have seen some in England or India, and others were entirely new to me. At the north end of this opening is a house such as I have already described. The space between the walls is filled up by six long ponds, close to each other; and so contrived, that the water is continually falling in little cascades from one to another, and ending in a bason in the middle of the garden. In the centre of this bason is a summer-house, two stories high, surrounded by fountains; and there are fountains in a row up the middle of all the ponds: there are sixty-nine fountains altogether, which continued to play during the whole day we spent at the garden, and were extremely agreeable, as the summer was then far advanced. The rest of the garden was filled up with a profusion of fruit trees which I have mentioned as growing at Peshawer.—(pp. 60, 61.)

The views up the avenues are described as grand and beautiful, more especially that which opens north and south.

‘We stood under the Balla Hissaur, which on this side is very handsome. The fountains were sparkling with the sun, whose rays shone bright on the trees, shrubs and flowers on one side, and made a fine contrast with the deep shades of the other. The buildings looked rich, light, and suited to a garden. The country beyond was green and studded with clumps and single trees; and the mountains, which are there very high, gave a fine termination to the prospect; and, being in several ranges, at different distances, displayed the greatest variety of tint and outline. After rambling over the garden, we visited the gentlemen who were appointed to entertain us, whom we found sitting by one of the ponds, and cooling themselves by steeping their hands in the water.’—(p. 61.)

These agreeable rambles, however, were all of them after the presentation to the king; for till that ceremony was over, none of the gentlemen of the mission left their lodging: and this was delayed a week in consequence of some dispute about the forms of presentation, which appeared to the envoy to be a little unreasonable.

The ambassador to be introduced, he was told, ‘is brought into a court

court by two officers, who hold him firmly by the arms. On coming in sight of the king, who appears at a high window, the ambassador is made to run forward for a certain distance, when he stops for a moment, and prays for the king. He is then made to run forward again, and prays once more; and, after another run, the king calls out "Kellut!" (a dress), which is followed by the Turkish word "Getsheen!" (begone) from an officer of state; and the unfortunate ambassador is made to run out of the court, and sees no more of the king, unless he is summoned to a private audience in his Majesty's closet.—(p. 47.)

The delay, however, might have been occasioned by the prejudice and distrust with which Mr. Elphinstone tells us the mission was regarded at court. The king of Caubul, he says, has always been the resource of the disaffected in India. Tippoo Sultaun—Vizier Ally—Holkar—all looked towards Caubul for support. The Rajah of the Punjaub did all he could to impress the king of Caubul with the dangerous nature of the embassy; the Haukims of Leia, of Mooltaun and of Sind used every endeavour to thwart its success; and the Dooraunee lords of Afghanistan were averse to an alliance which might strengthen the king to the detriment of the aristocracy; even the king himself was disposed to think that the English meant to profit by the internal dissensions of his kingdom, and to endeavour to annex his dominions to their Indian empire; and Mr. Elphinstone seems to think that nothing but the exaggerated reports of the splendour of the embassy, and of the sumptuous presents by which it was accompanied, would have induced him to admit the mission, and to give it an honourable reception.

At length the negotiations respecting the ceremony were brought to a conclusion, and on the morning of the 5th March, they set out in procession for the palace. The streets were lined with spectators, and the side of the hill on which the castle stands was covered with people like the audience at a theatre. They passed the gateway, dismounted, and, ascending a flight of steps, entered the guard-room filled with lords and khauns, some of whom had their caps ornamented with jewels and surmounted by plumes. From hence they were conducted up a sloping passage and through another gate, and passing along a large screen they suddenly issued into a spacious court, at the upper end of which sat the king in an elevated building. As this was the last kingly exhibition that poor Shujah Shah was destined to make to a foreign ambassador, our readers may not think the description of it less interesting on that account.

The court was oblong, and had high walls painted with the figures of cypresses. In the middle was a pond and fountains. The walls on each side were lined with the king's guard three deep; and at various places in the court stood the officers of state, at different distances from the king, according to their degree. At the end of the court was a

high building, the lower story of which was a solid wall, ornamented with false arches, but without doors or windows; over this was another story, the roof of which was supported by pillars and Moorish arches, highly ornamented. In the centre arch sat the king, on a very large throne of gold or gilding. His appearance was magnificent and royal; his crown and all his dress were one blaze of jewels. He was elevated above the heads of the eunuchs who surrounded the throne, and who were the only persons in the large hall where he sat: all was silent and motionless. On coming in sight of the king, we all pulled off our hats and made a low bow: we then held up our hands towards heaven, as if praying for the king, and afterwards advanced towards the fountain, where the Chaous Baushee repeated our names without any title or addition of respect, ending, "They have come from Europe as ambassadors to your majesty. May your misfortunes be turned upon me!" The king answered in a loud and sonorous voice, "They are welcome!" on which we prayed for him again, and repeated the ceremony once more, when he ordered us dresses of honour. After this, some officer of the court called out something in Turkish, on which a division of the soldiers on each side filed off, and ran out of the court, with the usual noise of their boots on the pavement, accompanied by the clashing of their armour. The call was twice repeated, and at each call a division of troops ran off: at the fourth the Khauns ran off also, with the exception of a certain number, who were now ordered to come forward. The king in the mean time rose majestically from his throne, descended the steps, leaning on two eunuchs, and withdrew from our sight.—pp. 49, 50.

Mr. Elphinstone, and Mr. Strachey the secretary, were then conducted up a staircase into the hall where the king was seated on a low throne. The governor-general's letter was read, to which the king made a suitable answer, expressing his friendship for the English nation, &c. and 'when he understood that the climate and productions of England greatly resembled those of Caubul, he said the two kingdoms were made by nature to be united, and renewed his professions of friendship,'—we should have suspected that his majesty professed too much—but that this is the current coin in all eastern courts.

The king of Caubul was a handsome man, about thirty years of age, of an olive complexion, with a thick black beard. The expression of his countenance was dignified and pleasing; his voice clear, and his address princely. We thought at first that he had on armour of jewels, but, on close inspection, we found this to be a mistake, and his real dress to consist of a green tunic, with large flowers in gold and precious stones, over which were a large breast-plate of diamonds, shaped like two flat fleurs de lis, an ornament of the same kind on each thigh, large enamelled bracelets on the arms, (above the elbow,) and many other jewels in different places. In one of the bracelets was the Cohenoor*,

* There is a print of it in Tavernier's travels.

known to be one of the largest diamonds in the world. There were also some strings of very large pearls, put on like cross-belts, but loose. The crown was about nine inches high, not ornamented with jewels as European crowns are, but to appearance entirely formed of those precious materials. It seemed to be radiated like ancient crowns, and behind the rays appeared peaks of purple velvet: some small branches with pendants seemed to project from the crown; but the whole was so complicated, and so dazzling, that it was difficult to understand, and impossible to describe. The throne was covered with a cloth adorned with pearls, on which lay a sword and a small mace, set with jewels. The room was open all round. The centre was supported by four high pillars, in the midst of which was a marble fountain. The floor was covered with the richest carpets, and round the edges were slips of silk, embroidered with gold, for the Khauns to stand on. The view from the hall was beautiful. Immediately below was an extensive garden, full of cypresses and other trees, and beyond was a plain of the richest verdure: here and there were pieces of water and shining streams; and the whole was bounded by mountains, some dark and others covered with snow.—p. 51, 52.

In the midst of this blaze of gold and rubies and diamonds, Mr. Elphinstone thought he perceived 'less the appearance of a state in prosperity, than of a splendid monarchy in decay.' In the meanness and rapacity of the officers who had charge of the royal presents he could not be mistaken. They not only kept the camels for themselves which bore them, but seized four riding camels that had unfortunately entered the palace by mistake; they stripped the elephant drivers of their livery; and gravely insisted that two *English servants*, who had been sent to put up the lustres, were part of the present.

Mr. Elphinstone and Mr. Strachey had a night interview with the sovereign of Caubul, to which they were conducted through many a winding passage dimly lighted. In a room more elevated than the rest, the king sat in a recess, 'and a eunuch stood in each of its six corners with his hands crossed before him.' The king wore a mantle or shawl embroidered with gold, and a border wrought with jewels; a high red cap with a broad border of jewels on black velvet, with a magnificent ornament in front; from this border rose two narrow arches of gold and jewels, which crossed each other like those of an European crown. They made a bow on entering, and sat down; the king welcomed them, and was remarkably civil; he hoped, he said, they would see Caubul and all his territories, which were now to be considered as *their own*—this was generous! An eunuch then brought in his majesty's enleau, which is described as 'most magnificent; it was of gold, enamelled, and richly set with jewels: the part where the tobacco

was placed was in the shape of the peacock, about the size of a pigeon, with plumage of jewels and enamel.' It was late at night when the attendant Imaum gave the hint to withdraw, and they were let out through the same secret and silent passages by which they entered. We confess we should have liked to know a little more of the conversation that passed, but this we conclude to be a diplomatic secret with which we have no concern; our readers must not therefore blame us for giving them no other information than that the culleau was 'magnificent,' and that the king of Caubul 'preserved his dignity,' and had the 'manners of a gentleman.'—(p. 54.)

The situation of Shah Shujah ool Moolk was at this time rather embarrassing. To explain this more clearly, it will be necessary to observe that, on the death of Timour Shah in 1793, without naming a successor to his throne, the partizans of one of his younger sons, Zemaun Shah, got him declared king; on which occasion a largess was issued to the troops, and the princes, his brothers, were sent into confinement in the upper fort of Caubul. His eldest brother Hoomaunoom, conceiving himself to have been defrauded of the crown, raised the standard of rebellion, and was seconded by a half brother of the name of Mahmood; being, however, soon afterwards seized at Leia on the east bank of the Indus, his eyes were put out, and he was kept in close confinement, for the rest of his life. Mahmood was not only pardoned, but appointed governor of Heraut, where he again rebelled;—and, after various successes, partly by the assistance of the Persians, and partly by treachery, he contrived to secure the person of his benefactor, Zemaun Shah, who, as is usual on such occasions, was deprived of sight. During the confinement of the deposed sovereign under the roof of the wretch who had betrayed him, he secreted the Cohenoor diamond already mentioned, with some other valuable jewels, in the wall of his apartment, where they were afterwards discovered.

Mahmood's first reign was neither long nor prosperous. Either through want of talent, or activity, he suffered the distant provinces to assume something like a state of independence. Shujah ool Moolk, the full brother of Zemaun Shah, had been left, in the absence of the king, at Peshawer, with a small party of guards, having under his charge the jewels and other valuable property of the crown. Encouraged by some khans, he availed himself of the opportunity, and caused himself to be proclaimed king. He was, however, defeated, and obliged to take refuge among the mountains of the Caukers, where he subsisted himself and his followers, for some time, by the money obtained from the sale of his jewels, and the hospitality of the people: when this resource failed, they were driven to the necessity of plundering a caravan that had entered

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the town of Shawl, the prince giving the merchants his promissory notes for payment at a future day, which he punctually discharged.

Shujah, however, in his turn, contrived, by treachery, to get Mahmood into his hands, whom he sent into the Balla Hissaur of Caubul, but spared his eyes; a piece of clemency which he had afterwards sufficient reason to regret, and which, as Mr. Elphinstone observes, was probably the first example in Afganistaun; for Mahmood soon effected his escape, a third time rebelled, and took Candahar, but was driven from it by Shujah, who returned to Peshawer just before Mr. Elphinstone entered it. Mahmood, however, being reinforced, was again marching towards Caubul, and Shujah preparing to set out to meet him.

This critical state of affairs not making the longer residence of the English envoy at Peshawer advisable, he commenced his return, on the 14th June, towards the Indus, and was plundered, within four miles of Peshawer, by a band of robbers, who carried off a mule, laden with rupees to the value of 1000*l*., and some fine shawls. They reached the Indus opposite Attock, where it was about 260 yards broad; its banks of black stone were polished by the force of the stream, and shone like marble. Here they crossed in boats; but many people were seen passing, and floating down the river, on skins of oxen inflated, riding astride, with a great part of their bodies in the water; which brought to their recollection, Mr. Elphinstone says, the common practice in the time of Alexander, as mentioned by Arrian.

At Hassun Abdaul the mission was to have waited the decision of the fate of Caubul; but here Mr. Elphinstone received his recall. It was necessary, however, to procure the permission of the Seiks to pass through their territories. Before they departed, the arrival of the haram of the king of Caubul boded no good—in fact, his minister, shortly after, brought an account of the total defeat of his sovereign, and consequent exile.

The Seiks they found disposed to be friendly, and even courteous: they were mainly in appearance, tall, thin, and at the same time muscular; they wore little clothing; their legs, half their thighs, and generally their arms and bodies, being bare; their beards and hair looked as if they had never been touched by the scissars. Jewunt Sing, one of the principal chiefs of the Punjaub, paid them a visit;—he was distinguished from his followers only by the superior decency of his appearance and manners. They seemed to be all on a footing of equality. ‘When we wished to return his visit,’ says Mr. Elphinstone, ‘we found that he and all his attendants were drunk; but, about four in the afternoon, he was reported sober, and received us in a little smoky hovel in a small garden; his

his people in confusion as before. Most of them continued to sit, while he got up to receive us.'—(p. 76.)

Here the haram of the unfortunate Shah Shujah overtook them, and with it came another unfortunate member of that house, whose name for some time created considerable uneasiness in India—Shah Zemaun:

'We visited him on the 10th July, and were not a little interested by the sight of a monarch whose reputation at one time spread so wide both in Persia and India. We found him seated on a plain couch, in a neat but not a large tent, spread with carpets and felts. We stood opposite to him, till he desired us to be seated. His dress was plain: a white mantle, faced with Persian brocade, and a black shawl turban; but his appearance was very kingly. He looked about forty when we saw him; he had a fine face and person. His voice and manners strongly resembled Shaah Shujah's; but he was taller, and had a longer, more regular face, and a finer beard. He had by no means the appearance of a blind man; his eyes, though plainly injured, retained black enough to give vivacity to his countenance, and he always turned them towards the person with whom he was conversing. He had, however, some appearance of dejection and melancholy. After we were seated, a long silence ensued; which Shaah Zemaun broke by speaking of his brother's misfortunes, and saying they had prevented his shewing us the attention he otherwise would. He then spoke of the state of affairs, and expressed his hopes of a change. He said, such reverses were the common portion of kings, and mentioned the historical accounts of the astonishing revolutions in the fortunes of various princes, particularly in that of Tamerlane. Had he gone over all the history of Asia, he could scarcely have discovered a more remarkable instance of the mutability of fortune than he himself presented; blind, dethroned, and exiled, in a country which he had twice subdued.'—p. 77.

In ten marches farther they reached the Hydaspes, between which and the Indus, a space of about one hundred and sixty miles, the country is described as one of the strongest that can be imagined. The mission crossed the Hydaspes at Jollalpoor, where the difference of the two banks was very striking; the left having all the characteristics of the plains of India, while the right, formed by the end of the salt range of Calla-baugh, 'had an air of ruggedness and wildness that must inspire a fearful presentiment of the country he was entering into the mind of a traveller from the east.' It, however, inspired the present travellers with a high degree of interest, for 'so precisely does Quintus Curtius's description of the scene of Porus's battle correspond with the part of the Hydaspes where they crossed, that several gentlemen of the mission, who read the passage on the spot, were persuaded that it referred to the very place before their eyes.' (p. 80.)

The crossing of the Punjab occupied them from the 26th July to

to the 29th August; the fertility of this tract, so much extolled by our geographers, was very inferior to that of the British provinces in Hindostan, and still more so to Bengal, which it has been thought to resemble. A considerable part of it is pastured by oxen and buffaloes; that which lies on the Sutledge, though the most sterile, was the best cultivated; but not a third part was under cultivation. Nearly the whole of the Punjaub belongs to Runjeet Sing, who had assumed the sovereignty of all the Seiks, and with it the title of king. It has many fine villages and large towns; but Umritair, the sacred city of the Seiks, alone appeared in a prosperous state. Lahore seemed hastening fast to ruin; 'but the domes and minarets of the mosques, the lofty walls of the fort, the massy terraces of the garden of Shaulimar, the splendid mausoleum of the Emperor Jehangheer, and the numberless inferior tombs and places of worship that surround the town, still rendered it an object of curiosity and admiration.'

Having crossed the Sutledge, they entered the British territories; and, after a further journey of 200 miles, reached Delhi, from which they had set out.

It is obvious, from the small portion of Afghanistaun travelled over by Mr. Elphinstone, that, from personal knowledge, he can give but an imperfect account of its geography, climate, and productions, or of the manners and condition of the numerous tribes of people by which this country is inhabited; he has, however, done much in collecting, comparing, and digesting the reports of others. The geography must necessarily be defective; and a map constructed from the routes of different persons, and estimated in different denominations of measure, cannot, of course, be very correct. It might be wished that the one placed at the head of the work had been less obscured by the deep shading of the mountains.

The climate and productions of Afghanistaun are as varied as its surface. It embraces every degree of temperature; from that of mountains clothed in perpetual snow, to that of burning sands visited by the fatal simoom and the delusive siraub; while the central parts, broken into hill and dale, enjoy a middle temperature;—but the average heat of the year, Mr. Elphinstone says, does not reach that of India, nor the cold that of England. In the plain of Peshawer, surrounded by mountains, the thermometer stood, for several days, at 112° and 113° ; but frost continued through the winter to the first week in March, when the peach and plum-trees began to blossom; the apple, quince, and mulberry-trees put forth in the same week; and before the end of the month they were in full foliage: early in April barley was in the ear, and was cut down the first week in May. In summer, the heat is intolerable, except where it is mitigated by the wind from the Snowy Mountains. Mr.

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Elphinstone states, from recollection, the extreme height at 120° , and the greatest depression of the mercury at 25° . In Damaun the heat is still more oppressive, during the night as well as in the day. Here the inhabitants are obliged to wet their clothes before they go to sleep; and every man has a vessel of water by his side, when he lies down; but Sewee is so much worse than all the rest, that it is a common saying, 'O Lord! when you had Sewee, why need you have made hell?'

Lions, tigers, leopards, wolves, hyænas, jackalls, and all the other animals of Hindostan, abound in Afghanistan; besides various kinds of camels and dromedaries. They have abundance of horses, mules, oxen, and buffaloes; but the principal stock of the pastoral tribes are the broad-tailed sheep. Being fond of hunting, their dogs are very good, especially their greyhounds and pointers. They are also fond of hawking, and their falcons are well trained; one of them, called the *chirk*, is taught to strike the antelope, and to retard its speed by fastening on its head till the greyhounds come up. Herons, cranes, storks, wild swans, geese, and ducks, are plentiful; as are partridges, quails, pigeons, &c.

The common trees are two species of oak, pines, cedars, cyresses, walnuts, and wild olives. The pistachio tree grows wild in the Hindoo Coosh. In the plains are the mulberry, the tamarisk, the willow, the plane, and the poplar, with many others, of which, as Mr. Elphinstone is no botanist, we are left in ignorance.

To those who may feel disposed to read, at second-hand, detailed descriptions of the other two large cities of Afghanistan, Caubul and Candahar, of the mountains, hills, and valleys of this extensive kingdom, we warmly recommend the perusal of Mr. Elphinstone's book. They are too long for us to touch upon; and our account of the various tribes of people that inhabit Caubul, though far more interesting, must necessarily be very concise. Of the original inhabitants, the Afghans, very little appears to be known; but that little is exceedingly interesting; as every thing must be that tends to elucidate and confirm that most ancient and authentic record of the history of the human race—the Bible.

In the second volume of the Asiatic Researches, there is a translation of a Persian historical fragment, in which the descent of the Afghans is traced from the Jews, Afgan being stated as the son of Berkia, the son of Saul; he is represented as a man distinguished by great corporal strength, who established himself and his progeny in a state of independence in the valleys formed by the numerous ramifications of the Hindoo Coosh. To this paper is annexed the following note by the President of the Asiatic Society.

'This

'This account of the Afghans may lead to a very interesting discovery. We learn from Esdras, that the ten tribes, after a wandering journey, came to a country called Arsareth, where we may suppose they settled. Now the Afghans are said, by the best Persian historians, to be descended from the Jews; they have traditions among themselves of such a descent; and it is even asserted that their families are distinguished by the names of Jewish tribes, although, since their conversion to the Islam, they studiously conceal their origin. The Pushtoo language, of which I have seen a Dictionary, has a manifest resemblance to the Chaldaic; and a considerable district under their dominion is called Hazareh, or Hazaret, which may easily have been changed into the word used by Esdras. I strongly recommend an inquiry into the literature and history of the Afghans.'

No one, however, has as yet attempted to institute such an inquiry. Mr. Elphinstone avows his inability for the task; their own accounts of their origin appear to him to be fabulous; but all their histories, he says, begin with relating the transactions of the Jews from Abraham down to the captivity: he adds, that this narrative appears to agree with that of the other Mahomedans; and that, although interspersed with some wild fables, it does not essentially differ from Scripture. Sir John Malcolm observes that almost all the Mahomedan writers claim this descent for the Afghans; and that he himself possessed a genealogical table, in which it was attempted to prove that all the principal families of Afghanistan were direct descendants of the kings of Israel; but although they differ remarkably in their personal appearance, dress, customs, and language, from the Persians, the Tartars, and the Indians, yet, as the Pushtoo has no affinity with the Hebrew, as he *understands*, he seems to lay little stress on the written traditions of their origin. Now, if the fact were established, of a total want of similarity between the two languages, we should not deem it a circumstance more conclusive against their Jewish origin, than their marked resemblance in all other respects, as well as their own and their neighbours' traditions, are in favour of it: but the missionaries of Serampore, in the account of their proceedings down to June, 1814, differ very widely on this point from Sir John Malcolm and Mr. Elphinstone; and the authority of such men as Carey and Marshman will, perhaps, as far as language is concerned, be rated higher than that of either of the former. These learned men state distinctly,—that 'the Pushtoo language (into which they have translated nearly the whole of the New Testament) contains a greater number of Hebrew words than is to be found in that of any nation in India;'—that 'the Pushtoo and Baluchee appear to form the connecting link between those of Sungskrit and those of Hebrew origin;'—that a learned Afghaan says, 'his nation are Beni Israel,

but

but not Yuhodi'—sons of Israel, but not Jews;—and that Mr. Chamberlain (a resident missionary) writes, 'Many of the Afghans are undoubtedly of the race of Abraham.' All of which is highly encouraging for the prosecution of that inquiry recommended by Sir William Jones.

The Afghann nation was originally divided into four principal tribes, who are again divided into clans, and subdivided into petty chieftainships, or khails, and further into families, each forming a little commonwealth within itself. The khauns are the chiefs of tribes. They compose, according to Mr. Elphinstone, a sort of 'clannish commonwealth;' but, unlike that of the Highlanders, 'the clannish attachment of the Afghans is rather to the community than to the chief.' The tribes seem to be generally at war with each other. The general law of the kingdom is that of the Koran; but they still preserve their own customary code called the Pooshtoonwulle, which authorizes the injured party to retaliate on the aggressor, by exacting 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' He may even wreak his private vengeance on a relation of the offender, if the latter should escape; and thus quarrels become hereditary, and are often transmitted from father to son for several generations. Criminal offences, however, are generally tried before a Jeerga, which is an assembly composed of khans, elders, and moollahs, or priests: they are supposed to decide according to the merits of the case; and the penalty always includes a public apology: in serious cases, a certain number of young women from the family of the criminal are given in marriage to the person aggrieved and to his relations. It is curious to learn the value which these people seem to attach to women. For a murder, six of them are given with portions, and six without; six also are the penalty for cutting off a hand, an ear, or a nose; and three for breaking a tooth: but equivalents, fixed at a very low rate, are frequently taken. If an offender flies the country for some serious crime, (murder, for instance,) but at length determines to submit to justice, he has only to throw himself in the way of the offended party, dressed in a shroud, and, offering him a naked sword, to say that his life is in his power, and propose a compensation; and an accommodation follows of course:—but, for the powers of the ooloses, or tribes, the khauns, the judicial jeergas, and other matters connected with the internal government of the Afghans, we must refer to the details given by Mr. Elphinstone.

The following are among the principal tribes. The Berdoo-raunees, so named by Ahmed Shah, who inhabit the north-eastern part of the country, to the northward of the salt range of mountains, and who are mostly agricultural. They cultivate wheat, rice, Indian

dian corn, barley, pulse, sugar-cane, tobacco and cotton. The Eusofzyes, or offspring of Yusof; these consist of about thirty little republics: they are reported to be a turbulent set, proud of their independence, litigious, quarrelsome, and boastful of a legacy left them by one of their chiefs—'that they should always be free but never united';—they are supposed to amount to 900,000 souls: the Fakeers, or villains, nearly as numerous, like the villains in the feudal times of Europe, are protected by their masters from all ill usage, except that which is inflicted by those very protectors, who arrogate to themselves the power of life and death. They are employed chiefly in the fields, or in feeding cattle on the mountains. The Eusofzyes seclude their own women, but hire other females to sing and dance at their entertainments. Like the Quakers, they never suffer one of their own tribe, who has maintained a good character, to fall into distress. They affect to be exceedingly religious, but, like many of those who aspire to be 'righteous over much,' are, in fact, a vicious and debauched people. The mountaineers, on the contrary, while they avow their ignorance and indifference as to religious matters, are amiable and virtuous. Some of these simple people, on observing a Moollah copying the Koran, struck off his head, observing, 'You tell us these books come from God, and here you are making them yourself.' The Khyberees are a lean but muscular race, with large gaunt faces, high noses and cheek-bones, and black complexions; whereas most of the Berdooranees tribes have fair complexions, grey eyes and red beards.

The tribes of Damaun dwell to the southward of the salt range, and are mostly pastoral, merchants or carriers. They are described as a simple and honest race, less bigoted and intolerant, and less addicted to debauchery, than their northern neighbours. The men are large, bony and fair: the women are without restraint.

The Sheeraunees are the principal of the mountain tribes of Solimaun; a stout, hardy, active race of men, with bold features, grey eyes, high cheek-bones, having a wild but manly appearance; they live in huts cut into the side of the hills, closed generally in front with a thorn bush: the common people wrap themselves in sheep skin cloaks, the more wealthy have a black blanket bound round the waist and another thrown over the shoulders: they cultivate grain, but depend merely on their sheep, oxen, goats, and asses; they rear no horses. Robbers by profession, there is yet so much honour among them that they never break their faith; and even a stranger, when once under their protection, may consider himself perfectly safe.

The Vizarees, still higher to the northward, are more rude than the Sheeraunees—some living in caves, and others in tents. The women of this tribe have gained such an ascendancy, that they are allowed

allowed to chuse their own husbands. Of the western Afghauns, the Ghiljees and Dooraunees are the principal tribes. Eight centuries ago, Ghiznee or Ghuznee, in the centre of the Ghiljee country, (the birth-place of Sultaun Mahmood, who formed an empire reaching from the Tigris to the Ganges and from the Jaxartes to the Persian gulph,) was the metropolis; it is now reduced to a town, containing about 1500 houses; and Caubul is become the capital of the Ghiljee country, and a place of very considerable trade. The Ghiljees are a warlike race;—they inhabit a country about 180 miles in length, and 85 in breadth: the last of the kings whom they gave to Persia was expelled by Nadir Shah. Some of these tribes are pastoral, and others wholly employed in agriculture.

The sceptre, however, has passed away from the Ghiljees and is now vested in the Dooraunees, an extensive tribe of Afghauns, who border on Persia, and whose country is about 400 miles in length, by 120 in breadth; deducting its deserts, about equal to Scotland, but inferior to it in population; Candahar is the capital, and a place of great trade. Heraut is another large city, and the country adjoining to these places is richly cultivated; but the Dooraunees are for the most part pastoral; and Mr. Elphinstone describes the charms of the pastoral life in such glowing colours as to think it necessary to warn his readers in a note, not to mistake the Dooraunee shepherds for Arcadians. The king is the chief of the Dooraunee tribe, and they hold their lands on the express condition of military service. Mr. Elphinstone seems to lay great stress on the influence of the Dooraunee aristocracy over the king's conduct, as favourable to the happiness of the people; we suspect, however, that this supposed counteracting power is but imaginary. The king and his army are every thing. It is true, as Mr. Elphinstone observes, that in most Asiatic governments, "there are no limits to the power of the crown, but those of the endurance of the people: nothing short of a general insurrection of the people, which is of rare occurrence, or the defection of the principal chiefs, and the army, which perpetually occurs, can oppose the sovereign's will. His sceptre, being for the most part gained by the sword, must be maintained by the sword. The crown is every where held to be hereditary, but is every where the prize to be contended for by active and audacious robbers, who, like Nadir Shah, are rarely ashamed to avow the baseness of their origin. This fortunate adventurer openly derided royal birth and hereditary succession. We are told that 'when the pride of the royal house of Delhi required that Nadir's son, who was to marry a princess of that family, should give an account of his male ancestors for seven generations, the conqueror exclaimed, "Tell them that he is the son of Nadir Shah, the son of the sword, the grand-son of the sword,"

sword, and so on till they have a descent of *seventy* instead of *seven* generations."*"

The crown of Caubul is considered as hereditary in that branch of the house of Suddozye, which is descended from Ahmed Shah; and the Dooranees name the son that is to succeed; the rest are shut up in the Balla Hissaur, or castle, where, as in Persia, they are generally deprived of their eyes: if they are spared this inhuman outrage, or escape from confinement, they are sure to collect a band of soldiers under some disaffected khauns, turn robbers, or raise the standard of rebellion; the people in the mean time, who go for nothing, regard the struggles for power with perfect indifference, and submit without resistance to all the exactions required of them:—like the ass in the fable, so they carry but the panniers to which they have been accustomed, it is much the same to them who girds them on.

The king of Caubul's title is Shauhee Doorree Doorraun; his court is called Derree Khauneh, which signifies the gate, implying, in the spirit of oriental adulation, that a subject ought to intrude no farther into the palace, even in his thoughts. The king alone can coin money. He is judge himself of all state-criminals, but cannot put to death one of his own tribe. He is at the head of religious affairs; he makes war and peace; appoints all the officers of state, except some few that are hereditary; has the entire controul of the revenue—in one word, he may be said to be absolute as long as he can maintain his dominion. Mr. Elphinstone, however, says that the Afghaun government is marked by moderation towards its subjects, and mildness in its punishments; that the chiefs alone suffer for rebellions; that the Persian practice of blinding or maiming the common people is unknown;† and that during the time the embassy was at Peshawer, there was but one execution, which was that of a Sheeah dervise for blasphemy. Though we have no room to follow Mr. Elphinstone through his details of the several clans, we cannot resist laying before our readers, as a favourable specimen of the work, his general view of Afghanistan and the character and condition of the people as they would appear to a traveller arriving among them from the west, and to another from the east.

* If a man could be transported from England to the Afghaun coun-

* Malcolm's History of Persia.

† In the horrible massacre of Kermaun, by the infamous Aga Mahomed, uncle to the present king of Persia, 7000 men were deprived of sight. Sir J. Malcolm distributed alms to more than a hundred of these poor creatures at Shiraz, on our King's birthday.

try, without passing through the dominions of Turkey, Persia, or Tartary, he would be amazed at the wide and unfrequented deserts, and the mountains covered with perennial snow. Even in the cultivated part of the country, he would discover a wild assemblage of hills and wastes, unmarked by inclosures, not embellished by trees, and destitute of navigable canals, public roads, and all the great and elaborate productions of human industry and refinement. He would find the towns few, and far distant from each other; and he would look in vain for inns or other conveniences which a traveller would meet with in the wildest parts of Great Britain. Yet he would sometimes be delighted with the fertility and populousness of particular plains and valleys; where he would see the productions of Europe mingled in profusion with those of the torrid zone; and the land laboured with an industry and a judgment no where surpassed. He would see the inhabitants, following their flocks, in tents, or assembled in villages, to which the terraced roofs and mud walls give an appearance entirely new. He would be struck at first with their high, and even harsh features, their sun-burnt countenances, their long beards, their loose garments, and their shaggy mantles of skins. When he entered into the society, he would notice the absence of regular courts of justice, and of every thing like an organized police. He would be surprized at the fluctuation and instability of the civil institutions. He would find it difficult to comprehend how a nation could subsist on such disorder; and would pity those who were compelled to pass their days in such a scene, and whose minds were trained by their unhappy situation, to fraud and violence, to rapine, deceit and revenge. Yet he would scarce fail to admire their martial and lofty spirit, their hospitality, and their bold and simple manners, equally removed from the suppleness of a citizen, and the awkward rusticity of a clown; and he would, probably, before long discover, among so many qualities that excited his disgust, the rudiments of many virtues.

But an English traveller from India, would view them with a more favourable eye: he would be pleased with the cold climate, elevated by the wild and novel scenery, and delighted by meeting many of the productions of his native land. He would first be struck with the thinness of the fixed population, and then with the appearance of the people; not fluttering in white muslins, while half their bodies are naked, but soberly and decently attired in dark coloured woollen clothes; and wrapped in brown mantles, or in large sheep-skin cloaks. He would admire their strong and active forms, their fair complexions and European features; their industry and enterprize; the hospitality, sobriety, and contempt of pleasure, which appear in all their habits; and, above all, the independence and energy of their character. In India he would have left a country where every movement originates in the government or its agents, and where the people absolutely go for nothing; and he would find himself among a nation where the control of the government is scarcely felt, and where every man appears to pursue his own inclinations, undirected and unrestrained. Amidst the stormy independence of this mode of life, he would regret the ease and security in which the
state

state of India, and even the indolence and timidity of its inhabitants, enable most parts of that country to repose. He would meet with many productions of art and nature that do not exist in India; but, in general, he would find the arts of life less advanced, and many of the luxuries of Hindostan unknown: on the whole, his impression of his new acquaintances would be favourable; although he would feel that, without having lost the ruggedness of a barbarous nation, they were tainted with the vices common to all the Asiatics. Yet, he would reckon them virtuous, compared with the people to whom he had been accustomed; would be inclined to regard them with interest and kindness; and could scarcely deny them a portion of his esteem.'—pp. 149, 150.

Mr. Elphinstone has subjoined to this, a chapter on the literature of the Afghauns: it is not altogether so summary as that of Horrebrow 'On Owls;' yet it informs us of little more than that the Afghauns have no literature. There is, however, no lack of poetry among them; and we should judge from the specimens of it with which Mr. Elphinstone has favoured us, that the bards of this remote country are gifted with no inconsiderable portion of genuine enthusiasm.

The most popular of their poets, he says, is Rehmaun; in whose odes, however, as they were translated to him, he could discover no merit: but this does not, as Mr. Elphinstone very justly adds, prove that he is unworthy of his reputation. His favourite, however, seems to be Kooshhaul, khaun of the Khuttucks, a tribe situate to the east of Peshawer. This poet was the contemporary of Aurengzebe, against whom he maintained, during the whole of his life, a fierce but unequal struggle. One of his poems gives a curious and interesting account of himself and his family.

'Come, and listen to my story,
In which both good and evil are displayed.
I am Kooshhaul, the son of Shabbauz khaun;
Descended from a race of warriors.
Shabbauz was the son of Yeheia,
Like whom was there never another youth.—
Any enemy that appear'd against him
Soon found his place in the tomb:
He had both the sword and the board,
Both courage and constancy.'

He goes on to tell how, after his father's death, he became the khaun of the tribe, and lived in greater splendour than any of his ancestors:—he then alludes to his misfortunes, and bursts into bitter invectives against the Moguls, and some of his sons, who had been seduced by the prospect of advancement to join the enemies of their country.

'I am the enemy of Aurengzebe,
Though my head be on the mountain and in the wilderness,

I am for the honour of the Afghaan name;
 And they have taken part with the Moguls:
 They prow about like hungry dogs
 After the bread and soup of the Moguls:
 They are always in pursuit of me,
 My hand could reach them even now,
 But I will not destroy my own soul.'—p. 194.

Mr. Elphinstone compares this intrepid chief to Wallace. But Kooshhaul fought less for the liberty than for the superiority of his tribe; and bore, we think, a more striking resemblance to Sevagee than to the enemy of Edward. One of his odes, which Mr. Elphinstone has given entire, and which proves his unwearied ardour in kindling new animosities against Aurengzebe, opens in this characteristic and beautiful manner:—

'Whence has this spring appeared again,
 Which has made the country all one rose garden?
 The anemone is there, the iris and the daffodil,
 The jasmine, the narcissus, and the pomegranate flower.
 The flowers of the spring are of all colours,
 But the cheek of the red tulip glows most among them all.
 The maidens have handfuls of roses in their bosom,
 The youths have bunches of flowers in their turbans,
 The musician applies his bow to the cheghauneh,
 And searches out the melodies of every string.
 Come, O cup-bearer, bring full, full cups;
 Let me be satiated with wine and revelry.'—p. 195.

This description, Mr. Elphinstone says reminds him of the old English romance. He might surely have found a nobler prototype. To us it strongly recalls the wild and fervid strains of Aneurim and Taliessin: and we could scarcely persuade ourselves through the whole of this animated ode, that we were not listening to the 'Hirlas-horn,' and the poems of the Gododin.

Mr. Elphinstone winds up his account of the Afghauns with a brief summary of their character. 'Their vices,' he says, 'are revenge, envy, avarice, rapacity and obstinacy; on the other hand, they are fond of liberty, faithful to their friends, kind to their dependants, hospitable, brave, hardy, frugal, laborious, and prudent; and they are less disposed than the nations in their neighbourhood to falsehood, intrigue, and deceit.' This character is rather more favourable than that which is given of the same people by that extraordinary traveller Forster; but the difference may be well accounted for by the different circumstances under which they saw them: the one travelling not much unlike a mendicant—the other, in all the splendour of an oriental ambassador.

His account of the provinces of Sind, Heraut, Belochistaun, &c. we must pass over in silence, that we may spare room for a glance

glance beyond the Himmaleh, and the Hindoo Coosh. Of the tributary province of Cashmeer, which is an indented basin in the bosom of these lofty ranges, we can desire nothing more than is to be found in the lively and interesting descriptions of Bernier and Forster. The city of Cashmeer, Mr. Elphinstone says, is the largest in the Dooranee dominions, containing from 150 to 200,000 inhabitants: the inquiries made by Mr. Strachey enable us to add a short account of the shawl manufactory here, which is said to employ sixteen thousand looms.

A shop, shed, or tent, has generally three working-people; and a remarkably fine shawl will occupy them a whole year or more, while other shops make six or eight in the same period. Of the best kind three people will work only about a quarter of an inch in a day: sometimes shawls are made in separate pieces and afterwards joined together; the plain shawls are woven with a shuttle; the variegated ones are worked with wooden needles, each different coloured thread having a distinct needle. The Oostaud, or head workman, directs them as to the thread and colours they are to use in order to make the figure; and though the rough side of the shawl is uppermost on the frame, and the pattern perhaps quite new, he never mistakes the regularity of the most figured patterns. The wool of the shawl-goat is imported from Tibet and other parts of Tartary, and is spun by women. The best is from Rodauk, and it bears in Cashmeer a price of half-a-crown to three shillings a pound. Mr. Strachey thinks that the probable number of shawls manufactured at Cashmeer in one year may be about eighty thousand.

The Appendix to Mr. Elphinstone's book contains a curious and most interesting account of Caufiristaun, collected from the report of a Mussulman whom he employed to penetrate into that country, and supported by other respectable authorities. Major Rennell, in his admirable Memoir, has stated, on the authority of the late Colonel Kirkpatrick, that there is a certain tribe inhabiting modern Bijore, (Bajour,) who pretend to be the descendants of certain persons belonging to Alexander's army; and who continue to preserve that ascendancy over their neighbours, which their ancestors may be supposed to have possessed when they first settled there. The authority from which this opinion was derived, Mr. Elphinstone says, they were soon obliged to give up; but they learned that the Caufirs, situated in the mountains north of Bajour, had many points of character common with the Greeks—they were celebrated for their beauty and European complexion, worshipped idols, drank wine in silver cups or vases, used chairs and tables, and spoke a language unknown to their neighbours.' The country inhabited by these people occupies a

great part of the range of the Hindoo Coosh, and a portion of Beloot Taugh. It is bounded by Kaushkaur, Badakshan, and Bulkh, and its easterly extent, behind the Himmaleh mountains, is beyond the meridian of Cashmeer.

This alpine country is composed of snowy mountains, deep pine forests, intersected with few roads, and those impassable but on foot; it is well watered by mountain-streams and rapid torrents, that are crossed by wooden bridges, or ropes made of withy and other pliant trees. Its towns and villages are always built on the slope of a hill, the roof of one house forming the street leading to the one above it. The deep glens or valleys are fertile in wheat, various kinds of millet, grapes wild and cultivated, and feed abundance of cattle. Each valley has its tribe; these tribes are separated by the Mussulmans into *Tor* Caufirs, (black infidels,) and *Speen* Caufirs, (white infidels;) the former wearing a vest of black goat skins, the other of white cotton. Their language has a close connection with the Sanscrit; a circumstance which Mr. Elphinstone thinks fatal to their supposed descent from the Greeks. Our conclusion would have been just the contrary. Any of the Greeks that followed Alexander, and remained behind, must have been left in the Panjaub, and a few stragglers could not do otherwise than learn the language of the country in which they were doomed to reside; this language their descendants may be supposed to have carried with them to their retreat in the mountains. The close resemblance in the mechanism of the Greek and Sanscrit languages would render the latter sufficiently easy to the people of the former nation; and we have very little doubt that, if Mr. Elphinstone had been fortunate enough to obtain a vocabulary of the Caufir language, we should be able to make a considerable addition to the Sanscrit roots already to be found both in the Greek and Latin languages, especially in the latter. It is no weak argument in favour of a current opinion in these mountains, that the descendants of the Greeks did find their way thither, that the king of Derwauz, a tribe of Kisghis Tartars, still farther north than the Caufirs, should claim a descent from Alexander the Great, and that all the neighbouring tribes should admit his pretensions.

The Caufirs worship one God, called by some Imra, by others Dagoon; but great men are sometimes deified and considered as intercessors with him. They attach considerable importance to the virtues of liberality and hospitality. They eat all kinds of animal food, except fish, which they abhor. The women do all the drudgery of the family, and even till the land. They take as many wives as they please, and domestic slavery is very common. All their slaves are Caufirs; the Mussulman prisoners taken by them being invariably put to death; for they hold them in detestation, and undertake

undertake long and difficult expeditions against them. In their solemn festivals, each man wears a turban in which is stuck a feather for every Mussulman he has killed; the number of bells worn round the waist is also regulated by the same rule; and no Caufir, who has not killed his man, is allowed to flourish his battle-axe above his head in the dance. This exasperation against their Mahomedan neighbours must, no doubt, have been occasioned by cruelties and persecutions on their part; for the Caufirs are represented as a harmless, affectionate, kind hearted people; easily appeased when in anger; playful, fond of laughter, and altogether of a sociable and joyous disposition.

Their marriage and funeral ceremonies greatly resemble those of the Chinese; and, like this people, they seek for posthumous reputation by the erection of a gate near the way-side, something like those which the catholic missionaries have dignified with the name of triumphal arches. Like the Chinese, also, they shave the head, excepting a long tuft which is left on the crown, and pluck the hair from the upper lip, cheeks, and neck.

The dress of the common people consists of four goat skins, two of which form a vest, and two a kind of petticoat; the long hair of the skins being outward. Those in good circumstances have a shirt beneath the vest; the women wear the shirt only. The upper ranks wear cotton cloth or black hair cloth, or the white blankets of Kaushkaur, like Highland plaids, fastened with a belt, and reaching to the knee. They also wear cotton trowsers, worked with flowers in red and black worsted. The women's dress is nearly the same; but their hair is plaited and fastened on the top of the head, over which they wear a small cap, and round it a little turban, ornamented with silver and cowries. Both sexes wear earrings, neck-rings, and bracelets; those that can afford it, have them of silver; the common people, of brass or pewter. Their houses are of wood; they have stools and tables shaped like drums; bedsteads of wood and thongs of leather. The Caufirs cannot, like other Asiatics, sit on their haunches, but stretch out their legs like Europeans.

Their food consists chiefly of cheese, butter, and milk, with bread made something like a sweet pudding; they eat flesh of all kinds, generally half dressed, and their common fruits are walnuts, grapes, apples, almonds, and wild apricots; they wash their hands and say grace before meals. They drink their wine, of which they have several sorts, out of large silver cups, during their meals, to a certain degree of elevation, but not so far as to become quarrelsome. They are so hospitable, that on hearing of the approach of a stranger, they run out to meet and invite him in. He is expected to visit every person of note in the village, and with every

one he must eat and drink. Their favourite amusement is dancing, in which all ages and sexes join. Their dances are rapid, full of gesticulation, raising the shoulders, shaking the head, and flourishing the battle-axe: they beat the ground with great force; their instruments are the pipe and tabor, which the dancers frequently accompany with the voice; their music is quick, varied, and wild.

We are inclined to think that much of the earliest periods of the human history still remains to be discovered in these upper regions of Asia. Except Manning, who contrived to get into Tibet, the only European, we believe, that has yet crossed the Himmaleh, or place of snow, sometimes called Hemmachal, or the snowy mountains, is Mr. Moorcroft, an account of whose extraordinary journey is anxiously looked for. Being sent to purchase horses at a fair held at Cossipoor, he discovered that the great mart for this noble animal was at Bokhara; and conceiving that it might be of infinite service to the army in India if a direct communication could be opened with the original breeders, he engaged a Brahmin to accompany him, and, at his own risk and responsibility, set out on the frightful journey, having, however, first taken the precaution of putting on a native dress. He struck into the forests beyond Cossipoor, traversed the province of Kemaon, crossed the Gurwhal ko, and after a march of twenty-eight days, among the passes of this vast chain of mountains covered with eternal snow, and whose height has been found to extend from twenty-one to twenty-four thousand feet above the level of the plain out of which they spring, he reached a place of which geography is silent, called Neetee, situated in a part of Tartary ceded by the Emperor of China, in jaghire, to the grand Lama. Here he was detained twenty-three days, on pretence that the Lama had recently left this lower world, and was not yet regenerated. At length he was allowed to proceed, and in five days more cleared the great range of Hemmachal, and reached the table-land of Tartary, near the borders of which was situated the frontier town named D'leapa.

Here he met with whole droves of horses, which he might have purchased at 60 rupees, (about 7*l.* sterling) a head. He wished to have proceeded in a northerly direction, but was prevented, to the sacred lake of Mansaroer, out of which it was long supposed the Ganges took its rise, but which river has been recently ascertained to have its sources in the glaciers, and from the melted snow of the southern side of the Himmaleh. The two streams which the lamas of Kang-Shee, who were sent by that emperor to ascertain the source of the Ganges, observed to flow to the westward, the one rising out of the Mansaroer lake, and the other from under Mount Kentaisse, the highest point of the Moos Taugh, and which, after their junction below Ladac, they concluded

cluded to be the first great branch of the Ganges, would now appear, from the information collected by Mr. Moorcroft, to be incorrectly assumed; the stream issuing from the sacred lake of Mansaroer, being the source of a river of very inferior note, that of the Sutlaj, or Sutledge, the western boundary of our Indian empire, which works its way through the Snowy Mountains close under the high peak of Cantal, immediately west of the vale of Cashmeer; while the northern stream, flowing westerly to a considerable distance, turns to the southward, and, forcing a passage through the Hindoo Coosh, forms a branch, perhaps the principal one, of the Indus.

A war which was then raging between the Ghorkalees and their northern neighbours prevented Mr. Moorcroft from proceeding; and on his return he was seized by a chief of the former, and kept in close confinement for seventeen days. From the moment he had descended the Himmaleh mountains on the north side, he met with the shawl wool goat, and the yak or Tartarian cow; the latter animal, it seems, has an under coating of soft wool or fur, equal to that of the beaver, being a natural felt of the finest kind; the wool of the former is monopolized by the Latakté Tartars, and sold to the Cashmerians; who, for every lack of rupees expended, procure a return of ten or twelve. Both of these animals, but the goat especially, seem, from the temperature of the climate, as well as from their habits, to be exactly suited for the Highlands of Scotland, or the Hebrides; but the heats of the south of India, through which they must pass, or the inconveniences of a long voyage, have hitherto rendered every attempt to import them ineffectual. Mr. Moorcroft obtained a living specimen of each animal, but we believe he lost them when thrown into prison.

He saw behind the mountains great numbers of wild horses and the Ghurk-hur, or wild ass: but horses seemed the staple commodity of the country. Tartary appears to be in fact the indigenous country of the horse. From Pegu to the Caspian, over all that extensive region which sweeps to the northward of the Himmaleh and the Hindoo Coosh, the horse is the most thriving animal, improving in size, strength, and beauty, as we proceed to the westward. In all this vast tract he is every where the companion of man—he shares with him his food, his tent, and his clothing. A Tartar horse-race is well calculated to try the bottom of the animal. The Turcomans have no idea of a short heat; they assemble a great multitude of horses at a spot where they are to start, generally a good day's journey from the winning-post. The rider of the winning horse (which is always reserved as a stallion) receives from the khan, or chief, a sum of money, a dress, and a horse; the second gets a suit of clothes, a saddle and bridle; and the

the others receive prizes proportioned in value to the order in which they respectively come up to the winning-post; to the last is given a large ball of barley-meal to refresh himself and his horse; all these animals, except the first, are castrated. By these and other attentions to the breed of horses, they may challenge the world to match this noble animal.

‘The Turcoman horse,’ says Sir J. Malcolm, ‘is a fine animal, between fifteen and sixteen hands high; and there are probably no horses in the world that can endure so much fatigue. I ascertained, after the minutest examination of the fact, that those small parties of Turcomans who ventured several hundred miles into Persia, used both to advance and retreat at the average nearly of one hundred miles a day. They train their horses for these expeditions as we should for a race; and the expression they use to describe a horse in condition for a *Chapow*, (which may be translated a *foraye*,) is, that “his flesh is marble.”’

Mr. Moorcroft was not a little surprized to find that Russian traders were in the habit of frequenting the markets of Toorkistaun, and particularly that of Bokhara, to receive, in exchange for their furs and cloths, silks, shawls, and other Indian commodities. Even English broad cloths, notwithstanding the prohibition of the Russian government, are, we believe, carried across Siberia and the deserts to clothe the Turcomans, between whom and our Indian provinces, there is but a single ridge of mountains. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Nepaul treaty has opened an extended market for our English broad cloths; and we doubt not that with a little encouragement the shawl trade of Cashmeer might easily be transferred from the Afghauns and Persians to the East India Company.

Bulkh, or Bactria, situated behind the Hindoo Coosh, is a part of Toorkistaun, particularly famous for its strong and active breed of horses. It is claimed as a tributary province of the Afghauns, and is, like the rest of the distant provinces, either really or nominally, so, according to the power and activity of the reigning monarch. The city of Bulkh, Mr. Elphinstone says, is considered by all Asiatics as the oldest city in the world, and is distinguished by the title of Omool Belaud, the *mother of towns*. It is now, however, reduced to insignificance; its ruins, covering a great extent, are surrounded with a wall, but one corner only is inhabited. The country around it is described as flat, fertile, and well cultivated; possessing three hundred and sixty villages, watered by eighteen canals from a reservoir in the Paropamisar mountains. The inhabitants are chiefly Usbeck Tartars, or that division of these northern hordes, known by the name of Toorkomans, and from whom the Turks originally sprung.

The sovereign is absolute; but each tribe has its chief, or khan, who

who is generally appointed by the king. In the army also, the sovereign appoints to all places of rank: 'We find,' says Mr. Elphinstone, 'Mungbaushees, Euzbaushees, Choraghausees, (commanders of a thousand, of an hundred, and of ten,) which shew that the division of the army is arbitrary, and does not proceed on the principle of having the contingent of each tribe, clan, or village, under its hereditary chief.' And in Bokhara, the men are told off into messes of ten each, who have a tent, a boiler, and a camel between them. Both the King of Bokhara and the King of Bulkh are great bigots, or affect to be so. The former styles himself 'Commander of the Faithful,' teaches the doctrine of the koran a great part of the day, and spends a considerable portion of the night in prayers and visits. Killich Ali Beg, the present ruler of Bulkh, always walks in the street, lest, if he rode, his feet might be higher than the heads of the true believers.

The Usbecks are described, by Mr. Elphinstone, as short, stout men, with broad foreheads, high cheek-bones, thin beards, and small eyes; their complexion clear and ruddy, their hair black. They wear a shirt and trowsers of cotton; a loose tunic of silken or woollen cloth, bound with a girdle, and a gown of woollen cloth, or felt, over it; a cap of broad cloth, lined with fur, for the winter, or a pointed silken cap called a calpauk, with a large white turban over it. Both men and women wear boots; and the dress of the latter differs only from that of the former in being somewhat longer; they wear gold and silver ornaments, and plait their hair into a long queue, which hangs down from the middle of the head like that of the Chinese. Their favourite food is horse flesh, and mare's milk, made into kimmiz; they drink tea boiled with milk, and oil made from the fat tails of the Doombek sheep. They live partly in tents and partly in houses resembling those of the Afghans. In Bokhara, and the tract of country between that and the Caspian sea, the greater part of the people reside in tents, and follow pasturage; their stock consists of sheep, camels, and horses; the latter are so common and so numerous, that every Turkoman has his horse, and even beggars travel on horseback.

The Usbecks are represented as a good sort of people; sincere in their professions and honest in their dealings; and Mr. Elphinstone thinks there are few countries in the east where a stranger would be more at ease. He assigns to Bulkh a million of inhabitants; and says that the city of Bokhara is equal in population to Peshawer, and consequently superior to any in England, except London; that it contains numerous colleges, capable of accommodating from sixty to six hundred students, each; that it abounds with caravan-sarais, where merchants meet with great encouragement; and that

all

all religions are tolerated by a prince and people above all others attached to their own belief.

It is to be hoped that our late treaty with the Gorka Rajah has given us a passage over that part of the Himmaleh crossed by Mr. Moorcroft; and that the government of India will avail itself of the occasion to open a friendly communication with Killich Ali of Bulkh, and Hyder Turrah chief of Bokhara; and we are not ashamed to confess that we have so much old-fashioned prejudice about us, in favour of our own countrymen, as to wish that no foreigner, however gifted, and from whatever quarter recommended, may be thought worthy of a preference to the protection of the British power in India, in any attempt to explore the countries situated beyond the Snowy Mountains.

ART. IX. *Emma; a Novel. By the Author of Sense and Sensibility, Pride and Prejudice, &c.* 3 vols. 12mo. London. 1815.

THERE are some vices in civilized society so common that they are hardly acknowledged as stains upon the moral character, the propensity to which is nevertheless carefully concealed, even by those who most frequently give way to them; since no man of pleasure would willingly assume the gross epithet of a debauchee or a drunkard. One would almost think that novel-reading fell under this class of frailties, since among the crowds who read little else, it is not common to find an individual of hardihood sufficient to avow his taste for these frivolous studies. A novel, therefore, is frequently 'bread eaten in secret'; and it is not upon Lydia Languish's toilet alone that Tom Jones and Peregrine Pickle are to be found ambushed behind works of a more grave and instructive character. And hence it has happened, that in no branch of composition, not even in poetry itself, have so many writers, and of such varied talents, exerted their powers. It may perhaps be added, that although the composition of these works admits of being exalted and decorated by the higher exertions of genius; yet such is the universal charm of narrative, that the worst novel ever written will find some gentle reader content to yawn over it, rather than to open the page of the historian, moralist, or poet. We have heard, indeed, of one work of fiction so unutterably stupid, that the proprietor, diverted by the rarity of the incident, offered the book, which consisted of two volumes in duodecimo, handsomely bound, to any person who would declare, upon his honour, that he had read the whole from beginning to end. But although this offer was made to the passengers on board an Indiaman, during a tedious out-

outward-bound voyage; the 'Mémoires of Clegg the Clergyman,' (such was the title of this unhappy composition,) completely baffled the most dull and determined student on board, and bid fair for an exception to the general rule above-mentioned,—when the love of glory prevailed with the boatswain, a man of strong and solid parts, to hazard the attempt, and he actually conquered and carried off the prize!

The judicious reader will see at once that we have been pleading our own cause while stating the universal practice, and preparing him for a display of more general acquaintance with this fascinating department of literature, than at first sight may seem consistent with the graver studies to which we are compelled by duty: but in truth, when we consider how many hours of languor and anxiety, of deserted age and solitary celibacy, of pain even and poverty, are beguiled by the perusal of these light volumes, we cannot austere condemn the source from which is drawn the alleviation of such a portion of human misery, or consider the regulation of this department as beneath the sober consideration of the critic.

If such apologies may be admitted in judging the labours of ordinary novelists, it becomes doubly the duty of the critic to treat with kindness as well as candour works which, like this before us, proclaim a knowledge of the human heart, with the power and resolution to bring that knowledge to the service of honour and virtue. The author is already known to the public by the two novels announced in her title-page, and both, the last especially, attracted, with justice, an attention from the public far superior to what is granted to the ephemeral productions which supply the regular demand of watering-places and circulating libraries. They belong to a class of fictions which has arisen almost in our own times, and which draws the characters and incidents introduced more immediately from the current of ordinary-life than was permitted by the former rules of the novel.

In its first appearance, the novel was the legitimate child of the romance; and though the manners and general turn of the composition were altered so as to suit modern times, the author remained fettered by many peculiarities derived from the original style of romantic fiction. These may be chiefly traced in the conduct of the narrative, and the tone of sentiment attributed to the fictitious personages. On the first point, although

The talisman and magic wand were broke,
Knights, dwarfs, and genii vanish'd into smoke,

still the reader expected to peruse a course of adventures of a nature more interesting and extraordinary than those which occur in his own life, or that of his next-door neighbours. The hero no longer

longer defeated armies by his single sword, clove giants to the chine, or gained kingdoms. But he was expected to go through perils by sea and land, to be steeped in poverty, to be tried by temptation, to be exposed to the alternate vicissitudes of adversity and prosperity, and his life was a troubled scene of suffering and achievement. Few novelists, indeed, ventured to deny to the hero his final hour of tranquillity and happiness, though it was the prevailing fashion never to relieve him out of his last and most dreadful distress until the finishing chapters of his history; so that although his prosperity in the record of his life was short, we were bound to believe it was long and uninterrupted when the author had done with him. The heroine was usually condemned to equal hardships and hazards. She was regularly exposed to being forcibly carried off like a Sabine virgin by some frantic admirer. And even if she escaped the terrors of masked ruffians, an insidious ravisher, a cloak wrapped forcibly around her head, and a coach with the blinds up driving she could not conjecture whither, she had still her share of wandering, of poverty, of obloquy, of seclusion, and of imprisonment, and was frequently extended upon a bed of sickness, and reduced to her last shilling before the author condescended to shield her from persecution. In all these dread contingencies the mind of the reader was expected to sympathize, since by incidents so much beyond the bounds of his ordinary experience, his wonder and interest ought at once to be excited. But gradually he became familiar with the land of fiction, the adventures of which he assimilated not with those of real life, but with each other. Let the distress of the hero or heroine be ever so great, the reader reposed an imperturbable confidence in the talents of the author, who, as he had plunged them into distress, would in his own good time, and when things, as Tony Lumpkin says, were in a concatenation accordingly, bring his favourites out of all their troubles. Mr. Crabbe has expressed his own and our feelings excellently on this subject.

For should we grant these beauties all endure
 Severest pangs, they've still the speediest cure;
 Before one charm be wither'd from the face,
 Except the bloom which shall again have place,
 In wedlock ends each wish, in triumph all disgrace.
 And life to come, we fairly may suppose,
 One light bright contrast to these wild dark woes.

In short, the author of novels was, in former times, expected to tread pretty much in the limits between the concentric circles of probability and possibility; and as he was not permitted to transgress the latter, his narrative, to make amends, almost always went beyond the bounds of the former. Now, although it may be urged that the vicissitudes of human life have occasionally led an indi-

individual through as many scenes of singular fortune as are represented in the most extravagant of these fictions, still the causes and personages acting on these changes have varied with the progress of the adventurer's fortune, and do not present that combined plot, (the object of every skilful novelist,) in which all the more interesting individuals of the *dramatis personæ* have their appropriate share in the action and in bringing about the catastrophe. Here, even more than in its various and violent changes of fortune, rests the improbability of the novel. The life of man rolls forth like a stream from the fountain, or it spreads out into tranquillity like a placid or stagnant lake. In the latter case, the individual grows old among the characters with whom he was born, and is contemporary,—shares precisely the sort of weal and woe to which his birth destined him,—moves in the same circle,—and, allowing for the change of seasons, is influenced by, and influences the same class of persons by which he was originally surrounded. The man of mark and of adventure, on the contrary, resembles, in the course of his life, the river whose mid-current and discharge into the ocean are widely removed from each other, as well as from the rocks and wild flowers which its fountains first reflected; violent changes of time, of place, and of circumstances, hurry him forward from one scene to another, and his adventures will usually be found only connected with each other because they have happened to the same individual. Such a history resembles an ingenious, fictitious narrative, exactly in the degree in which an old dramatic chronicle of the life and death of some distinguished character, where all the various agents appear and disappear as in the page of history, approaches a regular drama, in which every person introduced plays an appropriate part, and every point of the action tends to one common catastrophe.

We return to the second broad line of distinction between the novel, as formerly composed, and real life,—the difference, namely, of the sentiments. The novelist professed to give an imitation of nature, but it was, as the French say, *la belle nature*. Human beings, indeed, were presented, but in the most sentimental mood, and with minds purified by a sensibility which often verged on extravagance. In the serious class of novels, the hero was usually

‘A knight of love, who never broke a vow.’

And although, in those of a more humorous cast, he was permitted a license, borrowed either from real life or from the libertinism of the drama, still a distinction was demanded even from Peregrine Pickle, or Tom Jones; and the hero, in every folly of which he might be guilty, was studiously vindicated from the charge of infidelity of the heart. The heroine was, of course, still more immaculate;

culate; and to have conferred her affections upon any other than the lover to whom the reader had destined her from their first meeting, would have been a crime against sentiment which no author, of moderate prudence, would have hazarded, under the old *régime*.

Here, therefore, we have two essential and important circumstances, in which the earlier novels differed from those now in fashion, and were more nearly assimilated to the old romances. And there can be no doubt that, by the studied involution and extrication of the story, by the combination of incidents new, striking and wonderful beyond the course of ordinary life, the former authors opened that obvious and strong sense of interest which arises from curiosity; as by the pure, elevated, and romantic cast of the sentiment, they conciliated those better propensities of our nature which loves to contemplate the picture of virtue, even when confessedly unable to imitate its excellences.

But strong and powerful as these sources of emotion and interest may be, they are, like all others, capable of being exhausted by habit. The imitators who rushed in crowds upon each path in which the great masters of the art had successively led the way, produced upon the public mind the usual effect of satiety. The first writer of a new class is, as it were, placed on a pinnacle of excellence, to which, at the earliest glance of a surprised admirer, his ascent seems little less than miraculous. Time and imitation speedily diminish the wonder, and each successive attempt establishes a kind of progressive scale of ascent between the lately deified author, and the reader, who had deemed his excellence inaccessible. The stupidity, the mediocrity, the merit of his imitators, are alike fatal to the first inventor, by shewing how possible it is to exaggerate his faults and to come within a certain point of his beauties.

Materials also (and the man of genius as well as his wretched imitator must work with the same) become stale and familiar. Social life, in our civilized days, affords few instances capable of being painted in the strong dark colours which excite surprize and horror; and robbers, smugglers, bailiffs, caverns, dungeons, and mad-houses, have been all introduced until they ceased to interest. And thus in the novel, as in every style of composition which appeals to the public taste, the more rich and easily worked mines being exhausted, the adventurous author must, if he is desirous of success, have recourse to those which were disdained by his predecessors as unproductive, or avoided as only capable of being turned to profit by great skill and labour.

Accordingly a style of novel has arisen, within the last fifteen or twenty years, differing from the former in the points upon which the interest hinges; neither alarming our credulity nor amusing our imagination

imagination by wild variety of incident, or by those pictures of romantic affection and sensibility, which were formerly as certain attributes of fictitious characters as they are of rare occurrence among those who actually live and die. The substitute for these excitements, which had lost much of their poignancy by the repeated and injudicious use of them, was the art of copying from nature as she really exists in the common walks of life, and presenting to the reader, instead of the splendid scenes of an imaginary world, a correct and striking representation of that which is daily taking place around him.

In adventuring upon this task, the author makes obvious sacrifices, and encounters peculiar difficulty. He who paints from *le beau idéal*, if his scenes and sentiments are striking and interesting, is in a great measure exempted from the difficult task of reconciling them with the ordinary probabilities of life: but he who paints a scene of common occurrence, places his composition within that extensive range of criticism which general experience offers to every reader. The resemblance of a statue of Hercules we must take on the artist's judgment; but every one can criticize that which is presented as the portrait of a friend, or neighbour. Something more than a mere sign-post likeness is also demanded. The portrait must have spirit and character, as well as resemblance; and being deprived of all that, according to Bayes, goes 'to elevate and surprize,' it must make amends by displaying depth of knowledge and dexterity of execution. We, therefore, bestow no mean compliment upon the author of *Emma*, when we say that, keeping close to common incidents, and to such characters as occupy the ordinary walks of life, she has produced sketches of such spirit and originality, that we never miss the excitation which depends upon a narrative of uncommon events, arising from the consideration of minds, manners, and sentiments, greatly above our own. In this class she stands almost alone; for the scenes of Miss Edgeworth are laid in higher life, varied by more romantic incident, and by her remarkable power of embodying and illustrating national character. But the author of *Emma* confines herself chiefly to the middling classes of society; her most distinguished characters do not rise greatly above well-bred country gentlemen and ladies; and those which are sketched with most originality and precision, belong to a class rather below that standard. The narrative of all her novels is composed of such common occurrences as may have fallen under the observation of most folks; and her dramatis personæ conduct themselves upon the motives and principles which the readers may recognize as ruling their own and that of most of their acquaintances. The kind of moral, also, which these novels inculcate, applies equally to the paths of common life, as

will best appear from a short notice of the author's former works, with a more full abstract of that which we at present have under consideration.

'Sense and Sensibility,' the first of these compositions, contains the history of two sisters. The elder, a young lady of prudence and regulated feelings, becomes gradually attached to a man of an excellent heart and limited talents, who happens unfortunately to be fettered by a rash and ill-assorted engagement. In the younger sister, the influence of sensibility and imagination predominates; and she, as was to be expected, also falls in love, but with more unbridled and wilful passion. Her lover, gifted with all the qualities of exterior polish and vivacity, proves faithless, and marries a woman of large fortune. The interest and merit of the piece depend altogether upon the behaviour of the elder sister, while obliged at once to sustain her own disappointment with fortitude, and to support her sister, who abandons herself, with unsuppressed feelings, to the indulgence of grief. The marriage of the unworthy rival at length relieves her own lover from his imprudent engagement, while her sister, turned wise by precept, example, and experience, transfers her affection to a very respectable and somewhat too serious admirer, who had nourished an unsuccessful passion through the three volumes.

In 'Pride and Prejudice' the author presents us with a family of young women, bred up under a foolish and vulgar mother, and a father whose good abilities lay hid under such a load of indolence and insensibility, that he had become contented to make the foibles and follies of his wife and daughters the subject of dry and humorous sarcasm, rather than of admonition, or restraint. This is one of the portraits from ordinary life which shews our author's talents in a very strong point of view. A friend of ours, whom the author never saw or heard of, was at once recognized by his own family as the original of Mr. Bennet, and we do not know if he has yet got rid of the nickname. A Mr. Collins, too, a formal, conceited, yet servile young sprig of divinity, is drawn with the same force and precision. The story of the piece consists chiefly in the fates of the second sister, to whom a man of high birth, large fortune, but haughty and reserved manners, becomes attached, in spite of the discredit thrown upon the object of his affection by the vulgarity and ill-conduct of her relations. The lady, on the contrary, hurt at the contempt of her connections, which the lover does not even attempt to suppress, and prejudiced against him on other accounts, refuses the hand which he ungraciously offers, and does not perceive that she has done a foolish thing until she accidentally visits a very handsome seat and grounds belonging to her admirer. They chance to meet exactly as her prudence had begun to subdue her prejudice;

and

and after some essential services rendered to her family, the lover becomes encouraged to renew his addresses, and the novel ends happily.

Emma has even less story than either of the preceding novels. Miss Emma Woodhouse, from whom the book takes its name, is the daughter of a gentleman of wealth and consequence residing at his seat in the immediate vicinage of a country village called Highbury. The father, a good-natured, silly valetudinary, abandons the management of his household to Emma, he himself being only occupied by his summer and winter walk, his apothecary, his gruel, and his whist table. The latter is supplied from the neighbouring village of Highbury with precisely the sort of persons who occupy the vacant corners of a regular whist table, when a village is in the neighbourhood, and better cannot be found within the family. We have the smiling and courteous vicar, who nourishes the ambitious hope of obtaining Miss Woodhouse's hand. We have Mrs. Bates, the wife of a former rector, past every thing but tea and whist; her daughter, Miss Bates, a good-natured, vulgar, and foolish old maid; Mr. Weston, a gentleman of a frank disposition and moderate fortune, in the vicinity, and his wife an amiable and accomplished person, who had been Emma's governess, and is devotedly attached to her. Amongst all these personages, Miss Woodhouse walks forth, the princess paramount, superior to all her companions in wit, beauty, fortune, and accomplishments, doated upon by her father and the Westons, admired, and almost worshipped by the more humble companions of the whist table. The object of most young ladies is, or at least is usually supposed to be, a desirable connection in marriage. But Emma Woodhouse, either anticipating the taste of a later period of life, or, like a good sovereign, preferring the weal of her subjects of Highbury to her own private interest, sets generously about making matches for her friends without thinking of matrimony on her own account. We are informed that she had been eminently successful in the case of Mr. and Miss Weston; and when the novel commences she is exerting her influence in favour of Miss Harriet Smith, a boarding-school girl without family or fortune, very good humoured, very pretty, very silly, and, what suited Miss Woodhouse's purpose best of all, very much disposed to be married.

In these conjugal machinations Emma is frequently interrupted, not only by the cautions of her father, who had a particular objection to any body committing the rash act of matrimony, but also by the sturdy reproof and remonstrances of Mr. Knightley, the elder brother of her sister's husband, a sensible country gentleman of thirty-five, who had known Emma from her cradle, and was the

only person who ventured to find fault with her. In spite, however, of his censure and warning, Emma lays a plan of marrying Harriet Smith to the vicar; and though she succeeds perfectly in diverting her simple friend's thoughts from an honest farmer who had made her a very suitable offer, and in flattering her into a passion for Mr. Elton, yet, on the other hand, that conceited divine totally mistakes the nature of the encouragement held out to him, and attributes the favour which he found in Miss Woodhouse's eyes to a lurking affection on her own part. This at length encourages him to a presumptuous declaration of his sentiments; upon receiving a repulse, he looks abroad elsewhere, and enriches the Highbury society by uniting himself to a dashing young woman with as many thousands as are usually called ten, and a corresponding quantity of presumption and ill breeding.

While Emma is thus vainly engaged in forging wedlock-fetters for others, her friends have views of the same kind upon her, in favour of a son of Mr. Weston by a former marriage, who bears the name, lives under the patronage, and is to inherit the fortune of a rich uncle. Unfortunately Mr. Frank Churchill had already settled his affections on Miss Jane Fairfax, a young lady of reduced fortune; but as this was a concealed affair, Emma, when Mr. Churchill first appears on the stage, has some thoughts of being in love with him herself; speedily, however, recovering from that dangerous propensity, she is disposed to confer him upon her deserted friend Harriet Smith. Harriet has, in the interim, fallen desperately in love with Mr. Knightley, the sturdy, advice-giving bachelor; and, as all the village supposes Frank Churchill and Emma to be attached to each other, there are cross purposes enough (were the novel of a more romantic cast) for cutting half the men's throats and breaking all the women's hearts. But at Highbury Cupid walks decorously, and with good discretion, bearing his torch under a lanthorn, instead of flourishing it around to set the house on fire. All these entanglements bring on only a train of mistakes and embarrassing situations, and dialogues at balls and parties of pleasure, in which the author displays her peculiar powers of humour and knowledge of human life. The plot is extricated with great simplicity. The aunt of Frank Churchill dies; his uncle, no longer under her baneful influence, consents to his marriage with Jane Fairfax. Mr. Knightley and Emma are led, by this unexpected incident, to discover that they had been in love with each other all along. Mr. Woodhouse's objections to the marriage of his daughter are overpowered by the fears of house-breakers, and the comfort which he hopes to derive from having a stout son-in-law resident in the family; and the facile affections of Harriet Smith are transferred, like a bank bill

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by indorsation, to her former suitor, the honest farmer, who had obtained a favourable opportunity of renewing his addresses. Such is the simple plan of a story which we peruse with pleasure, if not with deep interest, and which perhaps we might more willingly resume than one of those narratives where the attention is strongly riveted, during the first perusal, by the powerful excitement of curiosity.

✕ The author's knowledge of the world, and the peculiar tact with which she presents characters that the reader cannot fail to recognize, reminds us something of the merits of the Flemish school of painting. ✕ The subjects are not often elegant, and certainly never grand; but they are finished up to nature, and with a precision which delights the reader. ✕ This is a merit which it is very difficult to illustrate by extracts, because it pervades the whole work, and is not to be comprehended from a single passage. ✕ The following is a dialogue between Mr. Woodhouse, and his elder daughter Isabella, who shares his anxiety about health, and has, like her father, a favourite apothecary. The reader must be informed that this lady, with her husband, a sensible, peremptory sort of person, had come to spend a week with her father.

'While they were thus comfortably occupied, Mr. Woodhouse was enjoying a full flow of happy regrets and fearful affection with his daughter.

'My poor dear Isabella,' said he, fondly taking her hand, and interrupting, for a few moments, her busy labours for some one of her five children—'How long it is, how terribly long since you were here! And how tired you must be after your journey! You must go to bed early, my dear—and I recommend a little gruel to you before you go.—You and I will have a nice basin of gruel together. My dear Emma, suppose we all have a little gruel.'

Emma could not suppose any such thing, knowing, as she did, that both the Mr. Knightleys were as unpersuadable on that article as herself;—and two basins only were ordered. After a little more discourse in praise of gruel, with some wondering at its not being taken every evening by every body, he proceeded to say, with an air of grave reflection,

'It was an awkward business, my dear, your spending the autumn at South End instead of coming here. I never had much opinion of the sea air.'

'Mr. Wingfield most strenuously recommended it, sir—or we should not have gone. He recommended it for all the children, but particularly for the weakness in little Bella's throat,—both sea air and bathing.'

'Ah! my dear, but Perry had many doubts about the sea doing her any good; and as to myself, I have been long perfectly convinced, though perhaps I never told you so before, that the sea is very rarely of use to any body. I am sure it almost killed me once.'

'Come, come,' cried Emma, feeling this to be an unsafe subject, 'I must beg you not to talk of the sea. It makes me envious and miserable;—I who have never seen it! South End is prohibited, if you please. My dear Isabella, I have not heard you make one inquiry after Mr. Perry yet; and he never forgets you.'

'Oh! good Mr. Perry—how is he, sir?'

'Why, pretty well; but not quite well. Poor Perry is bilious, and he has not time to take care of himself—he tells me he has not time to take care of himself—which is very sad—but he is always wanted all round the country. I suppose there is not a man in such practice any where. But then, there is not so clever a man any where.'

'And Mrs. Perry and the children, how are they? do the children grow?—I have a great regard for Mr. Perry. I hope he will be calling soon. He will be so pleased to see my little ones.'

'I hope he will be here to-morrow, for I have a question or two to ask him about myself of some consequence. And, my dear, whenever he comes, you had better let him look at little Bella's throat.'

'Oh! my dear sir, her throat is so much better that I have hardly any uneasiness about it. Either bathing has been of the greatest service to her, or else it is to be attributed to an excellent embrocation of Mr. Wingfield's, which we have been applying at times ever since August.'

'It is not very likely, my dear, that bathing should have been of use to her—and if I had known you were wanting an embrocation, I would have spoken to —'

'You seem to me to have forgotten Mrs. and Miss Bates,' said Emma, 'I have not heard one inquiry after them.'

'Oh! the good Bateses—I am quite ashamed of myself—but you mention them in most of your letters. I hope they are quite well. Good old Mrs. Bates—I will call upon her to-morrow, and take my children.—They are always so pleased to see my children.—And that excellent Miss Bates!—such thorough worthy people!—How are they, sir?'

'Why, pretty well, my dear, upon the whole. But poor Mrs. Bates had a bad cold about a month ago.'

'How sorry I am! But colds were never so prevalent as they have been this autumn. Mr. Wingfield told me that he had never known them more general or heavy—except when it has been quite an influenza.'

'That has been a good deal the case, my dear; but not to the degree you mention. Perry says that colds have been very general, but not so heavy as he has very often known them in November. Perry does not call it altogether a sickly season.'

'No, I do not know that Mr. Wingfield considers it very sickly, except—'

'Ah! my poor dear child, the truth is, that in London it is always a sickly season. Nobody is healthy in London, nobody can be. It is a dreadful thing to have you forced to live there!—so far off!—and the air so bad!'

'No,

'No, indeed—we are not at all in a bad air. Our part of London is so very superior to most others!—You must not confound us with London in general, my dear sir. The neighbourhood of Brunswick Square is very different from almost all the rest. We are so very airy! I should be unwilling, I own, to live in any other part of the town;—there is hardly any other that I could be satisfied to have my children in:—but we are so remarkably airy!—Mr. Wingfield thinks the vicinity of Brunswick Square decidedly the most favourable as to air.'

'Ah! my dear, it is not like Hartfield. You make the best of it—but after you have been a week at Hartfield, you are all of you different creatures; you do not look like the same. Now I cannot say, that I think you are any of you looking well at present.'

'I am sorry to hear you say so, sir; but I assure you, excepting those little nervous head aches and palpitations which I am never entirely free from any where, I am quite well myself; and if the children were rather pale before they went to bed, it was only because they were a little more tired than usual, from their journey and the happiness of coming. I hope you will think better of their looks to-morrow; for I assure you Mr. Wingfield told me, that he did not believe he had ever sent us off all together, in such good case. I trust, at least, that you do not think Mr. Knightley looking ill,'—turning her eyes with affectionate anxiety towards her husband.

'Middling, my dear; I cannot compliment you. I think Mr. John Knightley very far from looking well.'

'What is the matter, sir?—Did you speak to me?' cried Mr. John Knightley, hearing his own name.

'I am sorry to find, my love, that my father does not think you looking well—but I hope it is only from being a little fatigued. I could have wished, however, as you know, that you had seen Mr. Wingfield before you left home.'

'My dear Isabella,'—exclaimed he hastily—'pray do not concern yourself about my looks. Be satisfied with doctoring and coddling yourself and the children, and let me look as I chuse.'

'I did not thoroughly understand what you were telling your brother,' cried Emma, 'about your friend Mr. Graham's intending to have a bailiff from Scotland, to look after his new estate. But will it answer? Will not the old prejudice be too strong?'

And she talked in this way so long and successfully that, when forced to give her attention again to her father and sister, she had nothing worse to hear than Isabella's kind inquiry after Jane Fairfax;—and Jane Fairfax, though no great favourite with her in general, she was at that moment very happy to assist in praising.—vol. i. pp. 212—220.

Perhaps the reader may collect from the preceding specimen both the merits and faults of the author. The former consists much in the force of a narrative conducted with much neatness and point, and a quiet yet comic dialogue, in which the characters of the speakers evolve themselves with dramatic effect. The faults,

on the contrary, arise from the minute detail which the author's plan comprehends. * Characters of folly or simplicity, such as those of old Woodhouse and Miss Bates, are ridiculous when first presented, but if too often brought forward or too long dwelt upon, their prosing is apt to become as tiresome in fiction as in real society. Upon the whole, the turn of this author's novels bears the same relation to that of the sentimental and romantic cast, that cornfields and cottages and meadows bear to the highly adorned grounds of a show mansion, or the rugged sublimities of a mountain landscape. It is neither so captivating as the one, nor so grand as the other, but it affords to those who frequent it a pleasure nearly allied with the experience of their own social habits; and what is of some importance, the youthful wanderer may return from his promenade to the ordinary business of life, without any chance of having his head turned by the recollection of the scene through which he has been wandering.

One word, however, we must say in behalf of that once powerful divinity, Cupid, king of gods and men, who in these times of revolution, has been assailed, even in his own kingdom of romance, by the authors who were formerly his devoted priests. We are quite aware that there are few instances of first attachment being brought to a happy conclusion, and that it seldom can be so in a state of society so highly advanced as to render early marriages among the better class, acts, generally speaking, of imprudence. But the youth of this realm need not at present be taught the doctrine of selfishness. It is by no means their error to give the world or the good things of the world all for love; and before the authors of moral fiction couple Cupid indivisibly with calculating prudence, we would have them reflect, that they may sometimes lend their aid to substitute more mean, more sordid, and more selfish motives of conduct, for the romantic feelings which their predecessors perhaps fanned into too powerful a flame. Who is it, that in his youth has felt a virtuous attachment, however romantic or however unfortunate, but can trace back to its influence much that his character may possess of what is honourable, dignified, and disinterested? If he recollects hours wasted in unavailing hope, or saddened by doubt and disappointment; he may also dwell on many which have been snatched from folly or libertinism, and dedicated to studies which might render him worthy of the object of his affection, or pave the way perhaps to that distinction necessary to raise him to an equality with her. Even the habitual indulgence of feelings totally unconnected with ourself and our own immediate interest, softens, graces, and amends the human mind; and after the pain of disappointment is past, those who survive (and by good fortune those are the greater number) are neither less

wise

wise nor less worthy members of society for having felt, for a time, the influence of a passion which has been well qualified as the 'tenderest, noblest and best.'

ART. X. 1. *Poems by William Wordsworth; including Lyrical Ballads, and the Miscellaneous Pieces of the Author, with additional Poems, a New Preface, and a Supplementary Essay.* In two vols. London. 1815.

2. *The White Doe of Rylstone; or, the Fate of the Nortons. A Poem.* By William Wordsworth. London. 1815.

OF the two publications selected for this article, the latter only can be said to come regularly under our cognizance; the contents of the former having been, for the most part, many years before the public: our attention, therefore, must be principally devoted to the prefatory and post-prefatory essays. The topics which these embrace are in themselves of some importance, and such as our author, from the nature of his pursuits, would seem to be professionally qualified to illustrate. We must, therefore, bespeak the patience of our readers for a few remarks upon some of his opinions; premising that we offer them, not so much in the hope of being able to throw any new light upon the subject, as from a wish to obviate an idea which we suspect has gone abroad, that because we admire the poetical talents of Mr. Wordsworth, we are therefore to be numbered as implicitly entertaining all the tenets of his poetical system.

Among those who are really qualified to judge for themselves in matters of taste, we think that one opinion only is entertained respecting the productions of Mr. Wordsworth,—that they exhibit a mind richly stored with all the materials from which poetry is formed;—elevation of sentiment—tenderness of heart—the truest sensibility for the beauties of nature—combined with extraordinary fervour of imagination, and a most praiseworthy love of simplicity both in thought and language. It would appear, however, upon a first view of the fact, that he has by no means turned these valuable endowments to their greatest advantage. If the business of the poet be to please, Mr. Wordsworth's endeavours have hitherto not met with the most flattering success. He professes, indeed, to be well content;—*neque te ut miretur turba, labores*, is his motto; but even among those with whose applause he declares himself so satisfied, we doubt whether he can number the whole of that class whom Horace was so proud to reckon among his admirers.

It is indeed true, that the productions of our author furnish no
very

very striking proofs of that large and vigorous understanding with which all the writings of the poet just mentioned, as of every other great poet, are so strongly impregnated: but neither are the productions of his competitors particularly imposing in this respect: and since they have managed to gain, notwithstanding, such a high place in the public estimation, compared with his own, it seems natural enough that he should be desirous of explaining the reasons for what would appear to be, at first sight, a very mortifying distinction.

Accordingly, in the essay subjoined to the volumes before us, Mr. Wordsworth professes to shew, that a fate similar to his, has in all ages been that of poets greatly endowed with originality of genius; and that the want of contemporary popularity affords a just criterion of a poet's demerits, only in the case of writers whose compositions have evidently been designed to meet the popular taste prevailing at the time. This essay may be considered as forming a supplement to the preface (now re-published) with which a former edition of his poems was accompanied, and in which the general principles upon which he professes to compose, are explained and enforced at considerable length.

With regard to the style in which Mr. Wordsworth writes, we doubt whether it can be greatly praised. There is indeed a raciness about his language, and an occasional eloquence in his manner, which serve to keep the reader's attention alive. But these advantages are more than counteracted by that same ineffectual straining after something beyond plain good sense, which is so unpleasant in much of his poetry. In other respects the comparison is in favour of the latter. Instead of that graceful softness of manner which forms so principal a charm in his poetic effusions, his prose is distinguished by a tone which, in any other person, we should feel ourselves called upon to treat with some little severity. For a writer to protest that he *prides* himself upon the disapprobation of his contemporaries, and considers it as an evidence of the originality of his genius, and an earnest of the esteem in which he will be held by succeeding generations, is whimsical enough, to say the least of it; but Mr. Wordsworth ought, at all events, to be consistent with himself; and since he derives so many auspicious assurances from the opposition which his opinions have met with, he should speak with a little more moderation of those by whom they happen to be opposed. He should remember, moreover, that the public, and those who profess to be the organs of the public voice in these matters, have at least as much right to dislike *his* poetical taste, as he has to dislike *theirs*. If he voluntarily steps forward to make an attack upon the latter, the burthen of proof rests clearly upon him:

him : to be in an ill temper merely because his opponents will not at once surrender at discretion, is surely most unreasonable.

It appears to us, that whatever difference of opinion may be entertained respecting the peculiarities of Mr. Wordsworth's poetical compositions, we might admit, in nearly all their extent, the poetical doctrines which he wishes to introduce, without materially touching upon the questions about which the public are really at issue with him. For example, it is a prominent tenet with him that the *language and incidents of low and rustic life* are better fitted for the purposes of his art, than the language and incidents which we have hitherto been accustomed to meet with in poetry; his reasons are :—

'Because in that condition of life the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language : because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and consequently may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated : because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and form the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable : and lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature.'—vol. ii. p. 366.

Now all this may be true, for aught that we know to the contrary ; it may be very wrong, in a metaphysical point of view, for a person to have a predilection for other subjects ; but the fact obviously is, that people do not resort to poetry for metaphysical instruction ; and the question about which Mr. Wordsworth's readers are interested is, whether other subjects do not afford equal or superior pleasure, not whether they throw greater or less light upon the 'elementary feelings,' and 'essential passions,' and 'primary laws of our nature.' Let us suppose a person were to express a distaste for the subject of the poem, at vol. i. p. 328, upon a bed of daffodils ; it would probably not at all alter his opinion to say that 'the subject is an elementary feeling and simple impression (approaching to the nature of an ocular spectrum) upon the imaginative faculty ;' nor will the pleasure which most readers will probably receive from the lines at vol. i. p. 297, with which the 'Poems of the Imagination' are introduced, be at all augmented, by being told—what few would otherwise have guessed—that the poet was describing 'a commutation, or transfer of internal feelings, co-operating with internal accidents, to plant for immortality images of sound and sight in the celestial soil of the imagination.' How far poetry, upon the principles of Mr. Wordsworth, is capable of being made subservient to a metaphysical analysis of the human mind,

mind, is an inquiry which we apprehend to be quite foreign to our present purpose; the question about which the public are at issue with him is, whether the doctrines which he wishes to establish are likely to open purer or more copious sources of poetical delight than those at which his readers hitherto have drunk.

With respect, then, to the 'primary laws of our nature,' 'elementary feelings,' 'essential passions,' and so forth:—if we are to understand by these words the passions of anger and jealousy, and love and ambition, and all the modifications of moral pleasure and pain which it is the appropriate business of poetry to delineate, we are not aware of any good reason which would lead us to suppose that these feelings are not just as frequently and as powerfully excited in such scenes as Homer, Virgil and Milton have chosen, as in those to which Mr. Wordsworth professes to devote his muse. But we are told that in the scenes of 'low and rustic life,' they *co-exist in a state of more simplicity, may be more easily comprehended, more accurately contemplated, and so on.* No doubt, in proportion as we advance in years, or in station, or in knowledge, our feelings and passions embrace a greater variety of objects, and become more and more complicated and mixed. But although this may be a very sufficient reason why Mr. Wordsworth should prefer subjects taken from low life, it is plainly no reason whatever why his readers should. As in every other production of human intellect, so in poetry; the superior pleasure which one subject affords rather than another, is mainly ascribable to the comparative degree of mental power which they may require; and this, it is plain, must be proportioned to the difficulties that are to be overcome, and not, as in the case of our author's favourite subjects, to the facilities which they afford.

These last, unquestionably, are susceptible, in a high degree, of poetical embellishment; and though Mr. Wordsworth is, we think, occasionally somewhat unlucky in the topics which he selects, yet we know not any writer who, upon the whole, has painted them with more pathos and fidelity. In themselves, however, they would not appear to be of the most difficult nature; it requires no extraordinary degree of judgment and penetration to discriminate the broad rough lines by which the characters of people in low life are commonly chalked out; nor can it require, considering the few and simple objects about which their thoughts must necessarily be conversant, any extraordinary force of imagination to enter into their feelings; natural sensibility, acquaintance with their manners, and a love of the scenes in which they pass their lives, are of course indispensable; other auxiliary qualities may be called in to advantage; but for those higher and rarer qualifications, which have their foundations in the understanding, and not in

in the mere liveliness of a susceptible imagination, we imagine the poet would seldom find occasion.

But Mr. Wordsworth is an advocate, not only for the 'incidents' of 'low and rustic life,' as better suited than any other for poetry, but also for its 'language,' which, on several accounts, he considers as being 'a far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets.' Now, to talk of one language as being more *philosophical* than another, is, perhaps, not a very philosophical way of speaking; but be it as he supposes; still, we think, he will not deny, that the most convenient language, either for a poet or any other man to make use of, is that by which he can with most precision make himself understood by those to whom he addresses himself. Does our author then write for people in low and rustic life, or for people in high and educated life? If for the former, good; but if for the latter, surely to select a language in which, as he himself partly confesses, vol. ii. p. 390, he necessarily exposes himself to the danger of raising opposite ideas to those which he intended to convey, is paying to mere sounds (be they ever so philosophical) an homage which we can never be brought to believe that they deserve.

It is possible, no doubt, while describing such subjects as Mr. Wordsworth chiefly delights in, to pitch the language in too high a key; and this, perhaps, is a fault which pastoral writers have been too much in the habit of committing. But although we admit that there are some phrases and a sort of diction which a poet cannot, without in some sense violating costume, put into the mouths of characters belonging to a *low and rustic condition of life*, yet to avoid this fault is very different from putting into their mouths, phrases which persons of education have actually banished from their vocabulary. We are told indeed, that the language of 'low and rustic life' should be adopted 'purified from its real defects,' and 'from all lasting and rational causes of dislike and disgust.' But the truth is, if the language of low life be purified from what we should call its *real defects*, it will differ only in copiousness from the language of high life; as to *rational and lasting causes of dislike and disgust*, it is plain that on the subject of language no such causes can, in any instance, be assigned. We suspect that in criticism Mr. Wordsworth feels no great reverence for constituted authorities, or he would, perhaps, have called to mind the lines, beginning

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidère, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet *Usus*;
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

Language, as every body knows, consists merely of arbitrary signs which stand for whatever it may have pleased custom to enact;

enact; and whatever changes may happen among them, are occasioned not by 'rational causes' but by accidental associations of one sort and another, of which, in general, we defy the most profound metaphysician to give any philosophical account. If a poet has the humour of despising them, he has clearly a right to consult his own pleasure upon the subject; but the chances are that he will draw down such a flight of small critics upon his head—and perhaps deservedly—as will, in all probability, soon teach him the greatness of his mistake.

But although we cannot bring ourselves to approve of Mr. Wordsworth's project for substituting the language of 'low and rustic life' in place of that which we are accustomed to meet with in poetry; yet, in many respects, we feel pretty much disposed to coincide with him in disapproving of the latter. We think, with him, that the language of poetry ought to be language really used by men, and constructed upon the same principles as the language of prose. That this cannot be affirmed of that peculiar sort of diction technically called *poetical*, a slight inspection of the poetry which has prevailed in this country since the Restoration will, we think, sufficiently prove. How far Mr. Wordsworth's account of the origin and distinctive character of this artificial phraseology is just and satisfactory, we are, perhaps, not competent to decide; as far, however, as we were able to enter into his meaning, his observations upon the subject seemed in general well-grounded. To us it appears, that this diction does not essentially consist in any particular choice or arrangement of the words; for, to take the instance quoted by our author, Gray's sonnet to West, with the exception of the 6th, 7th, 8th, 13th and 14th lines, consists, as he justly observes, 'almost entirely of this diction, though not of the worst kind.' If, however, Mr. Wordsworth will refer to the remaining lines, he will immediately perceive that they do not consist 'of the language of passion wrested from its proper use;' perhaps the contrary is the fault which may be found with them; neither are the words inverted from their natural order, or such as, taken separately, would seem to belong to any particular condition of life; but the sun is 'the golden fire of reddening Phœbus;' the song of the birds is their 'amorous descant;' the grass of the fields is their 'green attire;' the produce of the earth is its 'wonted tribute;' and so forth.—Now, as addressed to our *reason*, all these expressions are perfectly intelligible; and supposing poetry to be nothing more than the art of paraphrasing our ideas, this sort of diction may furnish room for the display of much fancy and ingenuity. It is, however, manifest, that this indirect way of signifying things, is not the language of present feeling; and that the effect of it is to fix the imagination rather upon

upon the real or fanciful analogies which objects may seem to possess among one another than upon the particular relations in which they actually stand to us. In those subjects in which Pope and Dryden chiefly excelled, where the poet addresses himself to the fancy and understanding rather than to the heart, we know not but that the method of versification to which we are alluding, may produce a good effect; indeed, in one point of view, it would seem to be that which nature points out. But when the business of the poet is to present us with an image of the scenes and objects among which we are placed, not in abstract description, but as they relate immediately to our feelings, his expressions cannot, as we conceive, be too free from rhetorical ornament. That the exclusion, or at least a more moderate use of this, need not interfere with the utmost degree of strength, nor the most refined harmony and elegance of language, is fully proved by many passages in the writings of our old and excellent dramatists; and indeed it is doing Mr. Wordsworth himself nothing more than justice to say, that in his happier hours of inspiration, when his theories and eccentricities happen to be laid aside, no writer of the day seems to understand better the exact key in which the language of this last kind of poetry should be pitched. Unfortunately these hours are not so frequent with Mr. Wordsworth, as the lovers of poetry could wish; and upon the causes of this we shall now trouble our readers with a few remarks, which will, perhaps, assist us to explain the reasons why his popularity is less—we will not say than he deserves, for this would be to prejudge the question—but less than such talents as he possesses have commonly conferred.

It is impossible to take up the works of Mr. Wordsworth without remarking that, instead of employing his pen upon subjects of durable and general interest, he devotes himself almost exclusively to the delineation of himself and his own peculiar feelings, as called forth by objects incidental to the particular kind of life he leads. Now, although this be a plan apparently contrived to gratify the pleasure which poets, as our author tells us, take in their 'own passions and volitions,' rather than any curiosity which the reader, generally speaking, can be supposed to feel upon the subject, yet, in common cases, it is productive of no very positive inconvenience. Poets, as well as other people, feel, for the most part, pretty much alike; so that what is true with respect to any individual, will commonly be true with respect to mankind at large, under the same circumstances. As long as the feelings of the poet are founded on such occasions as ordinarily give rise to them, although the subjects of his effusions may be particular, yet the interest and the application of them will be, to a great degree, general. But the fact is, that the habits of Mr.

Wordsworth's

Wordsworth's life are not more different from those of people in general, than are the habits of his mind; so that not only the incidents which form the subjects of his poetry, are such as the greater part of his readers take much less interest in, than he imagines, but the feelings, moreover, with which he usually contemplates them are often such as hardly any person whatever can participate.

For example: a sensibility for the beauties of nature is, no doubt, a highly commendable quality, and to illustrate it is, we admit, the great business of descriptive poetry; nevertheless, however warmly we may sympathize with Mr. Wordsworth in his rapturous admiration of the great and striking features of nature;—though we cannot but think that even on this subject, his feelings are tuned much too high for the sobriety of truth;—yet when we are called upon to feel *emotions which lie too deep for tears even with respect to the meanest flower that blows, to cry for nothing, like Diana in the fountain*, over every ordinary object and every common-place occurrence that may happen to cross our way, all communion of feeling between the poet and those who know no more of poetry than their own experience and an acquaintance with the best models will bestow, is necessarily broken off. But it would be difficult to convey a just idea of the extent to which the peculiar habits of Mr. Wordsworth's mind have affected the character of his writings by citing particular examples. Our readers, however, will probably be able to judge for themselves, when they learn that, instead of looking upon this sort of exuberant sensibility to which we allude as a disadvantage, he regards it as a qualification of singular value; and formally places it, under the technical name of *poetic*, which he always distinguishes from merely *human* sensibility, among what he considers as being the characteristic attributes of the poetical character.

Our author justly observes, that 'poets do not write for poets alone, but for men. Unless, therefore, we are advocates for that admiration which depends upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the poet must descend from his supposed height, and in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves.' vol. i. p. 384. Nothing can be more true; but surely Mr. Wordsworth cannot but perceive, that if a poet, in order to excite rational sympathy, must express himself as other men express themselves; by a still stronger reason it would seem to follow that *he must descend from his supposed height, and feel as other men feel*.

Nothing is more easy to conceive than a sense of vision infinitely more acute than that with which it has been thought necessary to endow the human race. Nevertheless, however advantageous the
gift

gift of such a superiority might be considered, in a general point of view, yet it would really be inconvenient to a person desirous of turning painter; because, admitting that his pictures might be ever so admirable upon a supposition that other people's organs of sight were constructed upon the same principles as his own, yet they would clearly be of no value whatever except to himself, if we suppose the contrary to be the fact. It is precisely the same in the case of poetry; the merit of a poet does not essentially consist, as is sometimes supposed, in the possession of sensibilities different from or more intense than those of other people, but in the talent of awakening in their minds the particular feelings and emotions with which the various objects of his art are naturally associated. For this purpose he must, of course, consult his own feelings; it is, however, only so far as he knows them to be in unison with those of mankind at large, that he can safely trust himself to their direction; because, if they preserve not the same relative subordination and the same proportions among each other that they possess in the minds of people in general, it is plain that his compositions must appear to the greater part of his readers like pictures constructed upon false principles of perspective, and whatever resemblance they may bear to objects as they appeared to his own mind, may bear no more resemblance to objects as they appear in nature than the fantastical devices of an Indian screen.

We are far from meaning to assert, by way of a general proposition, that the merit of a poem is to be measured by the number of its admirers; different classes of composition, no doubt, are adapted to different classes of readers: whatever it requires extraordinary powers of mind to produce, it must require some corresponding superiority of mind to understand; and we think Mr. Wordsworth intimates somewhere that this is partly the predicament in which his poetry stands. We shall not dispute upon this point; nevertheless we may remark that, although the above consideration will afford a satisfactory explanation of Quintilian's observation, that the *Iliad* is projected upon so vast a scale, as to require considerable greatness of mind even to comprehend its merits; yet this way of evading the dilemma to which Mr. Wordsworth's indifferent success has reduced him, will hardly apply to his case, upon a supposition at least, that his poetry really is what it professes to be: because, when a poet's avowed object is merely to trace in the plain and intelligible language of every-day life, those 'great and simple affections,' those 'elementary feelings' and 'essential passions' which are assumed, by definition, to be common to all men alike,—it would seem but reasonable to expect that it would find readers in every class of society. But then the poet must be supposed truly to perform what he promises; his poetry

must not contain a mere portraiture of his own mind in those points in which he differs from other people, and with respect to which none but his particular friends can be supposed to feel an interest; but an image of human nature in general.

Our familiar matter-of-fact way of talking about an art which Mr. Wordsworth seems to think belongs rather to the divine than to human nature, will not, we fear, tend to impress him with a very favourable opinion of our profoundness;—*mais la vérité est comme il peut*; truth is as it happens, and not always exactly as men of fine imaginations wish it to be.—Accordingly, although we would not choose to be classed among those to whom our author alludes, ‘who converse as gravely about a *taste* for poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing,’ yet we candidly confess, that we see nothing at all wonderful or mysterious about the art; nor, if we may judge from experience, any reason to suppose that it requires greater or more uncommon talents than any other among the higher productions of human intellect. In reply to this, Mr. Wordsworth will probably place us in that unhappy sub-division of critics, in which, he says, ‘are found those who are too petulant to be passive to a genuine poet, and too feeble to grapple with him: men, who take upon them to report of the course *he* holds, whom they are utterly unable to accompany—confounded if he turn quickly upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily into “the region;” men of palsied imaginations and indurated hearts.’—vol. i. p. 348. All we can say is, that whenever Mr. Wordsworth’s own flights are through ‘the region’ of truth and nature, and sober sense, we accompany him with pleasure; but when he penetrates into the *terra Australis* beyond, then, indeed, our inclination to continue of the party, as well as our ability, leaves us.

Having thus stated our opinions at length, upon the critical dissertations, we shall proceed to give our readers some idea of the poem.

The ‘*White Doe of Rylstone*’ is so out-of-the-way a production, in many respects, that we are not sure but it would be wiser in us gravely to ‘shake the head’ at such a ballad sort of poem, than to risk our authority with the public by recommending it to them as a beautiful performance. It is not, indeed, free from the singularities which arise from the particular point of view in which Mr. Wordsworth likes to look at things; but in the present instance, they fall in not unhappily with the whimsical nature of the subject, and give a tone of colouring to the poem, which, however peculiar, is far from being displeasing. As a mere narrative, it does not possess much interest; the story is told, as it were, in scraps; a few prominent scenes are selected, and the circumstances which connect

connect them left pretty much to the reader's imagination; and after all, instead of a denouement, we have merely the explanation of a certain strange phenomenon which had puzzled rather than interested our curiosity.

That the poem contains many beauties—exquisite tenderness of feeling, and often great happiness combined with the utmost simplicity of expression, will abundantly appear from the extracts which we shall make; but then, in other parts, it is just as much distinguished for obscurity and flatness; and throughout there is a something, not only about the rhythm and the language, but also about the turn of the thoughts and sentiments, which often left us at a loss to determine whether the hesitation which we felt, even as to being pleased, proceeded from mere fastidiousness on our part, or from a mistaken taste in Mr. Wordsworth. The poem, we admit, is written with simplicity; and so far as this is the indigenous growth of his own mind, it has our warmest praises. But Mr. Wordsworth's love of this first quality of all good poetry has made him resort to artificial means for producing it; so that instead of the polished simplicity which belongs to an age of so much refinement as the present, he affects that rude kind which the writings of our forefathers exhibit, and which expressed the genuine character of the times. Now, be the merits of this last what it may when met with in our old ballads, it is plain, that in the present advanced stage of society, it can never be *natural* to a man like Mr. Wordsworth; in his writings, the manner which he studies is necessarily an affectation; and be the imitation ever so successful, a discriminating taste still perceives a something which is different from the native flavour of original simplicity. *Sic enim est faciendum*, says Cicero, in a section of his book *De Officiis*, which we recommend to Mr. Wordsworth's perusal, *ut contra universam naturam nihil contendamus; ed tamen conservatâ, propriam naturam sequamur; ut etiam si sint alia graviora atque meliora, tamen nos studia nostrâ naturæ regulâ metiamur.—Nec tam enitendum est, ut bona quæ nobis non data sunt sequamur, quam ut vitia fugiamus.*

At Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire, it seems, there is a tradition about a White Doe, who on every Sabbath-day, during the time of divine service, used to pay a visit to the church-yard; the problem which the poem proposes to solve, is, why the White Doe should do this? Mr. Wordsworth satisfactorily explains it, by means of an old ballad, in Percy's *Reliques*, called the 'Rising of the North;' and containing a succinct account of the total destruction which fell upon the Nortons, an ancient family of Yorkshire, in consequence of their share in that fatal act of rebellion.

The first Canto opens with the introduction of the 'White Doe;' and she is ushered in with some very pleasing lines.

'From Bolton's old monastic tower
 The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
 The sun is bright, the fields are gay
 With people in their best array,
 Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
 Along the banks of the crystal Wharf,
 Through the vale retired and lowly
 Trooping to the summons holy.
 And up among the woodlands see,
 What sparklings of blithe company!
 Of lasses and of shepherd grooms
 That down the steep hills force their way,
 Like cattle through the budded brooms;
 Path or no path, what care they?
 And thus in joyous mood they hie
 To Bolton's mouldering priory.
 What would they there? Full fifty years
 That sumptuous pile, with all its peers,
 Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
 The bitterness of wrong and waste.
 Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
 Is standing with a voice of power,
 That ancient voice, that wont to call
 To mass or some high festival;
 And in the shatter'd fabric's heart,
 Remaineth one protected part;
 A rural chapel, neatly drest,
 In covert like a little nest;
 And thither young and old repair
 This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer

While the poet is listening to the service within, his attention suddenly called off: for—

'— Soft!—the dusky trees between
 And down the path through the open green,
 Where is no living thing to be seen;
 And through yon gateway, where is found,
 Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
 Free entrance to the church-yard ground;
 And right across the verdant sod,
 Towards the very house of God;
 — Comes gliding in, with lovely gleam,
 Comes gliding in, serene and slow,
 Soft and silent as a dream,
 A solitary Doe!
 White she is, as lily of June,
 And beauteous as the silver moon
 When out of sight the clouds are driven,
 And she is left alone in Heaven.

Instead,

Instead, therefore, of entering the church, he resolves to watch this mysterious Doe : it is, says he—

‘ A work for Sabbath hours,
If I with this bright creature go.’—

He then proceeds to speculate upon the object for which she comes—whether as a votaress to perform some rite, or merely out of sorrow and reverence for the desolation and holiness of the place ? Meanwhile, the Doe moves on, without solving his doubts.

‘ She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds stretched alone ;
A warrior with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm on his tranquil breast :
Methinks she passeth by the sight,
As a common creature might :
If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.

‘ Her’s are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves with step how light !
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown ;
And in this way she fares, till at last,
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down ;
Gently as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died
Against an anchored vessel’s side ;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.’

Our readers may remember, that in the twelfth year of Queen Elizabeth, a sort of plot was set on foot, at the head of which were the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, for the purpose of inducing Queen Elizabeth to consent to the marriage of the Duke of Norfolk with Mary Queen of Scots. The Earl of Leicester had undertaken to break the matter to the Queen, with the view of gaining her acquiescence ; but, in the mean time, the affair reached her ears from some other quarter, and the anger which she evinced so terrified the parties in the business, that those in the north deemed their safest chance would be found in open rebellion. Among them was Richard Norton, a gentleman or large property and warmly attached to the Roman Catholic persuasion, with eight of his sons. His eldest son, Francis, stood aloof, refusing to desert his father, and yet resolved not to raise his arm in a cause, and for a religion, which he, as well as his sister, Emily, strongly disapproved.

The second Canto opens with some account of the banner which Emily, at her father's command, had embroidered for his followers. When the day for raising it was arrived, Francis once more resolved to risk his father's displeasure, by endeavouring to dissuade him from the dangerous enterprize in which he was embarking.

"O, father, rise not in this fray;
The hairs are white upon your head;
Dear father, hear me when I say
It is for you too late a day!
Bethink you of your own good name;
A good and gracious queen have we,
A pure religion, and the claim
Of peace on our humanity.
'Tis meet that I endure your scorn,—
I am your son, your eldest born;
But not for lordship nor for land,
My father, do I clasp your knees;
This multitude of men disband,
And live at home in blissful ease;
For these, my brethren's sake, for me,
And, most of all, for Emily."

The remonstrance was in vain. His father indignantly turned to his son Richard, and, committing the banner to his charge, departed with the rest of his sons and all his tenantry, to join the rebel standard under the Earl of Northumberland. With thoughts of the most bitter despondency, Francis walked forth into the park, where he found his sister Emily, to whom he relates the departure of their father, and explains his own resolution of attending him 'unarmed and naked,' in order to seize whatever occasions may offer of interposing to prevent the ruin about to fall upon him and his house.

"O, sister, I could prophesy!
The time is come that rings the knell
Of all we loved, and loved so well;
Hope nothing, if I thus must speak
To thee, a woman, and thence weak;
Hope nothing, I repeat; for we
Are doomed to perish utterly:—
Weep, if that aid thee; but depend
Upon no help of outward friend.
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
To fortitude without reprieve.
For we must fall, both we and ours;
This mansion and these pleasant bowers;
Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall,
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;
The young horse must forsake his manger,
And learn to glory in a stranger;

The

The hawk forget his perch---the hound
 Be parted from his ancient ground :
 The blast will sweep us all away,
 One desolation, one decay!
 And even this Creature*---which words saying
 He pointed to a lovely Doe
 A few steps distant, feeding, straying ;
 Fair creature, and more white than snow!
 " Even she will to her peaceful woods
 Return, and to her murmuring floods,
 And be in heart and soul the same
 She was before she hither came,
 Ere she had learn'd to love us all,
 Herself beloved in Rylstone Hall.
 But thou, my sister, doom'd to be
 The last leaf which, by Heaven's decree,
 Must hang upon a blasted tree ;
 If not in vain we have breathed the breath
 Together of a purer faith---
 If hand in hand we have been led,
 And thou (O happy thought this day!)
 Not seldom foremost in the way---
 If on one thought our minds have fed,
 And we have in one meaning read---
 If when at home our private weal
 Hath suffer'd from the shock of zeal,
 Together we have learn'd to prize
 Forbearance and self-sacrifice---
 If we like combatants have fared,
 And for this issue been prepared---
 If thou art beautiful, and youth
 And thought endue thee with all truth---
 Be strong---be worthy of the grace
 Of God, and fill thy destin'd place :
 A soul, by force of sorrows high,
 Uplifted to the purest sky
 Of undisturbed humanity !"
 He ended---or she heard no more :
 He led her from the yew-tree shade,
 And at the mansion's silent door
 He kissed the consecrated maid ;
 And down the valley he pursued,
 Alone, the armed multitude.'

These lines (with which the second Canto closes) in spite of
 some expressions which made our critical nerves *wince* a little,
 afford no unfavourable specimen of that peculiar tenderness of
 manner for which we think the poem is chiefly remarkable.

The third Canto opens with spirit.

"Now joy for you, and sudden cheer,
 Ye watchmen upon Brancepeth towers;
 Looking forth in doubt and fear,
 Telling melancholy hours!
 Proclaim it—let your masters hear
 That Norton with his band is near!"
 The watchmen, from their station high,
 Pronounced the word—and the Earls descry
 Forthwith the armed company.
 Marching down the bank of Were,
 Said fearless Norton to the pair,
 Gone forth to hail him on the plain—
 "This meeting, noble Lords! looks fair,
 I bring with me a goodly train.
 Their hearts are with you:—hill and dale
 Have helped us:—Ure we crossed, and Swale,
 And horse and harness followed—see
 The best part of their yeomanry!
 Stand forth, my sons!—these eight are mine,
 Whom to the service I commend;
 Which way soe'er our fate incline,
 These will be faithful to the end;
 These are my all."—Voice failed him here:
 "My all, save one, a daughter dear,
 Whom I have left, the mildest birth,
 The meekest child on this blessed earth.
 I had—but these are by my side,
 These eight, and this is a day of pride!"

Norton then addressed himself to the Earl of Northumberland;
 and having stated the justness of the cause for which they were as-
 sembled, he took the banner, which his daughter had embroidered,
 out of his son's hand, and, having explained its device, which was
 the cross and five wounds of our Saviour, it was accepted with accla-
 mation by the surrounding multitude, as their common standard.
 The leaders of the insurrection, and their followers, march to Dur-
 ham, and thence to Wetherby. The description of Norton and his
 eight sons has much merit.

"Thence marching southward, smooth and free
 They muster'd their host at Wetherby,
 Full sixteen thousand fair to see;
 The choicest warriors of the north!
 But none of undisputed worth,
 Like those eight sons; who, in a ring,
 Each with a lance—erect and tall,
 A falchion and a buckler small,
 Stood by their sire on Clifford-Moor,
 In youthful beauty flourishing,
 To guard the standard which he bore.

With

With feet that firmly pressed the ground
 They stood and girt their father round ;
 Such was his choice—no steed will he
 Henceforth bestride ;—triumphantly
 He stood upon the verdant sod,
 Trusting himself to earth and God.
 Rare sight to embolden and inspire !
 Proud was the field of sons and sire,
 Of him the most ; and sooth to say,
 No shape of man in all the array
 So graced the sunshine of that day :
 The monumental pomp of age
 Was with this goodly personage :
 A stature undepressed in size,
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise
 In open victory o'er the weight
 Of seventy years, to higher height ;
 Magnific limbs of wither'd state—
 A face to fear and venerate :
 Eyes dark and strong, and on his head
 Rich locks of silver hair, thick spread
 With a brown morion, half concealed,
 Light as a hunter's of the field ;
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,
 Whereon the banner-staff might rest,
 At need, he stood, advancing high
 The glittering floating pageantry.

In the mean time, Francis is described, in some pleasing lines, standing afar off, with 'breast unmailed, unweaponed hand,' watching his father, and keeping the banner ever in sight. Suddenly news is brought that the royal army, in great force, is rapidly marching upon York. Upon this, the leaders of the insurrection resolve upon a retreat to Naworth. Norton strongly remonstrates against what he deems an impolitic and pusillanimous measure; but the trumpet is sounded, and the retreat immediately commences. While old Norton, in deep despondency, is lingering in the rear, and musing upon his daughter Emily, Francis suddenly appears before him; and having shewn how vain it is to expect any thing but failure under a chief of so little wisdom and courage, proposes that his father should immediately provide for his own safety, offering to share his fate, whatever it may be. His father, however, rejects both his advice and his services with scorn, and Francis retires, to wait for some happier opportunity of interposing.

The fourth Canto brings the reader back to Rylstone Hall. The description, with which it opens, of the old mansion by moonlight, is among the most successful passages of the poem. The sober tone of the language is well suited to the repose which belongs to the subject.

'From

' From cloudless ether looking down,
 The moon, this tranquil evening, sees
 A camp, and a beleaguered town,
 And castle, like a stately crown,
 On the steep rocks of winding Tees;—
 And southward far, with moors between,
 Hill-tops, and floods, and forests green,
 The bright moon sees that valley small
 Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
 A venerable image yields
 Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;
 While from one pillared chimney breathes
 The silver smoke, and mounts in wreaths.
 The courts are hushed;—for timely sleep
 The grey-hounds to their kennels creep;
 The peacock in the broad ash tree
 Aloft is roosted for the night;
 He who in proud prosperity,
 Of colours manifold and bright,
 Walked round affronting the day light;—
 Ah! who could think that sadness here
 Had any sway?—or pain and fear?
 A soft and lulling sound is heard,
 Of streams inaudible by day;
 The garden-pool's dark surface—stirred
 By the night-insects in their play—
 Breaks into dimples small and bright;
 A thousand, thousand rings of light,
 That shape themselves and disappear
 Almost as soon as seen:—and lo!
 Not distant far the milk-white Doe;
 The same fair creature which was nigh,
 And feeding in tranquillity,
 When Francis uttered to the maid
 His last words in the yew-tree shade;—
 The same fair creature who hath found
 Her way into forbidden ground;
 Where now within this spacious plot,
 For pleasure made, a goodly spot;
 With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades
 Of trellis-work, in long arcades,
 And cirque and crescent framed by wall
 Of close clipt foliage, green and tall,
 Converging walks, and fountains gay,
 And terraces in long array.
 Beneath yon cypress spiring high,
 With pine and cedar spreading wide
 Their darksome boughs on either side,
 In open moonlight doth she lie;

Happy

Happy as others of her kind,
 That far from human neighbourhood
 Range—unrestricted as the wind—
 Through park, or chace, or savage wood;
 But where at this still hour is she,
 The consecrated Emily?
 Even while I speak, behold the maid
 Emerging from the cedar shade
 To open moonshine, where the Doe
 Beneath the cypress spire is laid,
 Like a patch of April snow.
 Upon a bed of herbage green,
 Lingering in a woody glade,
 Or behind a rocky screen;
 Lonely relic! which if seen
 By the shepherd is passed by
 With an inattentive eye.
 Nor more regard doth she bestow
 Upon the uncomplaining Doe;
 Yet the meek creature was not free
 Herself from some perplexity;
 For thrice hath she approached this day
 The thought-bewildered Emily;
 Endeavouring, in her gentle way,
 Some smile or look of love to gain—
 Encouragement to sport or play;
 Attempts which by the unhappy maid
 Have all been slighted or gainsaid.

While Emily is still musing upon the recollections which the scenes around bring to her mind, and offering up a prayer for the success of her brother Francis, all which is told with considerable pathos, she sees an old man, who had grown grey in friendship with her father, and whose offer of service she accepts by requesting him to repair to the army, and procure a report of whatever had happened since the departure of her father and brothers:—unconscious that their fate was already decided; that the rebels had been dispersed; and her father and all her brothers, except Francis, taken prisoners, in an assault upon Barnard Castle.

In the fifth Canto, Emily appears, watching the arrival of news, upon the top of Norton tower, when the old man returns, and relates, as gently as he could, the sad tidings which he had to impart. He had found her father in prison, and Francis (though not as a prisoner) with him. He then mentions a conversation which he had witnessed between these two; in which old Norton had charged his son to regain, if possible, the banner, and to lay it upon St. Mary's shrine at Bolton Abbey, as a memorial of the purity and disinterestedness of the motives for which he had risked all that was dear to him—

“Yea

"Yea offered up this beauteous brood,
 This fair unrivall'd brotherhood;
 And turned away from thee, my son,
 And left—but be the rest unsaid,
 The name untouched, the tear unshed—
 My wish is known, and I have done:
 Now promise, grant this one request,
 This dying prayer, and be thou blest!"
 Then Francis answer'd fervently,
 "If God so will, the same shall be."

The promise was scarcely given, when the officers appeared, and old Norton and his eight sons were led forth to execution. The scene is described with considerable effect. Before them went a soldier bearing the banner in question; as soon as Francis perceived it, he went up, and, with a look of calm command, took it from him, and immediately departed, making his way through the crowd with the banner in his hand.

In the sixth Canto we return to Francis; who, having quitted the 'doleful city' at the moment when his father and brothers were about to breathe their last, travelled on for many miles, unconscious of every thing except the sad scene which he had quitted; suddenly he was recalled to himself by the sight of the banner, and by the recollection of the imprudent promise which he had made to his father. After a strong internal conflict, he resolves, 'come weal or woe,' to fulfil it, and however much he disapproved of the cause in which the banner had been raised, to place it nevertheless upon the shrine as a sad relic of those who were now no more. With this determination he journeyed on, and was already within sight of the 'Town of Bolton,' when he was overtaken by a party of horse under the command of Sir George Bowes: no other proof of his treason seemed necessary than that which he bore in his hand; accordingly, orders are given to secure his person: Francis resists; he is slain, the banner taken from his grasp, 'and the body left on the ground where it lay.'

'Two days, as many nights, he slept
 Alone, unnoticed, and unwept;
 For at that time distress and fear
 Possessed the country far and near;
 The third day, one, who chanced to pass,
 Beheld him stretched upon the grass.
 A gentle forester was he,
 And of the Norton tenantry;
 And he had heard that by a train
 Of horsemen, Francis had been slain.
 Much was he troubled—for the man
 Hath recognized his pallid face,
 And to the nearest hut he ran,
 And called the people to the place.

—How

—How desolate is Rylstone-hall !
 Such was the instant thought of all ;
 And if the lonely lady there
 Should be, this sight she cannot bear !
 Such thought the forester express'd,
 And all were sway'd, and deem'd it best,
 That if the priest should yield assent,
 And join himself to their intent,
 Then they for Christian pity's sake
 In holy ground a grave would make,
 That straightway buried he should be
 In the church-yard of the Priory.'

The above description is not without poetry. We have, however, quoted it, chiefly because it relates an important circumstance in the story ; in other respects, we fear, the language is too quaint to be generally pleasing.

Previously to the commencement of the seventh and last Canto, the story makes a pause. In the interval, 'despoil and desolation visit Rylstone's fair domain,' and Emily, having 'wander'd long and far,' at length, resuming fortitude, returns once more to 'her native wilds of Craven.'

'And so—beneath a mouldered tree,
 A self-surviving leafless oak,
 By unregarded age from stroke
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily.
 There did she rest, with head reclined,
 Herself most like a stately flower
 (Such have I seen) whom chance of birth
 Hath separated from its kind
 To live and die in a shady bower,
 Single in the gladsome earth.
 When with a noise like distant thunder
 A troop of deer came sweeping by,
 And suddenly behold a wonder
 For, of that band of rushing deer,
 A single one in mid career
 Hath stopped, and fixed its large full eye
 Upon the Lady Emily,
 A doe most beautiful, clear white,
 A radiant creature silver bright.
 Thus checked, a little while it stayed ;
 A little thoughtful pause it made ;
 And then advanced with stealth-like pace,
 Drew softly near her—and more near,
 Stopped once again ; but as no trace
 Was found of any thing to fear,
 Even to her feet the creature came
 And laid its head upon her knee,

And

And looked into the lady's face
 A look of pure benignity,
 And fond unclouded memory.
 It is, thought Emily, the same—
 The very doe of other years!
 The pleading look the lady viewed,
 And by her gushing thoughts subdued
 She melted into tears—
 A flood of tears, that flowed apace
 Upon the happy creature's face.

From this moment, on whatever side Emily looked, 'all was trouble-haunted ground;' so strongly did the sight of her former favourite recal to her memory the scenes and circumstances in which they had formerly met. She therefore once more quitted the neighbourhood, and secluded herself 'on the deep forth of Annerdale,' attended by her faithful friend the White Doe; and a very pleasing description follows of the mutual attachment which grew up between them, and of the consolation which Emily in particular derived from it.

'What now is left for pain or fear?
 That presence, dearer and more dear,
 Did now a very gladness yield
 At morning to the dewy field,
 While they side by side were straying,
 And the shepherd's pipe was playing;
 And with a deeper peace endued
 The hour of moonlight solitude.'

In this frame of mind she returned again to Rylstone, and with softened feelings was now able to visit the spots which had formerly overwhelmed her fortitude.

'But most to Bolton's sacred pile
 On favouring nights she loved to go;
 There ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,
 Attended by the soft-paced Doe;
 Nor did she fear in the still moonshine
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine,
 Nor on the lonely turf that shewed
 Where Francis slept in his last abode;
 For that she came; there oft and long
 She sate in meditation strong;
 And, when she from the abyss returned
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned,
 Was happy that she lived to greet
 Her mute companion as it lay
 In love and pity at her feet.'—

At length the feeble bands which tied Emily to this world were broken asunder by death—she was buried by the side of her
 mother

mother in Rylstone church, and the White Doe, faithful to the memory as she had been to the person of her mistress, continued

' Haunting the spots with lonely cheer
Which her dear mistress once held dear :
Loves most what Emily loved most—
The enclosure of this church-yard ground ;
Here wanders like a gliding ghost,
And every Sabbath here is found ;
Comes with the people when the bells
Are heard among the Moorland dells,
Finds entrance through yon arch, where way
Lies open on the Sabbath-day ;
Here walks amid the mournful waste
Of prostrate altars, shrines defac'd ;
Paces softly, or makes halt
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault,
By plate of monumental brass
Dim gleaming among weeds and grass,
And sculptured forms of warriors brave ;
But chiefly by that single grave
That one sequester'd hillock green,
The pensive visitant is seen.'

Our readers now know why the ' White Doe' came from Rylstone to Bolton Priory every Sabbath day during the time of divine service. Whether the explanation will not, upon the whole, disappoint the curiosity which its mysterious appearance excited, we shall not attempt to determine : more particularly as the decision of the question will not very greatly affect the merits of the work, considered as a poem, however it may affect its popularity, considered merely as a story. In the former point of view, we think that our extracts will fully justify the praises which we have bestowed upon it ; but we have also said, that it possesses great blemishes, and it now becomes the unpleasant part of our duty to instance a few particular examples.

Mr. Wordsworth, as our readers must have perceived, aims at great simplicity of language ; but even supposing no objections to exist against the particular sort of which he is ambitious, still we must be permitted to observe, that mere simplicity of language is no merit at all, if it be purchased at the expense of perspicuity ; and this is a price which our author is continually paying for it. We dislike minute criticism, not only for Horace's reason, of *non ego paucis*, &c. but because we know that in the hands of unfair critics it is an engine by which a writer may be made to appear any thing they please ; nevertheless as an example of what we mean, take the following passage : Mr. Wordsworth means to say, that Emily sate upon a primrose bank, neglecting outward

outward ornaments, and having in her countenance a melancholy which seemed not to belong to the sweetness and gentleness of its natural expression; which is thus laboriously signified:—

‘ Upon a primrose bank —

— — — — —
Behold her like a Virgin Queen
Neglecting in imperial state
These outward images of fate,
And carrying inward a serene
And perfect sway, through many a thought
Of chance and change, that hath been brought
To the subjection of a holy
But stern and rigorous melancholy!
The like authority, with grace
Of awfulness, is in her face—
There hath she fixed it; yet it seems
To o’er-shadow by no native right
That face which cannot lose the gleams,
Lose utterly the tender gleams,
Of gentleness and meek delight
And loving-kindness ever bright.’—p. 113.

Surely Mr. Wordsworth cannot need to be told, that such an unaccountable way of expressing himself as this, notwithstanding the humbleness of the style, is directly the reverse of simple. This, perhaps, is an extreme instance; but the fault is of perpetual recurrence. Again, with respect to his words themselves; we will not say that they are often too familiar, because we suspect Mr. Wordsworth does not regard that as a fault: but the truth is, that in the senses to which he applies them, they are often absolutely devoid of meaning—The following lines really would seem to have been written by a ‘ Lady of Quality.’

‘ The day is placid in its going
To a lingering motion bound;
Like a river in its flowing;
Can there be a softer sound?’—p. 11.

Speaking of the Doe, wandering through sun and shade,

‘ What *harmonious pensive changes*
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through the hall of state!’

In this last quotation, we perceive the kind of impression which Mr. Wordsworth meant to convey; but in the following, we are equally at a loss to understand either the sense in which he uses his words, or the propriety of the sentiment which he intends them to express.

‘ For deepest sorrows that aspire
Go high, no transport ever higher.’

But

But it is unnecessary to accumulate instances of the extraordinary want of precision with which Mr. Wordsworth is in the habit of expressing himself; he seems to think that if words only have a good character, and mean something pleasant when by themselves, whether they have any relation to one another in a sentence is a matter of no great importance. Hence it is, for we can have no otherwise account for it, that Emily is always called the 'consecrated Emily,' and that every pleasant thought is a 'dream' or a 'vision,' or a 'phantom,' just as it happens. But it is irksome to expatiate upon particular faults; a task which we the more willingly abridge, because they are more than redeemed by that true feeling of poetry with which the poem is pervaded. In this, as in any other line of poetry to which he may dedicate himself, Mr. Wordsworth has something to learn and a good deal to unlearn; whether he will endeavour to do either at our suggestion, is, perhaps, more than doubtful; he seems to be *monitoribus asper*, in a degree which is really unreasonable; however, this is his business; all we can say is, that if he is not now or should not be hereafter, a favourite with the public, he can have nobody to blame but himself.

ART. XI. *Remains of the late John Tweddell, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, being a Selection of his Letters, written from various parts of the Continent, together with a Republication of his Prolusiones Juveniles; to which is adjoined an Appendix, containing some account of the Author's Journals, MS. Collections, Drawings, &c. and of their extraordinary disappearance. Prefixed is a brief Biographical Memoir by the Editor, the Rev. Robert Tweddell, A.M. London: Mawman. 1815. pp. 480 and 180.*

POSTHUMOUS publications are of two sorts; and a discussion of their merits must be conducted on different principles. They have either been intended by their author to meet the eye of the world, in which case the editor is no more responsible for their merits or defects, than a master of the ceremonies is for the demeanour of those whom he introduces; or they were written without any view to public perusal; and then their faults are to be visited in part upon the head of those, who pledge their own judgment and taste to the merits of their departed friend, and to a certain degree identify their own literary reputation with his. In analyzing productions of the former kind there is no other difficulty than that which may arise from considering, that we are summoning to the bar of criticism him, who is no longer able to defend himself against unmerited censure or accidental misrepresentation; but a review of those posthumous works which were

never intended by the author for publication is a matter of considerable difficulty. It is not easy to determine how far we are at liberty to speak with severity of that, which is, perhaps, reprehensible only when made public, nor rightly to apportion the quantity of blame to be divided between author and editor, between him who was trifling or foolish to himself and his friends, and him who has made those trifles or follies a concern of the world at large.

Of the letters, which form the largest and most interesting portion of the volume before us, few, if any, appear to have been written for the public. They breathe the unstudied language of an affectionate and cultivated mind, confiding its wishes and regrets, its experience and observations, to the friends of its early youth; and afford a beautiful but melancholy portrait of those virtues and talents, the sun of whose excellence shone with unrivalled brightness through the morning of life, but set ere half his course was run. They are, indeed, well calculated to revive those feelings of regret, which all who knew the name of Tweddell experienced, at the extraordinary circumstances which deprived the world of the important and valuable fruits of his labours, and of which the editor has given a very interesting statement. It is impossible not to sympathize with him in those feelings of disappointment with which he has been compelled to abandon the hope of raising to the memory of his lamented brother a monument worthy of his name, and to content himself with forming from these scattered flowers a wreath to suspend upon his tomb.

This wreath might perhaps have been woven with more judgment and discretion; some of the letters, to which we shall have occasion to refer, should undoubtedly have been suppressed. All that is affectedly querulous or uncharitably censorious might have been represented by a due number of asterisks, and there would still have been left abundance of what is sensible, and elegant, and humane. But it is easy to conceive those feelings, which rendered the editor rather anxious to omit nothing which could be considered as a literary relic of his brother, than fearful of making too indiscriminate a display. We now hasten to introduce our readers to some acquaintance with the personal history of the author, whose name has long been familiar to all who have directed their researches to the remains of Grecian elegance and grandeur.

John Tweddell was born on the first of June, 1769, at Threepwood near Hexham, in the county of Northumberland, and educated at Hartforth in Yorkshire, under the care of the Rev. Matthew Raine, father of the late excellent and learned master of the Charter-house. He spent some time, previously to his residing at Cambridge, under the tuition of Dr. Parr; of whom he speaks in becoming terms of respect for his learning, and affection for the qualities

qualities of his heart. His academical career was distinguished by the most brilliant success. The compositions which successively obtained for him the numerous prizes proposed for the encouragement of classical literature by the University of Cambridge, were published by him in the year 1793, under the title of '*Prolusiones Juveniles*,' and have received a well merited tribute of applause from many of his learned contemporaries both at home and abroad. Of these compositions, which have been long before the public and are reprinted in the present volume, it is no part of our duty to speak at length. We will briefly remark that the English exercises are far inferior to the Latin; and that no greater proof could be given of the diligence and assiduity with which Mr. Tweddell cultivated his talents and taste, than the marked difference which is to be observed between the turgid and inverted periods of his academical orations, and the perspicuous and unaffected style of many of the letters before us, which were written when study and observation had matured his judgment and refined his taste. We cannot, however, forbear from observing, that both in his orations and letters we detect a gloomy cast of thought, and a tone of disappointed hope, which led him to view the existing state of things in the worst light, and to speak of liberty, and political integrity, and the conscientious discharge of public duty, as of blessings, which existed only in the golden age.*

In 1792 Mr. Tweddell was elected fellow of Trinity College; and soon afterwards entered himself a student of the Middle Temple. He seems, however, to have conceived an aversion to the law which he was never able to surmount. Perhaps he never made the attempt in earnest. A powerful mind has its inclinations more under command than it can imagine till the experiment is tried. There is not a more effectual bar to the attainment of substantial distinction and success in the race of life, than the notion that our propensities and aversions are not under our own controul. We are too apt to mistake indolence for inability, and to excuse our reluctance to enter upon the more rugged and laborious paths of science, by pleading antipathies which we have never set ourselves to overcome. With respect to legal studies it must be confessed that the inextricable maze of technicalities, the chief use of which is to perplex the heads of the younger members of the profession, and to swell the purses of the elder, is well calculated to disgust the classical mind, which has hitherto contemplated the principles of jurisprudence only in the polished and harmonious periods of the great pleaders of antiquity.

* The good taste of the editor has omitted a note which was suffered to disgrace the first edition of the *Prolusiones*, in which the decision of a public functionary of the University, who had assigned the second prize in a literary contest, to Mr. Tweddell, was ascribed by him in terms of personal scurrility.

With a view to qualify himself for a diplomatic station, Mr. Tweddell determined to pass some time in acquiring a knowledge of the different countries of Europe. Accordingly he embarked for the continent, and landed at Hamburgh October 5, 1795, at which period his correspondence commences, and is continued through Switzerland, the north of Europe, some districts of Asia, and the provinces of Greece. Here, after visiting several of the islands of the Archipelago, he fixed his residence for four months at Athens, exploring with restless ardour, and faithfully delineating the remains of art and science discoverable amidst its sacred ruins. The hand of a wise, but mysterious Providence, suddenly arrested his career on the 25th of July, 1799. From a letter of M. Fauvel, the French consul at Athens, it appears that his death was accelerated by the imprudent use of antimonial powders during the access of an intermittent fever. The kind attention of M. Fauvel smoothed his death-bed, and paid the last honours to his mortal remains. He was buried in the midst of the temple of Theseus, which the Greeks have converted into a church; and three discharges of musketry, from the Vaivode's guard, announced the conclusion of the ceremony, which consigned to the earth one of the most accomplished and inquisitive travellers who had ever visited the shores of Greece.

It appears that Lord Elgin, when at Athens, drew up a long Latin inscription, which he desired M. Lusieri to engrave, and to place it over Tweddell's grave. This inscription the artist sent to his cousin, Father Daniel, at Naples, a great scholar, who shortened it considerably by expunging its impurities. But before M. Lusieri could engrave it, some English travellers procured a marble slab to be laid over the grave, with a Greek inscription by Mr. Walpole. It was not by the munificence of Lord Elgin that the memory of Tweddell was to be perpetuated,

Ἐκίψαι γάρ, εἰ σοὶ προσφιλῶς ἐντῷ δοκεῖ
γίνα τὰδ' οὐκ ἀφορῶσι διζασθαι νίκης,
ἰφ' οὐ θανάτῳ αἵτιμος, ὥστε δυσμνήτης,
ἱμασχαλίσθη.

But to this subject we shall revert hereafter.

Mr. Tweddell very judiciously halted for some time at Hamburgh, to improve his knowledge of French, and to gain some insight into German society and language, while he was yet on the threshold of his journey. He was not one of those whose vanity or indolence prompts them to rely upon the resources of natural genius, and to despise the substantial acquirements of laborious study. He writes to his mother thus :

' You see that my time is fully employed, and, I hope, profitably :
the

the surest promise of its continuing to be so is, that I am never comfortable when it is not.'

The following observations on the subject of education, addressed to his friend Mr. Losh, are too just to be passed over in silence.

'I perfectly agree with you in your opinion about public schools. They have some advantages, but they have also, in my mind, many disadvantages. They teach a man that confidence in himself, which is useful in a world where modesty is a poor thriver; they teach him to disregard little inconveniencies, which is absolutely requisite in order to live with tolerable composure. But, by way of deduction, they initiate him early in vice, which is always learnt too soon, and which (though I would not have every one advance so hazardous an opinion) I think it better not to learn at all. But every objection that lies against the great schools of all, is of double force against what are called the second great schools, where corruption is more prevalent, and knowledge more rare; and where dissipation and sometimes laxity of principle is acquired, without the poor return of a little learning.'—p. 62.

If these remarks, to the truth of which we can speak from experience, do credit to the writer's good sense, the following affectionate address to his mother on the occasion of her birth-day is no less honourable to his feelings.

'This is a day which I do not recollect ever to have let pass without commemorating (it) by the expression of my sincere duty and affection. I am still less likely to omit that welcome office at this moment, when, rendered naturally more thoughtful by the accession of time, and sobered by a disappointment, the effects of which will never be effaced, I am better enabled to estimate the value of so great a blessing as that of the most affectionate friend in the person of the kindest parent. At this moment, when both pleasure and pain are to me of a very temperate cast, and sometimes approaching almost to indifference; when I am no longer a prey to very piercing sorrow, nor capable of being acted upon by the delirious follies of an earlier age, from which I dare not say that I have been quite free; I find that my attachments become concentrated by degrees, and that I prize most highly those which are most deserving.—You, my dear mother, will easily believe the sincerity of that homage which I render to your early cares of my infancy, and your continued protection and kindness to my youth. I hope that you will long enjoy a portion of health and other human blessings, sufficient to make it desirable that you should stay among us, for our and your happiness; deferring to reap, so long as it may please Providence to spare you, that reward which awaits your many and great virtues elsewhere.—This wish comes from my heart. It is expressed only because it is felt.' p. 75.

We may form some estimate of the value and magnitude of his labours, from his account of the diligence and punctuality with which they were pursued. He informs his sister that 'he always carried pens and paper in his pocket, wrote his observations on the

spot, and transcribed them in a book before he went to bed;' and at an early part of his travels he had 'filled four small quarto books with such remarks.'—p. 93.

The impression which was produced upon the feeling mind, perhaps we may say the morbid sensibility, of Mr. Tweddell by the scenes in which he mingled, was but little akin to that cool indifference, which is usually considered as one essential qualification of a diplomatist.

'All that I see of the great world, of its pleasures, and of its vanities, has no other effect on me than that of convincing me that the *little of happiness which is made for man** must be found in the other extreme. I see every where so much folly and so much wickedness, such a mad appetite for vitiating the wholesomeness of nature, that she has become doubly dear to me *since I see* so little of her. The ambitious projects which I will confess that I once had, are dead within me. All that surrounds me in that way, is calculated to make a feeling and reflecting mind groan and weep. After having seen the part which fools play upon the great stage, a few books and a few friends are what I shall seek to finish my days with. In the mean time, being in the bustle, I mix with it: I swim with the tide, and mark how it ebbs and *how it flows*, and all its various eddies and directions. There are many things in this world which it is worth while to see merely to know that they were not worth the pains of seeking.'—p. 146.

This savours of *pessimism*; and yet we find Mr. Tweddell himself, on more than one occasion, speaking with a proper degree of complacency of his intercourse with the great. *Principibus placuisse viris* is a motto which contains nothing revolting to sound philosophy, or incompatible with a manly independence; and an indiscriminate depreciation of those who stand on the vantage ground of society, is in general more nearly allied to disappointed ambition than to philosophical indifference.

Our author seems to have conceived a very unfavourable, and, we think, a very unjust notion of the British envoys residing at the different continental courts which he visited in the course of his travels, of whom he speaks in language which the editor's good sense should have led him to suppress; an exception is made in favour of Sir Charles Whitworth, who was at that time ambassador at Petersburg, and who behaved to Mr. Tweddell with the same kindness and urbanity which have always distinguished that eminent person, and which are acknowledged in terms of proper gratitude and respect.—p. 181.

* The expressions which we have given in italics are evidently Gallicisms, and serve to shew, how very soon the habit of speaking and writing a foreign language leads us to encroach upon the purity of our own. The most remarkable instance of this is to be found in the correspondence of Gibbon, during the early part of his residence in Switzerland.

In a letter to Mr. Digby is a diatribe against flesh-eaters, which seems to be quite inconsistent with the usual good sense and just discrimination of the writer.

'I am persuaded we have no other right than the right of the strongest, to sacrifice to our monstrous appetites the bodies of living things, of whose qualities and relations we are ignorant. We are not called upon to bury in our bowels* the carcasses of animals which a few hours before lowed or bleated—to flay alive, and to dismember a defenceless creature, to pamper the unsuspecting beast which grazes before us with the single view of sucking his blood and grinding his bones, and to become the unnatural murderers of beings, of whose powers and faculties, of whose modes of communication and mutual intercourse, of whose degree of sensibility and extent of pain and pleasure we are necessarily and fundamentally ignorant.'

Of the many answers which might be made to such declamations as these, is not this single one sufficient—'Man is, *by his frame*, as well as his appetite, a carnivorous animal'? They are the words of Arbuthnot. All the arguments which hold good of flesh, are equally applicable to fish; and we may ask how the inhabitant of North Zealand would subsist, if he were to adopt the notions of the Pythagorean, who abstained from fish out of respect to their taciturnity. The fact seems to be, that this strange hallucination proceeded from that morbid sensibility of Mr. Tweddell's mind, which we doubt not must have affected his health, and accelerated the fatal event which cut short his career.

Those who remember to have read the fervid eulogiums with which the author of the *Prolusiones* hailed the commencement of the French Revolution, will be pleased, rather than surprized, to see the change which a few years produced in his view of this question.

'I am the most decided enemy of *the great nation*; their monstrous and diabolical conduct makes me ashamed that I could imagine that their motives were more pure, or their ends more salutary. I abhor and execrate the pretended republic, with all her compulsory affiliations, in the exact proportion of my former hopes from her efforts in the cause of mankind.'—p. 239.

'I am thoroughly persuaded, from every event which has lately come to my knowledge, (and my means of information have not been few,) that the immorality of all other governments is weak and feeble, in comparison of the barefaced vices of the quintuple monarchy. Do not imagine that my principles are changed: it is from my increased zeal for the happiness of mankind, from my heightened attachment to liberty and virtue, that I curse, from the bottom of my soul, the monstrous wickedness of these men, who have destroyed the fairest hopes of

* He seems to have had his eye upon the well known expression quoted by Longinus, γούρε ἰμφοχὺν τάφῳ.

an honest and liberal enthusiasm, and the best inheritance of succeeding generations.'—p. 247.

This *palinodia* is so very complete, that some of our brother Reviewers are at a loss how to swallow it; accordingly, they blunt its edge by supposing that Tweedell hated the French, because he saw in their proceedings—'checks to the necessary reforms in our own establishments.' *Reform* and *establishment* are words of very extensive signification, and have a convenient latitude, which adapts itself to the reader's notions. The truth is, that Tweedell, when he penned the foregoing sentences, had begun to perceive the wildness of his youthful speculations, and was taught by convincing experience that all medicines of the body politic, which are not administered with caution, and suffered to exert a gradual operation, end in convulsions and not in health.

The following passage, in a letter to the Hon. Stephen Digby, gives a striking representation of the effects of a subdued melancholy upon an ardent and vigorous imagination.

'And are we then really so far asunder? Yes, truly; I cannot dissemble with myself so far as to imagine that we are near neighbours. The field of imagination has its limits; and mine is every day curtailed by reason, or encroached upon by experience. I formerly lived only in regions adapted to my taste, and embellished by my fancy. I passed this day here, and to-morrow at the distance of an hundred leagues, without the pain of effort, or the fatigue of motion. But time and sadness have clipped the wings which then transported me. I feel the weight and view the form of what is material and real. I exist where I am, and seldom where I would be, insensible to the cheat of hope, and to the suggestions of youthful rapture. But what is lost by imagination is gained by memory—and past images are there graven in eternal characters—would that some of these were blotted out for ever! But others there are which I love to cherish and to meditate upon; this is one of the chief pleasures that my life knows. The ideas of things so removed, and yet so distinctly seen, are like the scenes now viewed by me on the other side of the Bosphorus. I count every tree and every shrub across the wide extent of the current, and remark without difficulty the contour of the greater and the lesser hills, the mixture of the rock and the green sward. Time and space undergo the same laws. We distinguish with precision what we contemplate with pleasure. The moral world is analogous to the physical; here, disposition corresponds to climate, the fineness of sensation to the transparency of the air.'—p. 251.

Of Madame de Staël, whom he saw at Copet, he says—'She is a most surprising personage: she has more wit than any man or woman I ever saw; she is plain, and has no good feature but her eyes; and yet she contrives by her astonishing powers of speech to talk herself into the possession of a figure that is not disagreeable.'—p. 118.

At

At Tulczyn, in the Ukraine, our traveller met with Suvarrow, the hero of Ismaël.

'He is a most extraordinary character. He *dines* every morning about nine o'clock;' (in this respect he is not more extraordinary than those who *dine* twelve hours later;); 'he sleeps almost naked; he affects a perfect indifference to heat and cold—and quits his chamber, which approaches to suffocation, in order to review his troops, in a thin linen jacket, while the thermometer of Reaumur is at ten degrees below freezing. His manners correspond with his humours. I dined with him this morning; or rather witnessed his dinner. He cried to me across the table, "*Tweddell!*" (he generally addressed me by the surname, without addition,) "*the French have taken Portsmouth—I have just received a courier from England. The KING is in the Tower; and SHERIDAN Protector.*" A great deal of this whimsical manner is affected: he finds that it suits his troops, and the people he has to deal with. I asked him, if after the massacre at Ismaël, he was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the day. He said, he went home and wept in his tent.'—p. 135.—Crocodile tears!

He thus describes his first sensations at the sight of Athens:—

'I arrived here this morning, after a sail of twenty hours with a brisk wind from the isle of Teno. I have not yet had time, as you will easily imagine, to examine what is to be seen; yet my impatience to visit some of the principal monuments of this illustrious spot, would not permit me either to eat or to sit down, till I had made the circuit of the Acropolis, and had venerated the successful labours of Attic genius. I have seen these stupendous remains only with a glance, and cannot collect words to express my admiration. I feel as if hitherto I had seen nothing—since no comparison can be instituted between all the efforts of human talent which I have hitherto witnessed, and the objects which have this day struck my astonished senses.—I have this day eat some most delicious honey from Mount Hymettus. The ancients were not ill founded in the encomiums which they bestowed on the bees and the flowers of that renowned hill. Their poets were less true where they speak of the powerful streams of the adjacent rivers. The Ilissus is nearly dry, and the Cephissus trickles in a scanty bed.'—p. 277.

But we do not recollect any ancient poet who describes the Ilissus as a powerful stream. Dionysius, indeed, calls it *θεσπεσίῳ ῥέει* 'Ιλισσοῖο, (v. 424.) but he alludes only to its sanctity. Eustathius calls it *οὐ πολλοῦ ἄξιός λόγου*. Sophocles, in opposition to the testimony of Strabo, says that the streams of the Cephissus never fail.* And Euripides gives it the epithet of *καλλίνεος*.† Pausanias seems to recognize two branches of the Cephissus;‡ but even this will not solve the difficulty. For some mention of this river the editor refers us to *Homer*, II. ii. 29. Now the only mention of Cephissus occurs in v. 522; and that is not the Attic river, but

* Oed. Col. 717.

† Med. 831.

‡ Attis. pp. 91, 92.

one of the same name, in Phocis, as Mr. Robert Tweddell would have discovered upon reading the passage of Strabo, to which he refers; for Strabo mentions the *Phocian Cephisus*, and quotes the verse of Homer as his authority.

The enthusiasm with which this ardent and accomplished traveller surveyed the remains of Athenian grandeur, his eminent qualifications for the task of investigating and illustrating antiquities, and the unremitting diligence with which he prosecuted his researches, during the short period which intervened between his arrival at Athens and his final departure for 'a city not built with hands,' inspire us with the most lively regret at the unfortunate and mysterious loss of all his journals and drawings. He had collected a great variety of ancient inscriptions, which filled two volumes; and had ascertained many situations in the neighbourhood of Athens which had been miscalculated by the Abbé Barthélemy. From sun-rise till eleven o'clock, he was occupied, in company with M. Préaux, the artist, in delineation and ichnographical observations. His collections of drawings he considered to be the most complete and curious, in its way, that had ever been collected by an individual. A single view of the Acropolis, by M. Préaux, he estimates at not less than thirty guineas. He thus expresses himself, in a letter to his father, p. 317:—

'My collection of drawings of Athens is the most complete, without any doubt, of all those that have ever been carried out of the country. My portfolio contains fifty views of Constantinople and its environs, more valuable than the hundred which I imagine * to be lost; fifty more of the Crimea, which are not burnt, I know; forty views of Athens, and one hundred and fifty drawings respecting the ceremonies, and usages, and dresses of the people of this country.'

Of the manner in which the editor has fulfilled the duties of his department, we are sorry not to be able to speak in terms of much commendation. To the motives which prompted him to set off his brother's letters, as he thought, to the best advantage, we are willing to do justice; but, in many parts of the work, his fraternal affection is more conspicuous than his judgment. There are several passages in the letters which the common rules of politeness should have led the editor to suppress; and a regard for the time and patience of his readers might have suggested the same mode of proceeding with respect to his own notes. Dr. Spurzheim would infallibly discover in Mr. Tweddell's occiput a new organ,—that of *annotativeness*. Indeed we can give no other account of the discourses *de omni scibili* with which we are deluged, in the form of notes, than to suppose some peculiar conformation of this sort.

* But which were not lost. They had been rescued from the fire at Péra, which Mr. Tweddell apprehended must have destroyed them, by Mr. Thornton, in whose custody they had been left, and who afterwards delivered them to the Earl of Elgin.

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When it is said, in one of the letters, that the Marquise de Nadaillac was celebrated by the Abbé Maury, down comes the editor upon us with the pedigree and performances of *le susdit Abbé*, in a note which fills a quarto page. So, because it is said that the Prince de Ligne had a handsome country-house; *presto*, forth comes another note of half a page, to tell us how the said prince lived, and how he was buried. In pursuance of this plan, we have, in detail, the biographies of Count O'Donnell, Count Razoumofski, Professor Wyttenbach, Mr. Fellenberg, Christopher Gottlob Heyne, General Suvarrow, Angelica Kauffman, General Pichegru, &c. together with selections from the 'obituary of a respectable miscellany;' an elegant circumlocution, which is equalled only by that in which we are admonished not to confound 'the consular personage at Teno with Mr. Israel Tarragano, the English consul of the Dardanelles.' The author's remark, that 'the country-houses about Moscow are delightful,' gives occasion to his brother to inform us that 'the largest shoots of asparagus are reared there in winter, in hot-beds.'—p. 155. One is at a loss to discover what connexion there is between a club-house at Stockholm, and the custom of locking the pew-doors in churches; but so it is. After having observed that this subscription-house is, 'in a manner, necessary, because there are no taverns in Stockholm,' he proceeds:—'*By the by*, (now you talk of a gun,) Dr. Thomson, in his account of the churches at Stockholm,' (what an odd association!) 'has this remark;—the pews are all locked, and the Swedes never ask you into any of them; so that if you go into a church you may stand in the passage.' The latter part of the sentence reminds the editor so strongly of what he has often witnessed in the churches of England, that he cannot but think it a fortunate discovery to find it ascertained, on respectable authority, that this antichristian custom, whether it be '*a fragment of the feudal edifice, or a corner of the temple of aristocracy*, in this most liberal and enlightened age, is not originally British, but derived and appropriated from the frozen regions!' We think that, by all means, the sextons and vergers of the fashionable churches in the metropolis should forthwith be informed that the custom of taking a shilling for admission into a pew, is an antichristian fragment of the feudal edifice,—or, to say the least, a corner of the temple of aristocracy: they would no doubt receive the hint with thankfulness, and reform their practice.

Geography also comes in for its share of the commentary. One of the letters being dated from Pharsalia, the editor informs us that this is 'the plain near Pharsalus. See Dio. Cass. Plut. in Pomp. et Caes. Lucan, &c. Appian. Civ. Sueton. in Caes.' 'A griesly band!' Nor is there any lack of orthographical and etymological remarks, of which one instance may suffice. 'An ingenious friend

friend suggests that the Comte de Potocki's name should be written Potocki, and pronounced Potozki; the *ski* of the Polish answering to the *us* or *ensis* of the Latins. In female names, however, "*ski* mutatur in *ska*;" so that it is *Mr. Potozki, Mrs. Potozka.*' p. 54. If this be not precious fooling, we know not where to look for it. In a word, we are seriously displeased with the editor for having swelled the volume to an unnecessary bulk, by annotations for the most part as useless as they are cumbersome; which are never original, and frequently impertinent, hanging like a dead weight upon the elegant and interesting correspondence of his brother. The letters themselves want nothing to set them off. They discuss a variety of topics, if not with much depth of thought, or purity of style, yet in a pleasing, unaffected, and manly manner; and convey a higher eulogium upon the acquirements and principles of their writer, than the laboured and pedantic commentary of the editor. We are, however, willing to attribute his misplaced ostentation of learning to an ill-judged zeal for his brother's reputation, and a natural anxiety to present these Remains to the public in the form which he judged to be most complete. In publishing them at all, he has certainly done an act of justice to the character of a distinguished scholar, by exhibiting a lively picture of his superior mind and of his warm and excellent heart.

* * We were about to enter upon the 'Appendix,' which contains a variety of documents relative to the loss of the journals and drawings to which we alluded in a former page; when the appearance of some publications on the subject by Lord Elgin and Dr. Hunt determined us to devote a separate Article to the consideration of this much agitated affair.

ART. XII. 1. *The Life of Philip Melancthon, comprising an Account of the most important Transactions of the Reformation.* By F. A. Cox, A. M. of Hackney. 8vo. pp. 587. London: Gale and Co. 1815.

2. *The Life of the Right Rev. Father in God, Jeremy Taylor, D. D. Chaplain in ordinary to King Charles the First, and Lord Bishop of Down, Connor and Dromore.* By the Rev. Henry Kaye Bonney, M. A. of Christ's College, Cambridge, Prebendary of Lincoln; Rector of King's Cliffe in the county of Northampton, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 381. London: Cadell and Davies. 1815.

THIS is an age of biography, good and bad, either of considerable men lately deceased, and to serve the purposes of a party, or, as in the present instance, of great men long since removed to a better state, whose conduct and tempers may be properly proposed

posed as a lesson and a reproof to our own times. If the portraits now before us are not, in point of execution, far above mediocrity, they are, however, faithful copies and striking likenesses of their respective originals. Never, perhaps, was there an era in the church of England when the study of such examples would have operated more beneficially than at present; rent asunder as it is by two great contending parties, the breach daily widening, animosities daily inflamed, and charity almost extinguished by controversial rancour. In this melancholy state of an establishment, which, besides the great duty of brotherly love, has many reasons arising out of prudence and policy to keep her at unity within herself, we earnestly recommend the attentive perusal of these two volumes. In them the reader will be brought to the acquaintance of two divines who flourished in times far more turbulent than our own; men of the clearest understandings, the sweetest tempers, the most profound erudition, the greatest integrity, slaves to no party, bigots to no system of doctrines, yet, for these very reasons, disquieted in their lives, dragged into controversy against their very natures, assailed by the malice of every party in its turn, and indebted, excepting that most inconsiderable of all parties, the wise and good, to the calmer estimate of posterity for applause, or even for justice.

Such is the tax which, in the rage of religious controversy, will ever be levied upon genius and virtue of the highest order, and such the legacy which their possessors have to bequeath to wiser and more peaceful times. The reason of this hard fate, which is almost universal, must be sought for in human nature, and can only be exposed by an examination of some of its modes. Religious controversy has for its object propositions which can only be proved by moral evidence—many of them expansions of simple principles, and not always depending, by necessary consequence, upon each other. Now the effect of such systems on different tempers and understandings will respectively be dogmatism and diffidence, the latter of which dispositions is not qualified to fit out the leaders, or even the followers, of a party. Dogmatism, on the contrary, is equally adapted to the circumstances of both. This quality sometimes arises out of a native stubbornness of temper, and sometimes out of mere mediocrity of intellect. Men naturally set a high value on every thing which has cost them dear; and thus pertinacious students of slow understandings become the greatest of all dogmatists: though a temper impetuous at once and pertinacious is sometimes united to an understanding of the highest order. This union took place in Luther, in Knox, and in Calvin. Fortified by flattery, impatient of contradiction, or even of discussion, seeing far into a subject, and persuaded that they see much farther, such men naturally assume a station at the head of respective hosts; while their toiling and implicit followers wrangle and write, tire
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synods and spin out folios, in perfect assurance not only that their own tenets are true, but that every shade of distinction in the expositions of others is heretical and damnable. Such is the odium theologicum, the parent of persecution. But should it so fall out in the counsels of Providence that a man appear in the ranks like Melancthon or Taylor, while he incurs the superior hatred of his adversaries by the certainty of the strokes and the depth of the wounds which he inflicts, his independence and reserve, his distinctions and admonitions are ill received by the dulness or bigotry of his friends. And if, to a clear and penetrating intellect, be superadded a calm temper, a certain contempt of dulness, more especially of heated dulness, together with a quick sense of the ridiculous, neither the love nor the discernment of truth will atone for the possession of those inconvenient and dreaded qualifications. For the same qualities, Bossuet, whose dogmatism was that of the heart, not of the head, called Melancthon a Pyrrhonist; and it was the torment of that admirable man through life to suffer almost in equal proportions from the bigotry of friends and enemies. Yet it is that pyrrhonism, falsely so called, in other words diffidence and modesty, which has saved the christian world from becoming universally, what in too large a measure it has been, a scene of bloodshed. Nothing but want of power prevents the dogmatist from being a persecutor. He is certainly right—his antagonist as certainly wrong: truth is to be supported, wholesome severities to be exercised—power passes over to the opposite party—persecution is retorted, and thus universal submission, the effect of power, and not of truth, can alone ensure peace to the world. The authority of the church of Rome is grounded on no other principle—that of Calvin wants only the same facilities to take the same course to universal dominion, for calvinism and popery are alike dogmatical. Meanwhile it might occur to fair tempers, or to good understandings, that moral truth is incapable of that certainty which belongs to mathematical demonstration—that from the incurable diversity of human opinion, revealed truths themselves are capable, as they appear to different minds, of being very differently apprehended. We are not now speaking to persons who suppose themselves to have received a specific revelation of divine truth—they are in a state far above the influence of human reason: but it might be supposed of those who are bigoted without fanaticism, that they would sometimes inquire, what peculiar faculty of discovery belonged to themselves, or what guarantee they possessed for the exclusive property of truth, which appertained not to other men of equal understanding, equal industry, and equal honesty. It is fairly supposable (experience warrants the supposition) that five men, equally gifted in all these ways, may understand and attach as many different senses to the same proposition. Yet the truth, if it is found by either,

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can remain only with one. Where is the evidence to ascertain, where is the authority to decide the point? In this case it cannot be fatal to mistake—it must be criminal to condemn. This consideration does not tend to pyrrhonism, but to peace; it applies as much to the heart as to the head; it leaves a sufficient degree of assurance to act upon, (for we often act on very low moral probabilities,) nay to act upon with vigour and decision; but it subdues first the dogmatizing, and next the persecuting spirit. One, for example, may see in Holy Scripture the doctrine of primitive episcopacy, with sufficient evidence to impose on himself an obligation of acting accordingly, but not with evidence to judge, much less to persuade his brother who cannot perceive the same. To illustrate these remarks, and to prevent the misapplication of our principle, we may compare the characters of two men equally acute, sagacious and good-tempered, equally exposed in their turns to calumny and detraction,—we mean Erasmus and Melancthon. Perhaps both of these great men saw with equal clearness the corruptions of the church of Rome, both perhaps felt with equal force the coarseness, the rude language and the impetuosity of the first reformers. Both were men of taste and elegance, as well as lovers of peace—but Melancthon was an hero, and Erasmus a coward. Erasmus would sacrifice truth itself for ease and personal safety. Melancthon, with all his diffidence, had fixed a limit to concession, which neither terrors nor sufferings would allow him to pass. No convictions of conscience—no sense of the dignity which ever accompanies a bold avowal of unpalatable truths—could induce Erasmus to part with the applause of the great, and the society of the accomplished. Melancthon made one of the noblest sacrifices, that of taste and elegant literature, to a cause which he embraced with sincerity, but not with bigotry; and the man whom Leo, and Sadolet, and Bembo would have received with open arms, who might have reposed in the sunshine of Italy, and enjoyed all the delights of wealth and learned ease, was content to associate himself in the perilous profession of reviving truth with a set of German professors, and to teach the unsophisticated truths of the Gospel for a poor stipend to a crowd of German boys. So far then is the temper which bigotry slanders under the name of pyrrhonism from leading to a vacillating conduct, or to dereliction of principle. It sees distinctly, reasons calmly, decides firmly—but judges impartially and charitably.

While we are on the subject of pyrrhonism imputed to Melancthon, it is difficult to avoid animadverting on the abusive application of the principle which has been made by Mr. Bayle in his able and penetrating analysis of the character of this great man.

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'Let us,' says this ingenious sceptic, 'admire a peculiar character of the fate of man: his virtues are liable to consequences that are somewhat vicious, and have their inconveniences; his bad qualities, on the contrary, produce good effects on several occasions. Modesty, moderation, love of peace, form in the minds of the most knowing men, a certain principle of *equity*, which makes them, in some measure, lukewarm and unresolved. Pride and passion make a great doctor so dogmatical and self-conceited, that he does not entertain the least doubt, and will undertake and endure any thing for the advancement and propagation of his own opinions. If by good luck he lights upon the truth—what services will he not do it! They will doubtless be greater than if he were of a more moderate temper. I consider the matter only philosophically; and under this notion we may truly say, that as to what concerns the interest of a sect, a man who is obstinate and violent is preferable to a wise man. And if any founder of a sect desires that his disciples should labour with success in spreading and propagating his doctrine, if they pitch upon it before they are capable of weighing well the reasons on both sides, so much the better; they will be the farther from doubting for the future, and the less they doubt the more obstinate and fiery they will be: whereas, those who propose to inform themselves more and more every day, do not think themselves obliged to shew a very great zeal, for they imagine that what appears to them true to day, will appear to them at another time less probable than what they do not at all believe.'

Now if all this means any thing, it is intended to lay such virtues as were most conspicuous in Melancthon, that is to say, candour, modesty, and the absence of party-spirit, under positive discouragements. But we really suspect that it means nothing more than this proposition, which it needed not Bayle's acuteness to discover, that if the leader of a gang of banditti is in want of associates, a thorough-paced ruffian is more to his purpose than one who is troubled with some remains of conscience and humanity.

But the negative of Mr. Bayle's general proposition may easily be maintained. There is something perhaps more revolting and profligate in the terms of his proposition than the philosopher intended. Yet it may fairly be conceded, that for the ends of party, as such, certain vices may be profitable, and certain virtues detrimental. But in such a cause as the Reformation, Mr. Bayle, who had himself abandoned the communion of the church of Rome, ought to have recollected that the proper opposition was, not between certain virtues and certain vices, but between different virtues which could not exist together in the same individual:—besides, the same qualities, according to men's inclinations, or constitutions, are denominated either virtues or their kindred and approximating vices. To illustrate this, let us take the case of Luther and Melancthon: for it was to the former, undoubtedly, that Mr. Bayle alluded when he spoke of the pride and passion which rendered

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dered a great doctor so insupportably dogmatical; and to the latter, when he considered modesty, moderation, and a certain principle of equity, as tending to render a man lukewarm and unresolved.—That there existed a strong tincture of pride and passion in the constitution of Luther no impartial protestant will deny; and the present work, if such a testimony had been required, will abundantly prove the predominance of the other amiable qualities in Melancthon. Pride and passion, however, in many instances, are but the abuse and excess of qualities necessary to the success of every great undertaking, when accompanied with danger and difficulty—namely, intrepidity and zeal—besides that these unadulterated qualities are extremely capable of being miscalled after their abuses, by a partial and prejudiced judge. Neither was it true, in fact, that the gentler virtues of Melancthon approximated, as Mr. Bayle supposed, to the weaknesses which usually lie on their confines—to lukewarmness and irresolution. The most fiery bigot to the cause of reformation, the blindest follower of its impetuous leader, never served its interests with greater perseverance, nor with equal effect. He never trimmed or temporized between the two parties—the points which he maintained he would have died for; but his clear and comprehensive mind, aided by a calm, dispassionate temper, discerned, beyond all his associates, what was essential to the cause of reformation and what was not, and consequently how much could be conceded and what must be refused. To conclude this digression: Mr. Bayle, in the reflexions which he has drawn from the character of Melancthon, as united with the cause in which he was engaged, seems to have forgotten, that for the conduct of its own great purposes, Providence knows how to choose its instruments; and that mildness and moderation, clearness of intellect, and calmness of temper, in one individual, instead of thwarting and counteracting the effects of opposite qualities as existing in another who is engaged in the same cause—like the lights and shades of a picture, blend and harmonize together. There are seasons proper to the exercise of these different, but not inconsistent virtues, to attack with courage, to persevere with firmness, to concede with prudence, to conciliate by mildness; and he who understands not the effect produced by the harmony of qualities seemingly inconsistent, when employed by different individuals in the same cause, is unacquainted with some of the most obvious and intelligible combinations of human nature.

The character of the German theologians appears to have undergone a melancholy change since the days of Melancthon. To say nothing of the decay, and almost extinction of that piety which is grounded on orthodox belief, the revolution of somewhat less than three centuries appears to have left little in common between

the two periods but habits of pertinacious study. The perspicacity, the elegance, the comprehensive views of religion, which distinguished many of the great leaders of the Reformation, are no more. Melancthon, who has the additional merit of having revived the study of the classical writers, and of having led the way in classical composition among his countrymen, wrote in Latin with an ease and purity which he could only have learned from Terence. He was no poet, and his attempts at versification were scarcely above contempt. But what must a modern think of the life-exhausting labours of a man, who, beside all the avocations and all the distractions of that restless period, managing an extensive correspondence, composing many theological works, employed in laborious journeys, and distracted by that universal tax upon eminence, numerous and needless visits, could for the greater part of the year endure to give lectures to fifteen hundred pupils! How unaccountable to us, that with such habits, a slender frame, and a constitution never robust, should have been prolonged to sixty-three! Edacity, the obstinate labour of slow understandings, and want of exercise, its necessary concomitant, usually vacate the professional chairs of that country at a much earlier age of the drowsy occupant. From these predisposing circumstances to apoplexy and death, Melancthon, by constitution and by habit, was exempt. His slender frame appears to have been locomotive and alert, his quick and penetrating mind rendered the acquirement of science little more than a play of the understanding, and the unclouded serenity of his temper, very different from the heavy composure of dulness, delivered him from that perpetual attrition and decay which result from irritation.

We repeat with earnestness that the study of such a character, which is now offered to the public in a tangible and not unpleasing form, would be peculiarly seasonable at present.

The fiery zealot in controversy, eager to judge and to condemn his adversary as an enemy to what he has chosen to call the truth; the sullen, obstinate, calvinistic bigot, who is quite as sure of articles beyond the reach of man's understanding, as if they had been specifically revealed to him from heaven; the equally positive and dogmatical socinian, who affects to treat articles yet assented to by all the established churches in the world, as antiquated and exploded heresies—all and every one of these would benefit themselves and mankind, (so far as they are in the habit of addressing mankind,) by a careful study of the life of Melancthon. We do not, indeed, expect that such a study, or even that of his admirable works, will cure what is incurable—their uniform mediocrity of intellect; but it may mend their tempers by teaching them that assurance and positiveness, while they often are, yet never ought to be, inversely as

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men's faculties for the discovery of truth. That if an understanding so clear and comprehensive as that of Melancthon, saw no more in speculative doctrines than to fix his own faith, and determine his own conduct, while he allowed as much in the arguments or the prejudices of his antagonists—it becomes not ordinary men to convert debate into abuse, and to refuse to all who differ from them, how slightly soever, the attributes either of common sense or common honesty.

Whatever influence the revived example of Melancthon may have on the present generation, where want of feeling, we fear, will harden every sturdy controvertist against its influence; the discernment and moderation of this great man was often profitably employed in his life-time. The humble admirer, the attached and devoted friend of Luther, withstood his mighty master himself when he was to be blamed: how judiciously, may be learned from the points of doctrine and discipline in which they differed. He was willing to retain episcopal government in the church: he corrected Luther's unqualified and dangerous position of justification by faith alone. He opposed the Lutheran opinion of concomitance, (which scarcely differs, but in words, from the real presence,) in the holy communion: and what was the reward he met with for his justice and liberality?—he was by turns reviled as a papist, a legalist, and a Zwinglian.

Where then is the wonder that, with an head and heart like that of Melancthon, a conscience at ease, and a longing desire for certainty in many things which Revelation had not fully disclosed, he should wish to leave a world of rancour and ignorant strife? His reasons for this wish are memorable and edifying:—

First—he consoled himself in the reflexion that by death he should escape the odium theologicum.

Secondly—He should be delivered from the power of sin.

Thirdly—That he should learn why man was created as he is.

Fourthly—That he should discover secrets not given to man to know in the flesh: especially, that he should behold the Father and the Son, and should learn the mystical union between the two natures in Christ.

How much may be inferred from the last wishes and last reflexions of this discerning man! He wished to transplant that Christian philosophy which he had long cultivated, from the blasts and storms of earth, to the unclouded sunshine and eternal calm of heaven, while the bigot and the dogmatist appear to spend their lives in preparing for those future exercises of surviving intellect, which Milton placed among the *amusements* of the damned.

Of the great prelate and extraordinary man, whose life and character are here paralleled with that of Melancthon, almost every

portion and every feature will afford materials for observation. Jeremy Taylor was one of the few distinguished persons whom the town of Cambridge has had the honour of producing—that place having been apparently marked out by Providence as the nurse, and not the mother of genius. He was admitted of Caius college, attracted very early the notice and patronage of Archbishop Laud, became chaplain to Charles the First, was plundered and persecuted, of course, under the Commonwealth, survived the restoration, and, as a reward for his services and sufferings, was thrown away upon an Irish bishopric, in the possession of which he died at the age of fifty-six. These particulars might have entitled him to a place in Sir James Ware's catalogue of Irish bishops, where the name of Taylor might have slept with an hundred more whose laws was their only distinction; but as a man of genius and eloquence, as a scholar and a Christian, Taylor would, in the lowest rank of his profession, have merited immortality. The ardour of his piety, the purity of his morals, the sweetness of his temper, the universal candour of his mind, while they are admitted without abatement, may be passed over without remark. As a preacher and a writer the superlative excellence of Taylor must be allowed with some material exceptions. The first of these regards the quality for which he has been most applauded—an exuberant imagination. In him, this excess, uncorrected, and unrestrained by a severe critical judgment, often degenerated into wildness, and sometimes even tottered on the verge of absurdity. Whatever were his subjects, in public discourses, in institutions of practical piety, in direct addresses to the deity, in solving points of casuistry, this *ignis fatuus* was perpetually leading him astray. His style was unmeasured poetry. To this defect, or this superfluity, must be added the universal fault of his age—a tendency to pedantic quotation and reference. What can surpass in absurdities of this kind many passages of his *Holy Living and Dying*? a work intended as much for general use as the *Whole Duty of Man*. He cannot inform his readers that temperance in meat and drink is a direct act of service to God, without quoting Arrian to confirm his position. In order to prove one of his rules of casuistry, (which by the way is incapable of proof,) that no man ought to appropriate what God by a special mercy hath made common—as, for example, medicinal wells—he travels out of his way for miracles and judgments, which, in the abundance of his extravagant reading, he had picked out of *Athenæus*, *Cœlius Rhodiginus*, &c.—

‘When the kings of Naples enclosed the gardens of *Cœnotria*, where the best manna of Calabria descends, that no man might gather it without paying tribute; the manna ceased till the tribute was taken off,

off, and then it came again; and so when after the third trial the princes found that they could not have that in common which God made to be common, they left it as free as God gave it. The like happened in Epire, when Lysimachus laid an impost upon the Tragasæan salt, it vanished till Lysimachus left it public. And, when the procurators of King Antigonus imposed a rate upon the sick people that came to Edepsum, to drink the waters which were lately sprung up, and were very healthful—instantly the waters dried up, and the hope of gain perished.

Now, in the name of common sense, what concern have ordinary Christians, desirous only of learning their duty to their neighbours, with King Lysimachus, Edepsum, or the Tragasæan salt? and how ought we to hail the taste of the next race of scholars which delivered us from this impertinence of citation? It is one good effect of the confidence in their own opinion which moderns enjoy, that they no longer account it needful to prop and buttress up their positions with clumsy and unsightly materials borrowed from antiquity. Whatever be our other deficiencies, we surpass them in good sense, and may safely abandon them to themselves on points of morality and casuistry. But the singular passage which we have quoted suggests another reflexion:—Bishop Taylor was certainly one of the most enlightened men of his age, (only the last century but one,) and, though on the credit of ancient gossipers, he really believed these tales, he was also one of the most honest—what then have we not gained during that short interval, both in casuistry and reasonable incredulity! Why should it be thought more unlawful to appropriate an hot-spring than the mineral beds which heat it, or the surface from which it bursts? Why have not the wholesome streams of Bath and Buxton ceased to flow since property began to vest in them? and how did it fail to occur to the writer that if his rule had been good for any thing, he might have found nearer examples to his purpose than the waters of Edepsum, which, after all, as they had recently appeared, were probably volcanic, and might therefore disappear as suddenly without a judgment or a prodigy?—But in the next place, the fancy, the sublimity, the varied imagery of his conceptions, are clouded by the affectation of his style, a circumstance the more deplorable, as it appears to be the produce of elaborate culture, and to have been formed on some perverse, but studied system. Redundancy in a rapid and declamatory style may be endured, and is sometimes even a beauty: but the peculiar calamity of Taylor's periods is the unhappy choice of his epithets and his adverbs. Besides, his sentences are often encumbered with substantives ungracefully piled upon one another, without skill and without selection. The following passage, which is taken quite fortuitously, from the *Life of Christ*, may serve as a specimen:—

‘ But the calling of St. Peter was not to a beholding, but to a participation of his felicities, for he is *strangely* covetous who would enjoy the sun, or the air, or the sea, alone: and this is the nature of grace, to be diffusive of its own excellencies; for here no envy can inhabit. The proper and personal ends of grace are increased by the participation and communion of others. For our prayers are more effectual, our aids increased, our encouragement and examples more prevalent, God more honoured, and the rewards of glory have accidental advantages by the superaddition of every new saint and beatified person. The members of the mystical body, when they have received nutriment from God and his holy Son, supplying to each other the same which they themselves received, and live on in the communion of saints.’

Again:—

‘ Jesus changed Simon’s name, and not the others, and by this change designed him to an eminency of office, at least in signification, principally above his brother, or else separately and distinctly from him, to shew that these graces and favours, which do not immediately co-operate to eternity, but are gifts and offices and impressions of authority, are given to men irregularly, and from those reasons, which God conceals, so they have, without any order of prædisponent causes or probabilities on our part, but are issues of absolute predestination.’

The following affords a fair example of Taylor’s peculiar manner, both with respect to the construction of his sentences, and the whimsical style of his illustrations:

‘ Avoid all curiosity into particulars and circumstances and mysteries: for true faith is full of ingenuity and hearty simplicity; free from suspicion, wise and confident, trusting upon generals without watching and prying into unnecessary or undiscernible particulars.—No man carries his bed into his field, to watch how his corn grows, but believes upon the general order of Providence and Nature, and at harvest finds himself not deceived.’

The following caution to parents not to match their children unsuitably, is in a still wilder strain:

‘ Ever remembering that they can do no injury more afflictive to their children than to join them with cords of a disagreeing affection;—it is like tying a wolf and a lamb, or planting the vine in a garden of coleworts. Let them be persuaded, with reasonable inducements to make them willing, but at no hand to be forced.—Better to sit up all night than go to bed with a dragon.’

But as good sense and good morality are in our author’s eyes of no value without wit, they are equally devoid of authority without learning; and accordingly this short and easy precept is followed by a string of quotations in their original languages, from Ovid, Euripides, and Plutarch.

The reader who is unacquainted with Taylor’s manner (and he is one of the greatest of all mannerists) may require to be told, that
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amongst a multitude of better things, almost every page of a work, meant for grave and popular instruction, will supply some instance in which true sense, false wit and pedantic quotation are thus strangely blended. In justice to our amiable and eloquent moralist, we subjoin one of those better things, which displays great power of expression and great exuberance of fancy, both chastised by a severer and more classical hand than ordinary.

‘A rich man is but like a pool to which the poor run, and first trouble it, and then draw it dry—he enjoys no more of it than according to the few and limited wants of a man; he cannot eat like a wolf or an elephant—that variety of dishes ministers but to sin and sickness—that the poor feasts oftener than the rich, because every little enlargement is a feast to the poor, and he that feasts every day feasts no day—that the rich man sleeps not so soundly as the poor labourer—that his fears are more and his needs greater, (for who is poorer, he that wants 5l., or he who wants 5000l ?)—the poor man hath enough to fill his stomach, and the rich hath not enough to fill his eye—that the poor man’s wants are to be relieved by a common charity, and the needs of rich men cannot be supplied but by princes, and they are left to the temptation of great vices to make reparation of their needs; and the ambitious labour of men to get great estates is but like the selling of a fountain to buy a fever; a parting with content to buy necessity; the purchase of an unhandsome condition at the price of infelicity—that princes and they that enjoy most of the world have most of it but in title and reserved rents and reserved privileges, pepper corns, homages, trifling services and acknowledgments; the real use descending to others for more substantial purposes.’

With some such exceptions, however, this defect of style is uniform and constant: in his earliest and latest works, in argument and in declamation, in the exercises of devotion, in the statements of positive theology, and in the intricacies of casuistical refinement, the same incumbered phraseology, the same involved structure of his sentences, load and obscure his sense. This misfortune, the result of a taste pedantic and affected, was partly the fault of the man, and partly of the time. Taylor, indeed, by the fire and vigour of his genius, threw off all the cold phlegmatic pedantry which chilled and clouded the invention of such preachers as Bishop Andrews; but as he was an indefatigable student, he wrought up the product of his reading with the wild productions of his fancy, so as to form a very heterogeneous and unpleasing mass. The truth is, that he stood on a kind of isthmus between the affectations which disgraced the pulpit in the reign of James I. and the classic purity, united with clear ratiocination, which began to develop themselves after the restoration of his grandson. The writings of our first English reformers delight rather from the absence of all affectation,

fection, than from any positive beauty of style: but they display a kind of negligent and homely dignity of language, peculiar to men of considerable powers who are too much absorbed in the importance of their subject, to turn artificial periods, or to stop for the selection of words. But they attain, even under the present advanced period of criticism, a praise which they never courted, and because they never courted it. Hooker rose higher: he had a noble and lofty imagination, with a true and a very chastised sense of dignity in style: though more learned, perhaps, than any of the next race of theologians, he quoted with great reserve, and never but to answer the purpose of his argument: besides that his citations were generally thrown into the margin of his page. His great work too was purely controversial, and was addressed to the adversaries (the learned adversaries) of ecclesiastical discipline in England. But the writers and preachers of the next reign seem to have studied themselves out of their understandings and their taste together. With them, in their popular works, their pulpit declamations, addressed for the most part to congregations more illiterate than their descendants of the present generation, these learned triflers could not prove a point of Christian doctrine from St. Paul, or urge a Christian duty from the words of Christ: their astonished audiences must hear in languages which they had never learned, what a whole series of Christian fathers had said on the one, and a whole tribe of heathen moralists on the other. To render such a mode of public instruction profitable, or even tolerable, the gift of interpreting tongues ought to have revived in the church. These learned and senseless farragos were further disgraced by the spirit of witticism and punning, which proved something worse than the preacher's want of taste—his want of seriousness;—for no man who had a proper sense of the office of a Christian preacher, would have either leisure or inclination to twist a pun, or trifle with the jingle of words. Meanwhile

'The hungry sheep look'd up, and were not fed.'

It may seem a wild and groundless imagination, that this unedifying and pedantic way of preaching contributed to the downfall of the church, which followed; but it must be remembered that this very depravation in the mode of public instruction gave birth to another style of oratory in the coarse mouths of the puritans, at once slovenly and unlearned, but powerful and enthusiastic, which reached every understanding, moved every heart, and when directed, as it quickly was, against the governors and government of the church, became the most powerful engine in subverting it. During this period, however, two men of genius (though both were trammelled more or less in the fetters of the times) contributed, by the spirit and energy of their discourses, to maintain the credit of the orthodox pulpit—

pulpit—these were Hall and Taylor: the former gifted with all the inspiration of poetry and all the severity of a chastised judgment; in his style quaint rather than pedantic; in his sense clear, manly, and original—Hall could be popular as well as learned, and knew the proper place for each. Taylor ought never to have preached but before an university, or a court; nay, a learned court, such as that of Charles the First. Yet Taylor was an active and useful parish priest; useful, however, rather from the general benevolence of his character than from the faculty in which he was supposed to excel—that of a preacher. His person was graceful; his manner is said to have been captivating. He had previously conciliated the good will of his hearers by kindness and by benefits: yet, we may ask, from the specimens of his popular discourses still remaining, what could his people have thought of him in the pulpit, but as a good man and a good speaker, endeavouring with great zeal to conduct them to heaven by arguments, and in a language which not one in twenty could comprehend?

At the restoration of Charles the Second, the old race of orthodox preachers were either dead or dumb from age, while the rude bawlers of the Commonwealth were condemned to silence or to secret conventicles; profligate however as he was, and indifferent to all doctrines, Charles had a true taste for style; and as the decencies of his station condemned him to hear one sermon weekly, he determined that, whatever became of his conscience, his ear and understanding at least should not be offended. The revolution was instant; nor did the transition appear more abrupt and striking from the sourness of the court of Oliver to the dissolute gaiety of that of Charles, than from the cant, the nonsense, and the sanctified blasphemy of Goodwin, Sterry, and Hugh Peter, to the irresistible reasonings and the majestic energy of Barrow, or, at a somewhat later period, to the more diffuse and captivating eloquence of Tillotson.

It now remains to speak of Taylor as a casuist. The *Ductor Dubitantium*, his last and most ponderous work, is undoubtedly the work of a man acute and subtle, and, though prone to distinctions and refinements, sincerely desirous to conduct his readers in the paths of uprightness. But in this, as in all his works, a kind of hazy atmosphere surrounds his most luminous conceptions. His ideas, as he expresses them, are often not clear, though capable of being translated so as to become perfectly intelligible. The misfortune, therefore, is, not that he thinks but that he speaks obscurely. But in works purely dialectic, this is a radical defect. Rhetoric and amplification, the ornaments of eloquence and the charms of fancy, are here grievously misplaced. There is one talent, however, nearly connected with fancy, which Taylor enjoyed in perfection,

section, had he known how to use it within bounds—the power of illustration. The compass of his reading, the felicity of his memory, and the faculty of applying what he had read and what he recollected, never failed to present, on every occasion, something at once to elucidate and to enliven the subject. Yet after all that the power of Tayler could do to teach or adorn it, scientific casuistry, in the course of a century and an half, from the improved good sense, and possibly from the more enlightened consciences of the present generation, is become nearly as obsolete as astrology itself. It was, in truth, a study which deserved to pass into oblivion. A moderate understanding, accompanied with upright intentions, will generally suffice to inform the conscience. But an anxiety to penetrate into the intricacies of this pursuit, as distinct from the general outlines of morality, will almost always betray a mind anxious to approach as nearly as possible to the confines of right and wrong, which is criminal in itself. Leave the limits between vice and virtue, between obedience and transgression, to a certain degree indeterminate—keep the subject in undefined generalities, and a good conscience will feel an awful dread of approaching the boundary, lest it should unwarily transgress it. But, by definitions and distinctions—by precision and by scientific subtlety—what ought to be matter of feeling degenerates into cold ratiocination, and the accomplished casuist, with all his arts, would many times be embarrassed to establish his claim to the character of an honest man. Few persons, therefore, have taken up the study of casuistry with a view to their own personal conduct, who have not had some secret pangs of conscience to sooth—some dark and doubtful paths to tread, in which the clear and unsophisticated light of reason and conscience afforded no encouraging directions.

Yet is it with this work of Taylor as with those of the schoolmen. Neglected and almost forgotten as they are, men of leisure and curiosity will find in them a fund of learning and a power of intellect bestowed upon few; often misapplied indeed, but sometimes useful, and almost always entertaining. The misdirected energies of such minds must always produce something novel, at least, and far beyond the flat and trivial lucubrations of unenlightened and well-meaning industry.

On the whole, we consider Jeremy Taylor as a man of vast and undisciplined genius; pregnant with noble conceptions, which he wanted the power of expressing with precision, and stored with erudition, which he displayed without reserve and without selection—in season and out of season—to the learned and to the unlearned. But to the slender theologians of the present day, who will never sin after the example of Taylor—who want matter to express, not clear and apt words in which to express it—his works would afford
a mine

a mine of the richest ore; while the labour of sifting and refining it would furnish a more profitable exercise for their feeble intellects than the hopeless task of drawing from their own sterile invention. But in this conversion, let them beware of sublimity and pathos; of sublimity which, even in the hands of Taylor, sometimes swells into bombast; and of pathos which, in *their* hands, would too surely degenerate into puling.

It is not from the excellence of these two works, which is far from transcendent,—it is not even from the genius, the erudition, and the virtues of their respective subjects, which are transcendent, that we have selected and combined them for the present article. The odium theologicum disquieted the one, and the odium fanaticum persecuted the other. Neither of these principles, the opprobria of the Christian church, has ceased to exist, or is disarmed of any portion of its malignity at present. The church of England, torn at this moment by intestine faction, and assailed by heresy and fanaticism from without, would have cause to hail the appearance of another Taylor within her own bosom, or the acquisition of another Melancthon from a sister church. Fagius, and Bucer, and Martyr, in the first and best days of the Reformation, were brought from Germany to fill the chairs of our universities; but the death of the first two, and the expulsion of the third, quickly put an end to their usefulness;—and even had their labours been extended to a longer period, we are not quite sure whether there would not have been something about them to lament, in the absence of that native candour, that patient and dispassionate temper, that destitution of all party-spirit, which adorned Melancthon. But in England, in Germany, and in every country which is once thoroughly heated by theological controversy, such spirits will assuredly fail of their present reward. Meanwhile, the angry, the factious, the positive, and the dull, (positive for the most part in proportion to their dulness,) will be sure to attain their object. Mounting, by means of these qualifications, to the first places in their party, they live and thrive in the atmosphere of theological strife; consoled for all the tempests which they endure from without, by the cherishing warmth of flattery and admiration within. Impartial posterity, however, is sure to do them justice; they are either forgotten, or remembered occasionally, as blind and bigoted partizans. But the man like Melancthon, who sees farther and penetrates deeper into the subject of positive theology, less addicted to system, and more anxious to preserve the peace of the Christian world, than to be the champion of its battles, must be contented to endure, while living, the shafts of obloquy and detraction, almost alike from friends and enemies; secure, when the storms of human passion have subsided, to appear in the eye of unprejudiced posterity with

with unclouded brightness. Let us not be mistaken, as pleading the cause of neutrality or indifference. At a period when the profession of genuine Christianity was both unquiet and unsafe, Melancthon was neither neutral nor indifferent. He wore out his strength and spirits in the cause. He was sincerely devout, as well as active; but he was elegant, and perhaps fastidious. Neither his taste nor temper could endure the rude manners and the coarse invectives of vulgar controvertists. By moderating the fury of his friends, he abated somewhat of the rancour of their enemies. This was an achievement far above the temporary triumphs of party; but, as a recompense for such a service, scepticism and lukewarmness, pyrrhonism and infidelity were charged upon him from every quarter; and a great cardinal, who meant a compliment by the question, seriously inquired whether Melancthon believed in a future life?

We must here, in justice to ourselves, be permitted to make another distinction. In *him*, these admirable qualities, this exemplary moderation, in particular, were combined with all the acute and excitable feeling which is almost inseparable from genius. They were, therefore, not constitutional; they were the product of conviction and of principle; they bore no resemblance to the calmness and moderation of some modern German professor, some great Melchior insipidus, whose irascible feelings it is as difficult to excite as those of the patient and plodding ox.

On the whole, we are persuaded that, if a man and a scholar, not indeed like Melancthon, but with half his talents, and with all his integrity, could place himself between the two great contending parties which rend the church of England at present, and persuade the Calvinist that, while his intentions were pure, and his zeal to be respected, his temper was bigoted and his opinions contracted, while his mode of distributing the Scriptures was ostentatious, and tending to schism;—if he could, in the next place, convince a party more open, perhaps, to conviction, that Calvinism was not once accounted quite so frightful a bugbear as it now appears; that its worst consequences are disclaimed in terms, and do not follow in fact;—could he, in the last place, succeed in convincing both, that the subjects of all this acrimonious debate soon run up into difficulties on both sides, which surpass man's understanding to remove,—the angry zealots of both parties would exclaim against him, as they had before exclaimed against Melancthon. But the calm voice of reason, the persuasive eloquence of moderation, would neither be unheard nor unattended to by those, who best deserve either to be enlightened or restrained.

Neither will it be unprofitable for those who fill the same high station with Bishop Taylor, to contemplate the portrait here exhibited

hibited of that amiable, eloquent, and popular prelate. In the former generation, a sour and persecuting prelacy, with Taylor's master at their head, contending, about forms and shadows, with spirits more narrow and bigoted than themselves, overthrew the church of England. Since the Restoration that church, admonished at once by past calamities, and more enlightened in the true principles of ecclesiastical polity, has assumed a more mild and benignant aspect. To this happy revolution in principle and conduct no one work contributed more than Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying*, which, though written to procure toleration for his own persecuted communion, pleaded the rights of that toleration on grounds so universal, that the oppressors and the persecutors, when themselves depressed, quickly learned to shelter themselves under its protection. In short, to the principles of Bishop Taylor, first, perhaps, displayed in that admirable work, may be traced the still more clear and irrefragable reasonings of Locke, and finally the Toleration Act itself. For a season, indeed, the dissenters reposed with apparent content and satisfaction, under the shelter of the protection thus afforded them. The low church principles avowed by many of the bishops in the last reign, produced a kind of approximation. The leading dissenters were rational, peaceable, and many of them learned. They treated the hierarchy with respect, and some of the most distinguished among the bishops corresponded with them on friendly terms. But the security and tranquillity of the church, in no long period, began to produce their usual consequences; for many of the clergy slept over their charges, and a dreadful explosion of fanaticism and bigotry broke forth, which, if opposed as indiscreetly as it was in the time of Charles the First, would soon bring back the worst and wildest disorders of the republic. Even now, as in that wretched period of cant and hypocrisy, 'every man may become a preacher, and every preacher may collect a congregation.'

But where is this to end? If not exasperated by opposition, they may be emboldened by indulgence. The evil is spreading; the defection is increasing; the principle of church union and communion is almost gone; already the time is arrived when the toleration so liberally accorded to them is scarcely allowed to us. Multitudes of unreflecting people, guided by humour, not by principle, would continue to wander from the church to the conventicle, and from the conventicle to the church, were they not threatened by their new friends with an excommunication, which the church has neither power nor inclination to inflict. They have discipline—we have none. They are organized, classed, arranged, (we speak of the most enthusiastic and numerous sect,) with all the exactness of military discipline, and every member knows his post.

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The certainty and expedition of their communications are equally formidable. If a petty squabble takes place between a parochial clergyman and his revolted parishioners, every circumstance of it is known to the brotherhood in a few posts from Cornwall to Cumberland. It is not patient endurance—it is not indiscreet conciliation on the part of the ministers, or members of the establishment, by frequenting their meetings and uniting in their plans, even for purposes ostensibly useful, that will long keep things as they are. From the highest to the lowest it is time for those who love the religion of their fathers, and of the Reformation, to awake—by timidity and acquiescence we shall never make churchmen of them, while they may make dissenters of us. In every association, whether public or domestic, between them and us, it has uniformly been our lot to suffer. In zeal, in vigilance, and in cunning, they are evidently our superiors. It is to no purpose to allege a fact, which, as long as the establishment has wealth and honour to bestow, will always exist, that the clergy are more learned, their discourses better composed, their reasonings more cogent, and even that their lives, if not equally severe, are equally free from just reproach with those of their opponents. In the present disposition of the enthusiastic sects, human learning, and human reason itself, are most prudently and consistently decried; and while a sullen and gloomy exterior is often known by the party themselves to conceal the worst and most odious vices, an open countenance, a cheerful deportment, though arising out of a good conscience, and the greatest purity of life, are considered as little better than marks of reprobation. It affords, however, some, but no very animating consolation, to reflect, that the higher ranks are generally friendly to the church, while the bulk of the lower orders are yet untainted. Let the value of this encouragement be carefully weighed. The higher orders (thanks to the general dissolution of all respect for superiors!) have little influence over their dependents. In fact, no individual has now much influence, while the very existence of society is threatened by powerful and voluntary combinations. Add to this, that the bulk of the lower orders, who have not openly renounced our communion, are lamentably ignorant of its principles, and lamentably indifferent to its interests: so that the real friends of the church are comparatively few—the largest body of its adherents lukewarm—and its enemies, however divided among themselves, zealous, well disciplined, and acting with united hostility against it. This statement, however gloomy, is not exaggerated. Yet the truth must not be dissembled. Against an unknown and unexpected evil there is no defence; but the slow and cautious march of an invading enemy cannot be concealed; and, without a supineness which at once invites and merits its own destruction, may be met in time. After all that must be admitted on

on the extinction of personal respect or attachment to ancient institutions, the united influence of ten thousand such men as compose the great body of the English clergy, though dispersed among as many millions, cannot but be considerable. For their united exertions against the torrent of jacobinical frenzy they have never hitherto received their just reward. Yet, as a body, they are neither dismayed nor dissatisfied; and divided as they are in sentiment, on some abstruse and certainly non essential doctrines, we are persuaded, that, with very few exceptions, they are ready to unite with head and heart against all the sectarian adversaries of the church. Let not such men be discountenanced; let not their services be refused, their professions of zeal and attachment suspected, their very persons marked and avoided: it is quite sufficient to have so many enemies without. ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΕΝΔΟΝ, to use the brief and energetic language of Thucydides, was the end of many a Grecian city, which had long, and would yet longer have withstood every hostile aggression. The same calamity may be our's, and we may regret our foolish dissensions when it is too late.

But another enemy often baffled, and as often returning to the charge, is once more at our gates. Of this adversary, subtle, acute, united and persevering, 'the variations of the Protestant churches' have long been a favourite theme. They have friends, honest we hope, and unsuspecting friends, within our own camp, who are labouring to disunite and to embroil us. At the same time the protestant enemies of the church, by a monstrous combination, which their predecessors of better times rejected with abhorrence, are almost universally their allies.

To recur, after a long digression, to the immediate subject of this article. Who that loves the peace—who that wishes for the very existence of the church, when he contemplates the character of Bishop Taylor, can forbear to exclaim *Utinam viveres!* With his admirable temper,—with his comprehensive views of church polity,—with his contempt for foolish minutiae, on which bigots of every class would rest the ark itself,—had he been placed in the metropolitan chair of his master Laud, he might have saved the church of England, the life of his sovereign, and the constitution of his country; to the destruction of all which, that honest, passionate man, and worst of all politicians, principally contributed. We accuse not the present age, because it has not multiplied such men as he was; they are, in fact, not the productions of every age, or every country; and what is more unhappy, their dispositions, which are attainable, are rarely found but in union with understandings which are not. Yet has this generation been blessed with one example which might serve to prove what the united powers of genius, activity, gentleness, and vigour can achieve, even in days
wayward

wayward and perverse as those on which we have been unhappily cast. The eloquence of Taylor, without his affectation—the most fervent devotion, accompanied by a manner which would otherwise have been somewhat theatrical—the most captivating simplicity and grace of manner in Bishop Porteus, conciliated multitudes of prejudiced and bigoted persons, not only to his person, but to the decent forms, and even elegances, of the church of England. They did more:—they enabled him occasionally to act with the decision of former times, to exercise, without clamour and without reproach, acts of discipline which, in most of his brethren, would have been highly unpopular. Genius indeed, a graceful person, a captivating elocution, those peculiar graces, in short, which animate every discourse, and give a spirit to the performance of every ordinance, are precious gifts of nature very sparingly bestowed on mankind; and those who, for the benefit of their country, are entrusted with the selection of men for high offices in the church, can only chuse out of such materials as they have. It were as idle and as absurd to remit men to such works as are now before us, in order to acquire these incommunicable talents, as it would be to send a mathematician to the Life of Newton in order to teach him to write another *Principia*.

But from such volumes as the Life of Taylor, many lessons of attainable improvement may be learned by those who exercise the same functions, in times almost as perilous as his own. A deep sense of their duty and their responsibility—an anxiety to avoid that bigotry which they condemn in others—a diligent attention to the popular duty of preaching—an unwillingness to exercise vexatious acts of power on those who are placed under their government, for mere matters of opinion, (not of order,) accompanied by extreme vigilance to detect and to punish every appearance of immorality and licentiousness, which too often secures to itself impunity by high pretensions to zeal for the church—these were, in Taylor and in others, great qualities, which, after years of anarchy and fanaticism, reconciled the people of these kingdoms to the restoration of episcopacy; and these, above all others, will contribute to its perpetuity.

We now dismiss the lives of Melancthon and of Taylor; on which we have been the more diffuse, partly from some peculiar circumstances in the temper and spirit of our own church at present, to which they may be profitably applied, and partly because the two biographers, though sensible and well-principled men, have contented themselves either with mere narrative or undistinguishing panegyric. In point of composition, there is nothing greatly to censure or commend; but the portrait of Melancthon yet requires a hand more capable of drawing the lights and shades which

which are necessary to the finished likeness of so peculiar a character; and that of Taylor, as a writer at least, requires much more shade than his present biographer has bestowed upon it. As a man, a Christian, and a bishop, no more seems to have been wanted than to delineate the countenance of an angel.

ART. XIII. 1. *Appendix to the Remains of John Tweddell.* By Robert Tweddell, A. M. London. 1815.

2. *Letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, on the Subject of an Article in No. L. of that Journal, on the Remains of John Tweddell.* By the Earl of Elgin. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 63. London. 1816.

3. *Postscript to a Letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review.* By the Earl of Elgin. pp. 32.

4. *A Narrative of what is known respecting the Literary Remains of the late John Tweddell.* By Philip Hunt, LL.D. formerly Chaplain to H. E. the Earl of Elgin. 8vo. pp. 47. London. 1816.

OF the Remains of Mr. John Tweddell an account will be found in a former article of this Number.—We have reserved for a separate consideration, the Appendix to that volume, and the other publications to which it has given birth. The controversy is indeed of a nature so extraordinary, and so interesting to literary men, that we feel ourselves bound to lay a statement of it before our readers; in doing so, we shall be sure to observe, because we feel, a strict impartiality, and we hope to avoid all that intemperance of language which has marked one at least of the parties.

The literary acquirements of Mr. Tweddell, the respective diplomatic merits of Lord Elgin and of Mr. Spencer Smith, or Smythe*, his lordship's predecessor at Constantinople, which have occupied other pens in this controversy, have in fact little to do with the question in discussion. Mr. Tweddell's Remains, whatever were their intrinsic value, were sacred, as being not only *private*, but, under the circumstances of his decease, *national property*; and any splendour of public service would but little avail Lord Elgin against the proof of having had the inconceivable baseness of secreting any of these effects for his own purposes. Why the public life of Mr. Spencer Smith has occupied so many pages of Mr. Robert Tweddell's Appendix, we shall not stop to inquire; it is sufficient to say that it

* This gentleman's name, through the whole of this volume, is, with apparent design, spelled *Smythe*. We have consulted the *Gazettes* and other authentic works in which this name is mentioned, and have invariably found it written *Smith*. As we are unwilling to give offence by any mistake in this matter, we have noticed both names but shall call Mr. Smith by that by which he has been hitherto commonly known.

has no legitimate concern with the question, and, as Lord Elgin states in his Postscript, (p. 15.) the part which Mr. Smith seems to have in the publication serves only to invalidate his testimony, by proving him to be not a *witness* but a *party* to the cause; and if, as indeed appears too probable, Mr. Smith has really contributed to the composition of this Appendix, and yet affects to come forward as an *evidence* in a case in which he is in fact one of the *accusers*, it must be admitted that such a proceeding is uncandid and disingenuous.

The facts which have occasioned this curious discussion are these:—Mr. John Tweddell died at Athens, in 1799. His papers, consisting of notes made, and drawings and inscriptions collected during his travels in Greece, were found at his decease, and after being minutely examined by the British consul at Athens, were transmitted to the chancery (or public office) of the British embassy at Constantinople—the vessel conveying these effects suffered shipwreck before she reached Constantinople, the effects themselves were much damaged by sea-water, and the accidents usually attending such an event; but it seems certain that a considerable part reached the palace of the embassy.

Another portion of Mr. Tweddell's effects had been left by him at Constantinople, in the care of the late Mr. Thornton, then one of the factory there; these effects consisted of clothes and other articles of that kind, and also of some manuscript accounts of his journey through Europe, and particularly of his tour in Switzerland, (the latter fairly written out.) It is singular that, as the parcels first mentioned suffered by water, these latter should have been endangered by fire; Mr. Thornton's house was burned down; but these effects, or at least the most valuable part of them, were saved; and they were also transferred to the chancery of the embassy.

And here it is to be observed, that this double accident is not more extraordinary than the double good fortune by which the general mass of effects was in both cases preserved: we say the *general* mass, because, though Mr. Robert Tweddell and his friends assert, that *all* was saved without exception, their assertions are not only unsupported, but contradicted by the evidence. This point, however, though vehemently insisted upon by Mr. Robert Tweddell, is really of no great importance to the ultimate question; the charge against Lord Elgin is, that he purloined Mr. Tweddell's effects, and whether the alleged theft was a little more or a little less profitable, would be of no consequence; while, on the other hand, the obstinacy and angry tone with which Mr. Robert Tweddell asserts, that to be a *fact*, which nobody could know, and which the evidence positively contradicts, serves only to prove the *prejudice* with which he treats this subject, and to invalidate his opinion on other more important points.

Between

Between the consignment of the packages from Athens, and their arrival at Constantinople, the Earl of Elgin, as ambassador extraordinary, had superseded Mr. Spencer Smith, who, having been secretary to Mr. Liston, had, between the departure of the latter and the arrival of Lord Elgin, acted first as *chargé d'affaires* and afterwards as minister.

And this supersession appears to have been Lord Elgin's first and, in the eyes of Mr. Smith at least, his *greatest* offence; it makes a prominent figure in Mr. Robert Tweddell's book; and it is particularly and violently, we had almost said virulently, insisted upon, that Lord Elgin, as his Majesty's ambassador, had no right to take charge of the effects which had been consigned to Mr. Smith, as his Majesty's minister:—because, say these gentlemen, the ambassador at the Porte has two authorities, one from the king as his representative, the other from the Levant Company, as theirs; these authorities are usually indeed conferred conjointly, and Mr. Smith had so received them; but Lord Elgin's warrant from the Levant Company was posterior, by many months, to his appointment from the king, and to the arrival of Mr. Tweddell's effects; Messrs. Tweddell and Smith therefore allege that the effects of all British subjects within the jurisdiction of the Levant Company still belonged to the latter as *their* accredited agent, although he had only obtained that character as being his majesty's minister, and that he had been superseded in this latter important office: and Lord Elgin's SEIZING these effects, is, for the aforesaid reasons, *reprobated* as an *officious and indelicate encroachment* on the rights of Mr. Smith, and a *summary and arbitrary proceeding* on the part of his lordship. (*Appendix*, p. 415.)

We should not give a fair view of this part of the question, if we did not quote a passage from the letter of Mr. Smith to Mr. Tweddell's father; dated, Constantinople, 15th April, 1801, which shews the temper in which this particular charge is made against Lord Elgin.

'At length such a crisis has taken place in my own position, as affords an occasion, that I am not backward in availing myself of towards you. Lord ELGIN's progressive encroachment on the department reserved to me in this country, at his nomination to the embassy-extraordinary, has terminated in the way to be apprehended from his superior weight of metal; namely, by my entire *supersedure*, and by the transfer of all my official functions to his Lordship: I am therefore upon the point of quitting this post, to return home. And I beg leave to accompany this acknowledgment, by the expression of my regret that the interference of other persons (an interference which I must *reprobate*, as highly officious and indelicate, to apply no other epithet) should have made all my regard for your late estimable son's memory, as well as my

zeal for the same literary pursuits, of no avail towards a proper and advantageous management of his affairs.'—*App.* pp. 412, 413.

To the same effect is a passage, in an article in a work which we have never seen, called the *Naval Chronicle*, purporting to be a Review of Mr. Thornton's *Present State of Turkey*, which is quoted in Mr. Tweddell's Appendix, and which, from internal and external evidence, we concur with Lord Elgin, (P. S. p. 15.) in supposing to be the production of Mr. Smith himself.

'This nobleman was sent with the splendid character of ambassador-extraordinary, to exchange the ratifications of the treaty we have already alluded to, and at the same time to *supersede* the minister by whom it had been negotiated; who was not, it seems, considered in Downing-street, of sufficient consequence (we suppose in a *parliamentary* sense) to solemnize the completion of his own work.'—p. 444.

Now, in opposition to these direct charges and querulous insinuations of an officious encroachment on Mr. Smith's office, by a *violent* and *unjustifiable* SEIZURE of Mr. Tweddell's effects, we have, in the first place, the distinct evidence of Mr. Thornton, a gentleman of the highest personal honour and credibility, (and certainly no friend of Lord Elgin's,) that as soon as he heard of the shipwrecked effects being landed, he applied to Mr. Smith, to whom they were addressed—

'Begged him to give directions for having the boxes opened, in order to put a stop to the damage, which whatever they might contain was receiving. Mr. Smythe, however, said, that although Mr. Tweddell's effects had been properly consigned to him while he was *chief of the mission*, yet, AS HE WAS NOW NO LONGER SO, HE HAD NO RIGHT TO MIDDLE WITH THEM.'—*App.* p. 373.

The fact, indeed, seems to be that Mr. Smith was so indignant at being superseded as *minister*, that he declined performing the functions even of the office which the new arrangement left to him, namely, that of secretary of the embassy; or, at least, performed them so sullenly and carelessly that no traces of his official exertions appear in this affair; and it is remarkable that it was not till April, 1801, nearly two years after John Tweddell's death, that Mr. Smith thought of writing to Mr. Tweddell, senior, on the business which he would have us believe to have been so near to his heart and so frequent in his thoughts. We therefore feel warranted in concluding, that it was his anger against Lord Elgin rather than his regard for Mr. Tweddell that dictated the reluctant and tardy letter of April, 1801.

We have, then, no hesitation in pronouncing our opinion that it is to Mr. Smith that the loss or dispersion of the Tweddell papers is, in the first instance, and essentially, attributable: he certainly did not and could not foresee that his pettishness was to have such consequences;

consequences ; but while we acquit him of the *intention*, we must convict him of the *fact*, of being, in our opinion, the *prime cause* all the mischief.

The first consequence of Mr. Smith's 'declining to meddle' was, that Lord Elgin did not hear of the effects for a long time after their arrival, and then only by the tardy application of Mr. Thornton to have the packages examined; and so little anxious was his lordship to *encroach*, or, in a *summary* and *arbitrary* way, *seize* Mr. Tweddell's effects, that it is elsewhere urged as a topic of accusation against his lordship, that these effects were eight weeks in his palace before he *deigned* to look at them; and it is even angrily stated that the contents were damaged by the *delays* of the ambassador who had been, just before, charged with such *hasty* and *summary* proceedings.

But even admitting that Lord Elgin *had* taken pains to recover these effects, it is evident that he did no more than Mr. Thornton, an experienced member of the Levant Company, considered to be his undoubted, not *right* only, but, *duty*. These are Mr. Thornton's words :

'In the first place, then, and in answer to your enquiry marked "1," I have to say, that Lord Elgin did not give me an order in an official form to send to his house, the effects which your brother had entrusted to my care. Perhaps he said, after asking me to attend at the opening of the trunks sent up from Athens, "and you may as well send those you have, that we may look over them all together." Lord Elgin, however, as English ambassador, had the *right*, and, indeed, it was his *duty*, to take into his own hands the property of any of the king's subjects dying intestate in Turkey.'—*App.* pp. 376, 377.

Upon the whole then of *this* part of the subject, as of a former, we are bound in candour to say that the charge against Lord Elgin fails altogether ; and that the personality and violence with which the untenable and absurd propositions of Messrs. Robert Tweddell and Spencer Smith are advanced, serve only to diminish our confidence in their judgment and testimony on other points or the question.

We now however come, after these *outworks*, to the main body of the case.

It is admitted, *upon all hands*, that some of Mr. Tweddell's manuscripts and drawings came, for the purpose of being dried, and at Mr. Thornton's request, from his warehouse and the chancery, into the more immediate custody of the Earl of Elgin ; that he opened the parcels containing them, before a company assembled for the occasion ; that they were considerably damaged, but not, in general, to the extent of being illegible or useless ; that they were spread out in one of the rooms of the embassy to dry ; that Lord

Elgin carefully locked up the room; that they (or, at least, a part of them) were afterwards carefully packed, under the eye of one of Mr. Tweddell's friends, and transferred from Lord Elgin's private custody back again to the chancery, or *public office*, of the embassy; and that from that day to this, though every inquiry appears to have been made in every quarter and from every person who was likely to be acquainted with any particulars of the affair, (with a single exception or two, which shall be mentioned hereafter,) no trace of the papers whatsoever has been found.

We shall here collect into one view the principal heads of the evidence procured by these inquiries, as they are stated in Mr. Robert Tweddell's *Appendix*.

Papa Simeon, the person entrusted to convey the effects from Athens to Constantinople, acknowledges to have received four trunks and a small case, containing forty-eight books, with some saddles, &c. &c. (*App.* 403.) but, on the passage, his vessel was wrecked at Koutali; the packages above-mentioned remained for *three days covered* by the waves, and were afterwards driven on shore, *broken by the surf*. The magistrates of Koutali exerted themselves, to save every thing possible, and they delivered *Papa Simeon* a certificate touching the effects saved, which certificate the *Papa* delivered into the very hands (*propres mains*) of Mr. Spencer Smith himself. (*App.* 439.)

Count Ludolf, the Sicilian envoy, and a particular friend of Mr. Tweddell's, applied to Lord Elgin for the restitution of some books which he had lent Mr. Tweddell; his lordship ordered Doctor Hunt, the chaplain of the embassy, to lead him to an apartment of the palace, where he saw scattered on a large table, books, drawings and manuscripts, which he recognized as having belonged to Mr. Tweddell, and which, having been wet by sea-water, were exposed to dry. (*App.* 436.)

Lord Elgin, after a lapse of sixteen years, three of which were passed in prison in France, cannot charge his memory with any particulars of their ultimate fate, beyond an *impression* that Professor Carlyle, who had accompanied the embassy and who was a personal friend of Mr. Tweddell's family, suggested that they should be consigned to the care of Mr. Losh, of Newcastle, an intimate friend of Mr. Tweddell's; and that, in consequence of such recommendation, they were so consigned; and according to his lordship's recollection, embarked in a merchant-ship, he thinks the *Duncan*, or a government transport called the *New Adventure*; and his lordship now inclines to this latter opinion, because he had the special directions of Mr. Tweddell, senior, to keep the effects till he should have an opportunity of forwarding them by a ship

ship of war, or a government vessel. (*App.* p. 408.) And beyond this, Lord Elgin has no kind of remembrance of the affair.

Mr. Thornton knew nothing of the papers which had been taken out of his possession, beyond his handing them over to Lord Elgin; and as to the disposal of the effects in general, he knew absolutely nothing; but he states, that he was summoned to attend the opening of the packages, and that when Professor Carlyle was about to return to England, he called on Mr. Thornton, 'to say, that he was acquainted with Mr. Tweddell's family, and would tell them any thing which he might have to communicate to them respecting the state of Mr. Tweddell's papers and other property. Professor Carlyle already knew most of the previous circumstances.'—(*App.* p. 375.) Mr. Thornton adds subsequently, 'that he never heard of the shipment of any of Mr. Tweddell's papers on board the Lord Duncan or any other merchant ship—(*App.* p. 378.); and that he never heard of Professor Carlyle's having any thing to do with the shipment of any part of this property.'—(*App.* p. 383.) He further insinuates, in very pointed terms, that the gentlemen of the embassy took opportunities of copying from Mr. Tweddell's papers and drawings.—Mr. Thornton is since dead.

Doctor Hunt, chaplain to the embassy, recollects the effects being deposited with Lord Elgin as his Majesty's ambassador; that when the cases were opened, it was observed that the packages had been previously broken open, and that the medals had been plundered and other little gold articles gone, which had probably taken place at their recovery from shipwreck; that the manuscripts and drawings were so much injured by sea-water and mouldiness, as to be in some instances reduced to pulp; and that his lordship employed some gentlemen of his suite, and Mr. Barker, the panoramist, then at Pera, 'to dry them in the best manner they could, and to preserve every article, however trifling, of so accomplished a scholar; his lordship taking charge of them, and waiting a favourable opportunity to send them to England.' Doctor Hunt also adds, that Professor Carlyle, a friend of Mr. Tweddell's, was employed by Lord Elgin in packing up Mr. Tweddell's papers; and the doctor states, with certainty, that Professor Carlyle himself directed and consigned them to Mr. Losh, of Newcastle; Doctor Hunt saw them sent on board a transport, he thinks the Duncan; and adds his firm belief, that 'every scrap' was sent home in the manner he describes; and he asserts that, during his residence or acquaintance with Lord Elgin, he never had any reason to suspect that any scrap of Mr. Tweddell's journals or drawings had been withheld by Lord Elgin. (*App.* 445—452.)

Doctor Hunt is still alive, but has, it seems, long since ceased to be among the number of Lord Elgin's friends.

Mr. Professor Carlyle, in a letter from Constantinople, to Mr. Losh, states, that—

‘All the notes, letters, and memoranda, belonging to Tweddell ARE, at present, (the date of his letter is 25th July, 1800,) in the British chancery, at Pera, where they will be safely preserved until they are transmitted to England. I understand Mr. Tweddell’s father wishes to have them kept here until they can be sent by a ship of war. I fear the papers will not be found to contain any thing that can be made of much general use; by the accounts I have received of them, they consist more of hints and trains of reflection, than of any detailed relations respecting actual *visa vel facta*. The writings were much injured, and the sketches almost totally spoiled by the sea-water—all of them were, however, separately dried with the greatest care before their being consigned to the CHANCERY. I am all this time speaking of Mr. Tweddell’s papers, which he wrote in this country and Greece:—his former ones, being, I believe, an account of his travels previous to his arrival at Constantinople, were left by himself in Mr. Thornton’s hands, where they now safely remain, having been preserved by that gentleman from the fire which almost destroyed Pera about a year ago.’—*App.* p. 458.

Professor Carlyle died not long after his return to England.

Mr. Losh, of Newcastle, adduces some *posthumous* evidence of Professor Carlyle’s:—

‘I have a distinct recollection, that in the many conversations I had with Carlyle, he never considered himself as responsible for any of J. T.’s property, having merely *seen packed* such papers, (*observe, nothing but “papers,”*) as Lord Elgin thought proper. In particular, he told me, that “he knew nothing of the things which came from Athens,” except that he saw some papers which were dried, and, I think he told me, deposited in the chancery at Pera.’—*App.* p. 459.

Here we must say that the words in a parenthesis—‘*observe, nothing but “papers,”*’ appears to us to be a very uncandid attempt to defeat the force, such as it may be, of Mr. Losh’s recollection of Professor Carlyle’s conversations. Mr. Tweddell’s effects consisted of two kinds—clothes, and articles of that nature,—and manuscripts and drawings. In common language, and, above all, in contradistinction to clothes, these latter articles would naturally be called *papers*; and—if we are to *special plead* upon the matter—*drawings* on paper may be as well called *papers*, as *writings* on paper. We think it right to notice this insinuation, as another proof of the temper in which the friends of Mr. Tweddell pervert the simplest terms, and alter the clearest evidence.

Mr. Losh also adds some gross and offensive statements of Mr. Carlyle against Lord Elgin’s general character, which prove great enmity on the part of the professor against his lordship; but he always added to these contemptuous expressions, his *opinion* that
Lord

Lord Elgin would not take the property in question.—(*App. p. 460.*)

This is, we believe we may say, all the material evidence adduced by Mr. Robert Tweddell; and upon this we think it appears, that though it is highly to be regretted that Lord Elgin did not urge Mr. Smith to do his official duty, and take the ordinary precaution of having inventories, bills of lading and receipts, made out for Mr. Tweddell's effects,—nay, though it is not certain that *all* the packages were ever delivered from the chancery, or ever shipped on board any vessel; and though it is therefore impossible to acquit the ambassador, or the secretary of embassy, or both, of negligence,—it seems equally clear, that the gross charge, more than insinuated against Lord Elgin, of having surreptitiously detained any of these effects to his own use, is utterly untenable, and therefore calumnious; because—

1. There is, we trust, in the character of a British nobleman strong moral evidence against his being guilty of conduct so base and sordid; evidence which nothing but the most direct and positive *proof* can invalidate.

2. A certificate of such of the effects as were saved from the shipwreck, was delivered *into the hands of Mr. Spencer Smith*, who *might*, if he pleased, have had the chief custody of them when they were sent into the chancery, and who had both a knowledge of, and interest in the transaction, which must have deterred Lord Elgin (if there were no higher feeling to deter him) from this wretched larceny. We say that Mr. Smith *might*, if he pleased, have had the chief custody of the effects; not only because they were in the first instance offered to him, but because we understand that the secretary of the embassy is more particularly charged with the direction and superintendence of the *Chancery*, in which it appears that these effects were twice lodged.

3. No person who could be so base as to entertain the notion of appropriating these effects to his own use, would have behaved as Lord Elgin did.—He opened the packages at a meeting convened for the purpose, before every man in Constantinople, who could report the facts in England.—It is even one of the charges against him, that he permitted all the persons of the embassy to have access to them—a course perfectly incompatible with a design of afterwards secreting them.—He consulted Professor Carlyle as to their disposal.—He wrote to persons in England, and through them to Mr. Tweddell's family, that he was in possession of these papers.—He employed Mr. Barker, the panoramist,—a gentleman about to return, and who did return, to England,—to superintend the attempts to recover what was damaged, and to preserve the whole. He freely admits Count Ludolf,

dolf, one of the intimated friends of the deceased, to examine the books and papers, and select his own property from that of Mr. Tweddell. Are any of these actions reconcileable with an intention to suppress or steal these papers?

4. Professor Carlyle absolutely *saw packed* some of those papers; and he asserts that it was *after* being dried separately with the greatest care that they were so packed under his own eye, and consigned to the chancery, or *public* department of the office, which he uses in contradistinction to Lord Elgin's previous private custody. These are strange preliminaries to plunder!

5. Mr. Professor Carlyle and Mr. Thornton are dead: but Lord Elgin, if he had formed any design of suppressing these papers, must have formed, and indeed executed, that intention long before the death of either; his lordship must have known that neither of those gentlemen was personally well disposed to him; and with Professor Carlyle he had the misfortune, he says, of parting at Constantinople on *bad terms*, as indeed the Professor, in his subsequent language, abundantly proved:—did his lordship, therefore, expect that these gentlemen,—whose natural uprightness and honour would be rather quickened than set to sleep by their personal feelings,—would keep his disgraceful secret and join in assisting their enemy to purloin the effects of their departed friend?

6. Cui bono—for what purpose should Lord Elgin have done all this?—every Englishman in Constantinople and all England knew in what direction Tweddell's researches had been—his journey through Switzerland, and the Crimea—Attica, Thessaly and Bœotia,—his elaborate manuscript account of the former voyages—his notes of the latter—had been (as is charged, with some asperity, *App.* p. 308.) *profusely* offered to the inspection of every one at Constantinople. Could his lordship ever hope to publish them *as his own*—above all, could he ever hope to do so, *having never made any of the journeys which Tweddell described*?

7. But Lord Elgin might wish for the drawings, and, to obtain them safely, destroy the manuscripts:—on this point we have to refer to what is already said, that he might indeed destroy the papers, but that he never could destroy the *evidence* that these papers had been in his possession—besides, Lord Elgin is well known to have spared neither trouble nor expense in procuring such drawings—the artists who made them were still alive, some of them in his own pay—several artists yet more eminent were actually employed for him on similar subjects:—why should *he*, therefore, have so coveted the damaged sketches of Mr. Tweddell? He would, it seems, have made no scruple to have them copied; and the copies would have been to him more valuable than the originals,

ginals, since the latter, damaged by their shipwreck, would have always testified themselves to be Mr. Tweddell's property.

8. It is stated, that these books and drawings were copied with too much license by the gentlemen of the embassy:—how then could Lord Elgin hope to pass for his own the originals, which so many copies could not fail to detect, as having belonged to Mr. Tweddell?

In short, we think that we may—on the evidence adduced in Mr. Robert Tweddell's *Appendix* ALONE—fully and clearly, and with a confidence amounting to moral certainty, acquit Lord Elgin of any design to withhold, conceal, or destroy the papers of a gentleman whom personally he held in the highest esteem, and whose letters prove him to have been not insensible of the friendly kindness which his lordship had shewn him.

But since the publication of Mr. Tweddell's work, and subsequently to that of Lord Elgin's letter, it appears from his lordship's Postscript, that one or two new circumstances have transpired, which, though they at first appear to promise some explanation, have, as yet, only served to increase the intricacy and mystery of the affair, and to add to the suspicions which we have all along entertained of the correctness and candour of Mr. Robert Tweddell.

In his *Appendix*, there is this passage—

'A quantity of drawings, known to have formed part of Mr. Tweddell's collection, and exhibiting *costume* in singular beauty, were seen in Lord Elgin's possession at different times, and at distant periods from the date of the original transaction; they were kept by his lordship with the avowed intention of having them copied, and with a further view of their being taken home by himself, or, on his own account, by a confidential person. Sixty-nine drawings of Levantine dresses, copied by an artist at Naples, from the originals—once in the portfolio of Mr. Tweddell, but, at the time when they were copied, in the custody of a gentleman who received them from Lord Elgin,—are now in the possession of the gentleman adverted to, resident in this country, and who acknowledges them to have come into his hands in the way above described; still farther, there is every reason to conclude, that on the noble lord's return to this country, in 1806, those *original* drawings, with others of a similar description, were duly restored to him.'—*App.* pp. 368, 369.

To this statement in the text is subjoined the following note.

'Subsequently to the date of this letter, the copies to which reference is here made, have come under the Editor's own inspection, and strongly attest the merit of the originals. The owner of these drawings knows how to unite politeness with generosity: the remembrance of his proffered liberality is gratefully present on the mind of the writer.' *Ed.*—*App.* p. 369.

Who this person was, or what the precise meaning and extent of this most important part of the charge may be, we cannot tell why, or by what

what strange disingenuousness *concealed* by Mr. Robert Tweddell from the reader, and, what is much more important, was also concealed—during all the correspondence which he had with his lordship—from Lord Elgin!—in short the only thing that looks like a *fact* likely to lead to any result, in the whole body of evidence in Mr. Robert Tweddell's possession, he *conceals* till the publication of his book, and then states it in so vague a way as to elude observation and defy inquiry: but in his Postscript, 400 pages distant from the above passages, amidst his thanks to those who have contributed to his work is the following sentence:—

‘The generous politeness of William Hamilton Nesbit, Esq. of Archerfield, Scotland, demonstrated by the contribution of certain drawings of oriental costume in *his* collection, for the embellishment of these “Remains,” will be apparent to every discerning reader of the volume; it is duly appreciated by the Editor; and needs no comment.’
—p. 24.

Now these passages carefully avoid all reference to each other; the former do not insinuate the praise of Mr. Nesbit's generous politeness; and the latter, by its silence, would seem to repel any idea that the drawings, *contributed by that gentleman*, had any connection with those mentioned in pages 368 and 369. How Mr. Robert Tweddell will account to the public, we know not, for this (as it appears to us) most disingenuous and deceitful mode of statement; for it seems now, beyond doubt, that *all* these passages refer to the *same* circumstance. The facts, as stated in Lord Elgin's Postscript, and in some of the public papers, are these:—

Mr. Professor Carlyle and Mr. Hamilton Nesbit, father of the then Lady Elgin, who had been on a visit to Constantinople, being about to return to England in the year 1801, had entrusted to them, by Lord Elgin, a port-folio of Mr. Tweddell's drawings, to be delivered, as Lord Elgin asserts, to Mr. Tweddell's family; these drawings, or some of them, Mr. Nesbit had copied at Naples on his way home—and on his arrival, it is stated, that he placed the originals with the other effects of Lord Elgin, who was still a prisoner in France, and who did not return to England till many years after Mr. Nesbit. Why Mr. Nesbit did not deliver these drawings to the Tweddell family, or why, or under what circumstances he placed them among Lord Elgin's baggage, is not stated—all that is known on this point is, that neither he nor any body else ever apprized Lord Elgin that these drawings had been so placed, and that Lord Elgin removed the whole of his vast collection of drawings, &c. un-examined, from this gentleman's house, where they occupied many rooms, to Scotland, without opening the cases or even seeing the contents. (P. S. p. 24.)

Mr. Robert Tweddell (it does not appear on what information) applied

applied to Mr. Nesbit to inquire after his brother's effects, and Mr. Nesbit then acquainted him with the above circumstances, and transmitted to him the copies which he had had made at Naples.

Our readers would now of course have expected that Mr. Robert Tweddell, delighted with this ray of hope, should not delay an hour to communicate to Lord Elgin this happy discovery, and request his lordship to look for the original drawings—but no—Mr. Robert Tweddell, who was sufficiently prolix, and more than sufficiently imperative with Lord Elgin on other points, maintains a close silence on this topic till the publication of his book, and even in that publication alludes (as we have seen) to the matter in a way to baffle all supposition that the drawings mentioned in the text were the same alluded to in the Postscript. Nor did the matter ever reach Lord Elgin, in any intelligible shape, nor would it probably ever have reached him, but that in his anxiety to collect all possible evidence upon the subject, recollecting that Mr. Nesbit and Professor Carlyle had returned to England together, his lordship, who for many years had had no intercourse with Mr. Nesbit, felt himself, under the circumstances of the case, authorized to beg that gentleman to acquaint him whether *he* had any recollection relative to Mr. Tweddell's effects; (P.S. p. 27 ;) in answer to which inquiry, Mr. Nesbit, in a letter dated the latter end of December last, informed his lordship of what had before passed between him and Mr. Robert Tweddell, and then, *for the first time*, Lord Elgin states that he became acquainted with the possibility that any portion of Mr. Tweddell's drawings had found their way back into his possession. He immediately collected every drawing of this kind in his possession, sent the whole to London in sealed parcels, and conveyed an intimation to Mr. Robert Tweddell of his surprize at this tardy discovery to his lordship of what Mr. Tweddell so long knew; and he acquainted him that the sealed parcels were deposited in London, to be opened and examined in his presence, or that of any friend he might appoint for this purpose.

These parcels have not been, as we are informed, yet examined; when they are, we think it probable that the drawings referred to by Mr. Nesbit may be found: but the only effect which this discovery can have on the case at large will be in our opinion to prove, still more strongly, that Lord Elgin never did and never could have intended to appropriate any part of the effects, because the rank, character, and personal habits of Mr. Nesbit render it impossible that he should have been made a partner in so disgraceful a transaction; and as Mr. Nesbit knew (it appears by his answers to Mr. Tweddell) the whole history of those drawings, such an intention could not be effected without his connivance. We may also add, that Lord Elgin's entrusting these drawings for conveyance to Mr. Tweddell's family

family to a person of Mr. Nesbit's character, (if that be really the fact,) is a pledge of his sincere wish that they should reach their destination; and the unhappy circumstance which has interrupted all connection and friendship between Lord Elgin and that respectable gentleman could not lead his lordship to expect that any negligence relative to Mr. Tweddell's affairs, and still less any dishonesty, would have been screened or countenanced by him.

Thus this circumstance, which promised to unravel the mystery, will, *if the drawings should be found*, serve only to increase it; for, while it tends to prove Lord Elgin's care of part of the effects, and his wish that they should reach Mr. Tweddell's family, it throws a greater perplexity over the fate of the rest.

The other circumstance which we alluded to is, that Mr. Hamilton, now one of the under-secretaries of state, and the late Col. Squire, who visited Athens after Professor Carlyle, received there, from the hands of some person whose name Mr. Hamilton, the survivor, does not recollect, a manuscript book, either a *copy* or an *original*, containing notes of Mr. Tweddell's relative to Attica and Bœotia. (P. S. p. 28.)

If this had been an *original*, we should have supposed either that it was plundered, (as the medals and gold coins were,) and had found its way back to Athens, or entrusted to Professor Carlyle for conveyance to England, and lost by, or stolen from, that gentleman during his visit to Athens; and in this case it would have proved, in a most convincing manner, the anxiety of Lord Elgin to transmit Mr. Tweddell's papers to his friends: but we now learn from Doctor Hunt's publication, that this book was, in fact, neither a copy properly speaking, nor an original, but an extract, made by Doctor Hunt, from Mr. Tweddell's papers, and used by the Doctor and Professor Carlyle in their visit to Attica, and afterwards communicated by them to Messrs. Hamilton and Squire.

This circumstance, then, proves nothing towards the general question, except that Lord Elgin certainly did *not detain and secrete* Mr. Tweddell's notes for his own purposes; and the liberty Doctor Hunt took of transcribing, for the use of the gentlemen of the embassy, some memoranda from them, proves that the originals were intended to be returned, and the whole of this affair was within the knowledge and participation of Professor Carlyle, and therefore not intended to be concealed from Mr. Tweddell's family and friends.

With Doctor Hunt's defence of his having, as the reward of the care and patience with which he dried the damaged papers, taken extracts from them, we shall not swell our article. He thinks his conduct justifiable; we cannot persuade ourselves into that opinion: to us, it seems to have been a gross breach of trust,—a kind of literary felony, in which the most lenient course we can take towards the

the offender is to allow him the benefit of clergy, on the plea of his having been forced to read and examine those papers in the process of drying, and because Professor Carlyle, the friend of the Tweddells and who was about to convey to them all his knowledge of John Tweddell's affairs, was a participant in the Doctor's proceedings—this latter circumstance proves that neither he nor the Doctor thought, at the time, that the latter was doing wrong; and shews that they considered, though we cannot, that they had acquired a certain *right of toll* on the passage, through their hands, of Mr. Tweddell's effects.

The late publications of Lord Elgin and Doctor Hunt add very little to the evidence which these gentlemen had furnished to Mr. Robert Tweddell.—Indeed it was not to be expected that they should add much; for having already stated all that they recollected of the matter, there was no reason to hope that more time would have produced much more recollection; but we think ourselves obliged, in justice, to notice that a very unfair mode of examination appears to have been pursued with regard to the evidence of his lordship and Doctor Hunt, contained as well in the letters which they wrote in confidence to Mr. Robert Tweddell, as in their printed pamphlets. All these productions are simply and unaffectedly written; there is no pretension of authorship in them, and there is no appearance of that conscious caution which weighs the meaning of every word; and arranges its phrases with the minute art of a guilty apologist. They convey their thoughts in the ordinary language of society; and because the ordinary language of society is not metaphysically correct and logically precise, these gentlemen have been accused of prevarication, and similar kinds of baseness. For instance, in speaking of a certain fact, it is stated in one passage that they *believe it*; in another, that it is *extremely probable*; and in a third, that it is *more than probable*. Who does not see that, in the ordinary style of conversation and letter-writing, these phrases are not merely consistent, but tantamount with each other? yet we have a curious critic, with the eye and spirit of a special pleader, informing us that Lord Elgin and Doctor Hunt would be, on those very phrases, convicted of prevarication or perjury; because, *foissooth, belief* is a very different thing from '*probability*,' and both are very different from that third mode, which is expressed in the words '*more than probable*.' We confess that we feel some degree of indignation at seeing the expressions in which gentlemen, who are neither lawyers nor authors, convey their recollection of an affair seventeen years old, tortured by the malignant minuteness of such petty criticism. We heartily wish that Lord Elgin and Doctor Hunt had nothing more serious to account for than the crime of speaking

speaking and writing rather like English gentlemen than solicitors of Furnival's Inn, or Scotch metaphysicians.

In Lord Elgin's Postscript, (p. 21,) his lordship expresses, as we have already noticed, a hope that the effects may have been sent not by the *Lord Duncan*, but by a government vessel called the *New Adventure*, which conveyed some packages of his own; it had been supposed that the *New Adventure* had foundered at sea; but there is, it seems, reason to hope that she was only cast away on the coast or condemned in some port of Spain; and if the latter be the fact, the goods with which she was laden may yet be traced.

We are not, however, very sanguine as to the discovery of these papers, or of what their fate has been, unless Mr. Nesbit's recollection can afford some information as to the reasons why a part only was entrusted to him and Professor Carlyle, and as to the channel by which the rest was sent; which we suppose, if that gentleman could have given it, would have been already stated.

Here then this extraordinary case now rests: and from the view which we have given of it, as succinctly and impartially as we could, having no connection nor even the slightest degree of acquaintance with the parties to the controversy, we think our readers will be disposed to agree with us, that whatever be eventually the result of all this inquiry, Mr. Robert Tweddell must stand convicted of disingenuousness* and violence of language, and of being rather desirous of defaming Lord Elgin's character than of recovering his brother's effects—and that Lord Elgin, though he must be clearly acquitted of the disgraceful part of the charges made against him by Mr. Tweddell, can by no means be relieved from the minor blame of inattention to Mr. Tweddell's affairs: as a public and a private duty, his lordship's interference, since he did interfere, should have been continued '*ad inun qualis ab incepto*:' he should have insisted on Mr. Spencer Smith's doing his duty; *he should not have permitted the eyes and fingers of copyists to have examined Mr. Tweddell's notes and sketches*—this literary property was more valuable, and ought to have been as sacred as Mr. Tweddell's purse. The secretary, or some one belonging to the embassy, should have known how these things were sent; and if by a merchant-ship, bills of lading should have been transmitted to the family.—We may add, that it would have been but common courtesy in Lord Elgin to inquire whether they had been received; and when he had discovered that they were missing, he should have *taken the*

* It is one of the most curious parts of the conduct of Mr. Robert Tweddell that he has evaded giving Lord Elgin a copy of his lordship's letters to him, of which, written in full but mistaken confidence of Mr. Tweddell's candour, his lordship had kept no copy.

lead in instituting and conducting the most general and active inquiry into their fate.

It will be said, that the importance and weight of his lordship's duties at Constantinople; the *tracasseries* which he suffered not only from the negligence but the hostility of Mr. Smith; his lordship's long imprisonment in France; the melancholy duties which awaited him on his arrival in England, are sufficient apologies for his omitting to take these steps—we admit the force of these excuses *up to a certain period and point*; but we fear that, since he heard of the loss of the effects, he has, till of late, shewn a great degree of apathy and indifference to the subject.—He felt, we have no doubt, conscious, that though he could not recollect the particulars, he had done all that his public duty required; but he ought not to have been so easily satisfied with this internal consciousness: and by having despised or neglected to take a more early and active part in the inquiry, he has subjected his character to imputations which, however false, must be most painful to him, and which, with a great portion of the world, who cannot comprehend moral proofs, and will yield only to ocular demonstration, must still continue, we fear, to have some degree of authority.

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